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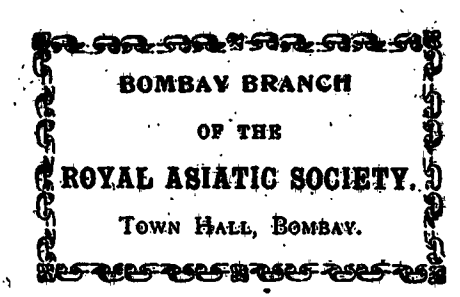

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THE SEVENTH VIAL,

OR

THE TIME OF TROUBLE BEGUN,

AS SHOWN IN

THE GREAT WAR, THE DETHRONEMENT OF THE POPE, AND OTHER COLLATERAL EVENTS.

110836

BY

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'BEHOLD THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH,'

'WHEN SHALL THESE THINGS BE,' 'THE DESTINY OF NATIONS,'

ETC.

B c 41

'enth angel poured out his vial into the air; and there were voices, and thunders, and lightnings.'—REV. xvi. 17, 18.

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PREFACE.

In this work I have the opportunity—painful in one sense, but most reassuring in another—of being able to show that those interpretations of prophecy which have been laid before the public during past years are justified in every detail by accomplished events. I do not discover one solution presented in previous works that demands reversal or recasting. The divine prediction of the Saviour on the Mount and the prospective history of the future in the Revelation of Patmos have now in these very days received the fulfilment expected by the 'School of the Prophets' so plainly that those portions of the secular press which fulminated the keenest invectives against students of prophecy are driven to admit that 'the theological interpretations of Roman

affairs are full of surprises,' and that 'nothing looks more curiously neat than the Protestant view of recent events.'

Saul, among the prophets, is not a more startling phenomenon. He is worthy of cordial welcome. St. Peter states, 'That there shall come in the last days scoffers, saying all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation.' This prediction has been largely fulfilled and illustrated in recent years, and in the literary world. But in the rear of its ablest writers are appearing converts from scoffing who dare not say they were wrong, or that the interpreters of prophecy are right. This would be excess of candour. They content themselves by observing that prophetic interpretations laid before the Church and the world years ago, 'neatly fit' the phenomena and events of the day, which is a round-about way of admitting their invectives were mistakes,—their refusal to accept obvious interpretations rash, and that it is time to acknowledge that inspired prophecy is a legitimate subject of study. The Christian rejoices to believe that God in history is God in prophecy also. In both He is Alpha and Omega, the first and the last. It is strange, but true, that these secular writers,

masters in their own departments, and logical and vigorous in handling political questions, no sooner bring their criticisms to bear on sacred, and especially prophetic, subjects, than they exchange the admirable spirit they exhibit in other discussions and themes, for a bitter and acrimonious criticism that is not redeemed by their otherwise acknowledged eloquence. They will not understand. They call theirs the progress of liberal views, and deliverance from priestly bondage and all else folly and fanaticism.

So we might expect, for it is the prediction of the Great Prophet, 'As a snare shall it come on all them that dwell on the face of the whole earth.' Every mark is and will be misunderstood, and every sign misinterpreted. But steadily every event comes up to bear its attestation to the truth of divine Scripture, and to work out the prophecy of old inspired of God.

Is this subject, it may be fairly asked, a practical study? It is eminently so. St. Peter says, 'We do well to take heed to the sure word of prophecy as to a light shining in a dark place.' The preface to the Book of Revelation is, 'Blessed is he that readeth.'

The Jews failed to recognise in Jesus of Na-

zareth the Messiah, because they did not read and compare with visible events the prophecies of the Old Testament. The issue put before them was, 'Jesus is the Messiah, or their Scriptures were false,' and they evaded or repelled it. The antediluvians would not believe divine predictions spoken by the mouth of Noah, and in consequence 'they knew not until the flood came and took them all away.' 'So shall also the coming of the Son of Man be.'

Business, pleasure, politics, science, literature, all good each in its measure and place, absorb men's minds, and leave no crevice for the entrance of light, and therefore it is written, 'Sudden destruction shall come upon them as travail on a woman with child, and they shall not escape.' Unbelief is presumption. Faith, which believes what God says, is humility.

He who does his best to set ancient texts in the light of modern history, and submits his work to the public eye, does neither prophesy nor dogmatise. He accepts the public as his jury—a body of men who neither abuse, denounce, nor ridicule, but reason and weigh evidence, and give in their verdict with all the gravity and solemnity

that become them. Counsel sometimes abuses, for it is committed to a side. But a judge or a jury never indulge in such license.

Certain critics of the school which fastens on defects, real or imaginary, as wasps light on decayed fruit, have persisted in asserting that I had stated Sebastopol was Armageddon. I was very urgent in disclaiming this interpretation, as the following extract from the printed lecture referred to will prove. A printer's error in inserting *a* which I marked to be deled, and *e* substituted for it, also supplied considerable mirth to the writer. It is a pity to see a respectable newspaper descend to so unworthy criticism. My words were,—

'In the sixteenth verse of Rev. xvi., it is said, "And He gathered them together in a place called in the Hebrew tongue Armageddon." I know great scholars,—good scholars,—and competent scholars differ; but if it be true that the first syllable of Armageddon is in Hebrew Aar, which means a "city," and that the last syllable formative is merged with one which means "fair," "pleasant," "august," or "magnificent;" if this be correct, then the literal translation of Armageddon, a Hebrew word, into which the nations are gathered for the com-

mencement of the last dreadful conflict, is in Greek Sebastapol. I know some think it does not mean a magnificent city, but the city of Augustus, as Adrianople is the city of Adrian. But it is not necessarily so. For instance, the town of Neapolis, that is, Naples, is Neapolis, "the new city." So Sebastapol, "the august city." So we have in English Holy Town, New Town, &c.; and if its ancient spelling was, as I believe, Sebastepol, my derivation seems most probably the correct one. I do not assert that Sebastopol is the Armageddon of the Apocalypse, though there is no great difficulty in supposing it the beginning, not of the "battle," as our translation reads, "but of the war," as it should be, of Armageddon. Straws floating on the wind indicate the current; coming events sometimes cast their shadows before; these singular coincidences, or at least the investigation of them, and discussiion of them, may turn men's minds to solemn thoughts and instant hopes; till peradventure we see that the present war may be the commencement of that last conflict which begins at Sebastapol, but ends only in the plains of Palestine and Jerusalem. The *Times*, writing about the conflict, said substantially all I ventured to suggest. "The turmoil and excite-

ment of the fight, wherein *many fancied they beheld the preliminary skirmishes which were to lead us to the grand battle of Armageddon.*'"

However, none of these things move me, nor do they annoy me. Were the critics referred to to take an opposite course, I should be tempted to believe the dawn of the Millennium had arrived, when "the wolf and the lamb shall feed together."

In this work there will not be found, as in previous works, any discussion of the principles of prophetic interpretation. These principles are well established, and have been sufficiently vindicated. What I have done is this. I have selected the prophecies contained chiefly under the 'Seventh Vial,' and I have laid side by side with them the narratives of that living history—faithful and reliable also—which are furnished by the daily press; and having done so, I make my appeal to the judgment of the candid and impartial reader. Is not the story of 1870 and the inspired prophecy of Patmos as echo and sound? Does not prophecy visibly and audibly pass over in these days into history? Are not the coincidences between the words of the prophet and the events of the age at least striking and suggestive?

Let us neither scoff nor neglect nor merge what we know to be God's Truth in personalities and smart witticisms and repartees, which prove nothing but the temper of the critic and his resolution to darken by words what he cannot meet by argument.

THE SEVENTH VIAL.

I.

THE THREE UNCLEAN SPIRITS.

'And I saw three unclean spirits like frogs come out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet. For they are the spirits of devils, working miracles, which go forth unto the kings of the earth and of the whole world, to gather them to the battle of that great day of God Almighty. Behold, I come as a thief. Blessed is he that watcheth and keepeth his garments, lest he walk naked, and they see his shame. And they gathered them together into a place called in the Hebrew tongue Armageddon.'—REV. xvi. 13–16.

I HAVE no authority, desire, or design, to predict what shall be. This is not my mission. My more humble task it is to record and illustrate what the Holy Spirit has inspired, and what Christians are enjoined to read in the Sacred Volume. 2 Peter, i. 19: 'We have also a more sure word of prophecy; whereunto ye do well that ye

take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the dawn and the day-star arise in your hearts.'

Nor have I any inclination to force events so as to fit them to texts. I attempt only what Bishop Newton, Dr. Keith, Dean Goode, and others have done, so far with entire success—to compare present and passing events and facts with prophetic scriptures—admittedly not fulfilled in, or exhausted by any previous events. I may err or misjudge. But, 'I speak as to reasonable men, judge ye.'

If the scenes and phenomena of recent and passing years do not fill up the inspired predictions of ancient times, the reader's judgment can scarcely fail to discover it. If they do, he will see and recognise the fact.

I have no pet theory to uphold; no foregone conclusion to adjust or vindicate. I lay predictions side by side with facts; and prophecy in the presence of living history, and the words of ancient Scriptures before the lights reflected from the page of daily history, and I ask my readers, as forming an intelligent jury to give their verdict—'Proven or not proven.'

The 'unclean spirits' are teachers. This is clearly their interpretation. Matt. xxiv. 24, and 1 John, iv. 1, prove this: 'For there shall arise false prophets;' 'Believe not every spirit, but try the spirits,' &c. Teachers of false and antichristian doctrines are clearly meant. Unclean, and animated by feelings and principles according to the special

and distinctive sources from whence they come, and originating and inspiring 'unclean,' *i.e.*, unchristian, impure, and unholy aims, ways, works, and schemes, they seek to unsettle, pervert, exasperate, and hurry on to revolution and war.

Eloquent they are, and plausible and successful. Intellectual power, inspired by moral depravity, and creating deadly and soul-destroying errors and passions, is theirs. Earnest also, intense and unwearied, they never desist from their mission. Hence, St. Paul utters the warning words, 'If we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel, let him be accursed.' So, 2 Pet. ii. 1–3, and 14–19, 'But there were false prophets among the people, even as there shall be false teachers among you, who privily shall bring in damnable heresies, even denying the Lord that bought them, and bring upon themselves swift destruction. And many shall follow their pernicious ways: by reason of whom the way of truth shall be evil spoken of. And through covetousness shall they with feigned words make merchandise of you: whose judgment now of a long time lingereth not, and their damnation slumbereth not. . . . Having eyes full of adultery, and that cannot cease from sin; beguiling unstable souls: an heart they have exercised with covetous practices; cursed children: which have forsaken the right way, and are gone astray, following the way of Balaam the son of Bosor, who loved the wages of unrighteousness; but was rebuked for his iniquity: the dumb ass speaking with man's voice forbad the madness

of the prophet. These are wells without water, clouds that are carried with a tempest; to whom the mist of darkness is reserved for ever. For when they speak great swelling words of vanity, they allure, through the lusts of the flesh, through much wantonness, those that were clean escaped from them who live in error. While they promise them liberty, they themselves are the servants of corruption: for of whom a man is overcome, of the same is he brought in bondage.'

Most successful they inevitably are in an age which prefers eloquence to truth, and brilliant genius to a regenerated heart, and sensational novels to the Word of God.

The nature of their teaching is thus indicated by the sources from which they come. The dragon, *i.e.*, 'that old serpent, the devil,' is the source of this first unclean spirit. He is transformed into an angel of light. It teaches insurrection against God as it taught Eve, deceiving and lying. It excuses and palliates sin as imperfect or unripe virtue.

It says it does not matter what one believes if he is sincere; and he cannot be wrong who is conscientious. That hell is a bugbear to frighten children, and not the hopeless habitation of despair. That the Bible is full of blunders; its demands are too exacting. Its doctrines require to be diluted by exhaustive criticism, in order that it may be credible. Its ministers live by it, and uphold it in spite of their own convictions. The miracles of the New Testament are not equal to the triumphs of

science, and are all to be explained as natural phenomena; and that all who suppose that God meant prophetic scriptures to be understood by anybody are fanatics or worse.

'Professing themselves wise, they have become fools.' Atheism and Pantheism are the adoption of others under this teaching. Creation is without a Creator, and the universe is in a condition of haphazard. Events and phenomena occur with no curve of limitation assigned by an intelligent being. These are the final victories of this unclean spirit. It is the great law that exhaustion of loyalty to God originates the destruction of order, love, truth, and peace, and all that constitutes national life. Religion is the elixir of national happiness. Where the altars of a nation cease to burn with sacred fire, its order and assimilation and national life die. The seething and tumultuous action of this unclean spirit is too universally and visibly at work to leave any doubt of its presence, activity, and success. It disturbs and disintegrates cabinets and parliaments, courts and homes. It sows the seeds of conflict—kindles the embers of strife, and precipitates kings and emperors and peoples into internecine war.

The second spirit comes out of the mouth of 'the beast.' Rev. xiii. 1–7, gives the proof of its identification. 'And I stood upon the sand of the sea, and saw a beast rise out of the sea, having seven heads and ten horns, and upon his horns ten crowns, and upon his heads the name of blasphemy. And

the beast which I saw was like unto a leopard, and his feet were as the feet of a bear, and his mouth as the mouth of a lion: and the dragon gave him his power, and his seat, and great authority. And I saw one of his heads as it were wounded to death; and his deadly wound was healed: and all the world wondered after the beast. And they worshipped the dragon which gave power unto the beast: and they worshipped the beast, saying, Who is like unto the beast? who is able to make war with him? And there was given unto him a mouth speaking great things and blasphemies; and power was given unto him to continue forty and two months. And he opened his mouth in blasphemy against God, to blaspheme his name, and his tabernacle, and them that dwell in heaven. And it was given unto him to make war with the saints, and to overcome them: and power was given him over all kindreds, and tongues, and nations.'

This spirit, thus proceeding from the Papacy, infects the minds of rulers, and kings, and governments, with the notion that safety, and order, and success, are derivable only from the Pope and dependent on fealty to him.

Napoleon III., a sovereign, absolute and unbending over subjects, was very much the serf and supporter of the Pope.

Austria long lent her armies to the Papal support, but has now broken off.

Spain was a devotee. Her policy was inspired by the Vatican, and her queen directed in conscience

and action by its representative, and freedom of worship was a crime.

Italy, long guided by Papal instruction and free politically, has yet been the slave of superstition.

Rome, filthy, bigoted, and cruel, is the nursery of brigands, the nest of priests, and the throne of beggars. To crown all, this unclean spirit from the Pope has inspired 533 prelates in the Vatican council, to proclaim an aged priest infallible, and by fair inference impeccable, *i.e.*, as it was said in a former council, 'another God on earth."

Three incarnations of the Son of God have taken place, says a bishop, the first in the Virgin Mary, the second on the altar under the species of bread and wine, and the third in the aged Pontiff, who is now God manifest in the flesh.

When the Pope rose to proclaim and accept the new attribute, as if Heaven were offended at such blasphemy, thunder and lightning, the most vivid and terrible, broke on St. Peter's, and one cardinal, overpowered by the scene, shouted 'Another Mount Sinai on earth!'

The success of this spirit culminated in the decree of infallibility. It now visits kings and cabinets, and councils and people, inviting them to acquiesce and to recognise their safety only in Rome.

The success of the Œcumenical Council, the creature of this unclean spirit, was apparently complete. But really it was not so. Numbers were shocked, disruption was menaced, protests were uttered

against it, and, inaugurated by this overdone action, was raised an opposition that has conduced to the overthrow of the Papacy itself.

The third spirit comes from the 'mouth of the false prophet.' The false prophet is thus described:—Matt. vii. 15: 'Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves.'

Prophecy foretells this spirit, as may be found in Matt. xxiv. 24: 'For there shall arise false Christs, and false prophets, and shall show great signs and wonders; insomuch that if it were possible they shall deceive the very elect.' The word ψευδοπροφήτης is compounded of προφήτης, a prophet, and ψεύδος, a lie. Hence in the description of the man of sin, in 2 Thess. ii. it is said, 'he shall send strong delusion that they should believe τῷ ψεύδει,' 'the lie,' that is, the antichristian system, or the Romish religion. These false prophets, therefore, are the priests of Rome, and her orders and agencies who endeavour to induce Protestants to believe 'the lie.'

This spirit is the representative name of all the emissaries of the Papacy, including Jesuits, Dominicans, Franciscans, and Romish priests, and Anglican ritualists. Never were these so active, aggressive, and propagandist. Never were they, which is indeed strange, so successful in Protestant lands, or seemingly so sure of victory. Never before were seen Romish priests, in all but name, celebrating mass in Protestant churches, and inviting to confession Protestant men and women. This spirit absolves sub-

jects from their allegiance, and sinners from their sins, and panders to evil passions and designs and desires. All three are revolutionary, destructive, and disorganizing, whether apart or united.

Macaulay thus describes its action in his history in language by no means exaggerated :—

'It was alleged, and not without foundation, that the ardent public spirit which made the Jesuit regardless of his ease, of his liberty, and of his life, made him also regardless of truth and of mercy; that no means which could promote the interest of his religion seemed to him unlawful, and that by the interest of his religion he too often meant the interests of his Society. It was alleged that, in the most atrocious plots recorded in history, his agency could be distinctly traced; that, constant only in attachment to the fraternity to which he belonged, he was in some countries the most dangerous enemy of freedom, and in others the most dangerous enemy of order. The mighty victories which he boasted that he had achieved in the cause of the church were, in the judgment of many illustrious members of that church, rather apparent than real. He had, indeed, laboured with a wonderful show of success to reduce the world under her laws; but he had done so by relaxing her laws to suit the temper of the world. Instead of toiling to elevate human nature to the noble standard fixed by divine precept and example, he had lowered the standard till it was beneath the average level of human nature. He gloried in multitudes of converts who had been baptized in the

remote regions of the East; but it was reported that from some of those converts the facts, on which the whole theology of the Gospel depends, had been cunningly concealed, and that others were permitted to avoid persecution by bowing down before the images of false gods, while internally repeating Paters and Aves. Nor was it only in heathen countries that such arts were said to be practised. It was not strange that people of all ranks, and especially of the highest ranks, crowded to the confessionals in the Jesuit temples; for from those confessionals none went discontented away. There the priest was all things to all men. He showed just so much rigour as might not drive those who knelt at his spiritual tribunal to the Dominican or the Franciscan church. If he had to deal with a mind truly devout, he spoke in the saintly tones of the primitive fathers; but, with that large part of mankind who have religion enough to make them uneasy when they do wrong, and not religion enough to keep them from doing wrong, he followed a different system. Since he could not reclaim them from vice, it was his business to save them from remorse. He had at his command an immense dispensary of anodynes for wounded consciences. In the books of casuistry, which had been written by his brethren and printed with the approbation of his superiors, were to be found doctrines consolatory to transgressors of every class. There the bankrupt was taught how he might, without sin, secrete his goods from his creditors. The servant was taught how he might, without sin, run off with

his master's plate. The pander was assured that a Christian man might innocently earn his living by carrying letters and messages between married women and their gallants. The high-spirited and punctilious gentlemen of France were gratified by a decision in favour of duelling. The Italians, accustomed to darker and baser modes of vengeance, were glad to learn that they might, without any crime, shoot at their enemies from behind hedges. To deceit was given a license sufficient to destroy the whole value of human contracts and of human testimony. In truth, if society continued to hold together, if life and property enjoyed any security, it was because common sense and common humanity restrained men from doing what the Order of Jesus assured them that they might with a safe conscience do.'

'*Assassination of the Prince of Orange.*—The Spaniards had set a price of twenty-five thousand crowns on his head, and amidst all the fierce excitement of the times there could be no lack of men who would seek to earn it, prompted at once by avarice and fanaticism. I know not if there exists a more shocking example of blasphemy than that exhibited in the papers of the Biscayan Jauregay, which were found upon him on the occasion of his attempting the life of the prince. He carried about him, in the fashion of an amulet, prayers, in which he invoked the merciful Deity, who appeared to men in the person of Christ, to aid the murder with his favour, promising that Being a part of the booty, as it were, should the deed be successful, viz., for the mother

of God of Bayonne a garment, a lamp, and a crown; for the mother of God of Arauzosu, a crown; and for the Lord Christ himself a very rich curtain! Fortunately, this fanatic was seized, but another was already meditating the same crime. The thought of perpetrating it had possessed the mind of a Burgundian, Balthazar Gerard, who resided at Maestricht, at the moment the act of outlawry was proclaimed in that city. The hopes he cherished of earthly fortune and glory should he succeed, of the fame of a martyr should he perish in the attempt—hopes in which he had been confirmed by a Jesuit of Frier—had ever since given him no rest till he set out to accomplish the deed. He represented himself to the prince as a fugitive, and so, having gained admission to him and a favourable moment, he shot him dead in the month of July, 1584. He was seized; but not all the tortures inflicted on him could force from him one groan; he persisted in saying, were the deed yet to be done, he would do it. Whilst he was expiring in Delft, amidst the execrations of the people, canons in Hergozenbusch performed a *Te Deum* for his achievement.'

Mariana (Ranke's *Lives of the Popes*) holds that a prince may be deposed and put to death if considered hurtful to religion. He pronounces a eulogium on Jacques Clement, who, after taking counsel with priests, slew his king.

These three spirits seem unconnected, but they are really embarked in the same conspiracy. Dislocation and disruption, discord and division, are their

aim and passion, in order that they may be called in to cement; persuading kings, wearied with atheism and hopeless, that there is no security for their subjects and no safety for themselves but in the subjugation of their kingdom to the Pope of Rome. And, when this subjugation has been accomplished, the king becomes a puppet in their hands. Shorn of real though possessed of nominal sovereignty, he is the serf of the priests. The spirits select each his peculiar mission. Only they never differ as to the end they would accomplish. War—religious, national, political, primarily European—is their object, and all that impels kings and nations in this direction is lawful and desirable.

These unclean spirits—apparent strangers, really near relations—co-operate to produce schools without the Bible, nations without religion, and a world without God, and therefore what may be expected in such a world—a last tremendous conflict, called 'the great war of the great day,' in which nations shall be tried as by fire, and earth require a re-genesis in order to be made a fit habitation for men.

All three apparently antagonistic are thus conspiring toward the same object. The subjection of the world to Satan, sin, and sorrow, or its reduction into chaos, is their accepted alternative.

These unclean spirits stir up indignation where they temporarily fail, and slavish and sensual subjection where they unhappily succeed. They shout, '*Vive l'Empereur!*' when this subserves their ends,

and '*Vive la République!*' when this is more expedient.

Revolution they prefer a thousand times to Protestantism and to living religion; immorality in any of its types they suffer, provided it hastens chaos and conflict. Kings and cabinets too obediently listen to these syrens that lure to ruin themselves and their kingdoms.

What are Ritualism, Romanism, and Scepticism? What are the infidel scoffs of some newspapers without religion or truth? The croaking of frogs in the swamps and marshes of corruption — restless and uneasy and unclean.

In the language of the *Times*, Sept. 5, 1870, we find a graphic account of their recent triumph:— 'The volcano has burst. The surrender of the Emperor and MacMahon's army could not stand alone. Such tidings would make the earth open, and the earth has opened in Paris — a revolution has begun.'

Count Munster (review in *Times*):—'There is the last war, the Crimean war, the two wars in Italy, and the German war in which politics and diplomacy became a *tabula rasa*. All alliances are destroyed. Each state is for itself. No man trusts his neighbour.'

So far the three unclean spirits have triumphed. They ride the whirlwinds of war; they croak in the swamps of sin, superstition, and misery; they muster the armies of empires, and sharpen the weapons for the work of slaughter; and our special correspondents and newspapers record their infernal victories. Their resulting success is:—'They gather together

the kings of the earth to that great war of the great day of God.' Strife and bloodshed constitute the end of their efforts, and the triumph of their activity. They select royal quarry to fly at. Herein they so far recognise the sources of power and of action.

Wherever they accomplish moral degradation, they find intellectual prostration follow.

Superstition is melancholy, infidelity is gay, but neither is scriptural religion.

These unclean spirits poison the springs of national life and inflame the passions of rulers, and suggest pretexts and apologies for war and fan sparks into fires.

Those black clouds that darken the sky with portentous obscurity—those conflicts that cover the vineyards and plains and valleys of Alsace and Lorraine with the slain—that infatuation which seizes kings and cabinets and hurries them to ruin, are the inspiration of the spirits, 'like frogs from the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the beast, and the mouth of the false prophet,' that ride and direct the storm. These evil spirits describe and persuade war as the only solution of difficult questions, the only course of avenging insult, imaginary or real.

On its fields glory is to be gathered and thrones to be made secure, and the loyalty of people to be increased, and delusion and destruction rage. The Crimea, Sebastopol, India and Lucknow, Solferino, Magenta, Konigratz, Woerth, and Sedan, are successive battle-fields in a war sweeping all lands, and growing in intensity, devastation, and slaughter.

'The Italian papers devote themselves assiduously to chronicling the sayings of Prince Napoleon during his recent visit. According to one of the journals received to-day, the Prince, in conversation with "a high personage," thus expressed himself:—"Clericalism is the ruin of modern states. I have always told my Imperial cousin so; he wouldn't believe me, and to-day he is more of an exile than a monarch. Let Italy be wise enough to take advantage of the favourable occasion which presents itself, let her break altogether with priestcraft, occupy Rome, and proclaim from the Capitol liberty of conscience, the sovereignty of reason, and the emancipation of the people enslaved by the Jesuits."'

By 'clericalism' is meant Christianity.

'The events of the last fortnight have come upon us so suddenly that we can hardly as yet realize their possible consequences to ourselves; but day by day we shall awaken to the fact that the altered position of affairs on the Continent exposes us to certain risks against which it is necessary we should guard ourselves, and that our own internal arrangements must be modified to correspond with the prospect before us. When the Germans have gone back to their own country, and France remains with her newly formed army anxious by some brilliant exploit to efface the memory of the present war, she may not impossibly turn her attention not, perhaps, to us directly, but to designs which would involve a collision with ourselves. Assuming the Republic still to exist and to have obtained the 'moral support' of

America, for which M. Jules Favre has already telegraphed, it is not unlikely that the question of the *Alabama* claims may lead to offers of physical support from across the Atlantic, and we may also be sure that both the moral and physical support of the Fenians will be freely offered to the new Republic. Forecasting the future, we may therefore look with certainty to increased uneasiness in Ireland, to say the very least. Then, again, the Spanish Republicans, relying on the sympathy of the French Republicans, will probably urge the restitution of Gibraltar; and Russia, taking advantage of the exhaustion of Prussia after her recent effort, will put herself *en évidence* and pursue her own designs in the East without much reference to our interests.'

'Even now the law is impotent in our great towns against a terrorism which had leaders who combined boldness and hypocrisy, and which had relentless executioners, the sympathy of numbers, and the evil eloquence which extenuated or justified wickedness. A vast conspiracy could overspread the land; what if there should be a frantic lust of enjoyment, the fear of which only a few years ago cast France at the feet of an absolute ruler?'—*Bishop of Peterborough.*

'All inferences from supposed national characteristics are as uncertain as possible, but this is at any rate certain, that if states do not keep up great armies, they will not go to war so often. The existence of great armaments brings about war far oftener than the fear of war produces great armaments. If nothing

is done to effect such an understanding at the peace, the burden of great armies will probably become absolutely crushing.

'The argument, at all events, is not one that ought to prevent the most strenuous exertions on the part of the statesmen who will have to settle the terms of peace. If those terms inclûde no securities against the multiplication of vast armies, resting universally on armed populations, the wisdom of diplomacy is indeed foolishness, and Europe has never had a darker future before it.'

'In the Europe of the future there must be in the course of a very few years a considerable re-adjustment of the balance of power. If we wish to have any voice in the questions which either will arise or await solution—and some of these, such as the Eastern Question, as it is called, are of vital importance to our interests—we should at all events retain such a position as will enable us to secure ourselves against the consequences of the ambition of other nations who have higher aims than those of the counting-house. Rich and respectable we certainly are, but powerful we certainly are not, either for offence or for defence.'—*Pall Mall Gazette*, Sept. 1870.

'The events of the last six weeks are instinctively felt to have upset the calculations of the last twenty years. We have been suddenly brought to the threshold of an unknown future. *Vox populi vox Dei.* Is this profound impression a delusion or a true instinct?'—*Times*, September 9, 1870.

Carlyle no doubt exaggerates what in substance is too true:—'There probably never was since the Heptarchy ended, or almost since it began, so hugely critical an epoch in the history of England as this we have now entered upon, with universal self-congratulation and flinging up of caps; nor one in which—with no Norman invasion now ahead, to lay hold of it, to bridle and regulate it for us (little thinking it was *for us*), and guide it into higher and wider regions—the question of utter death or of nobler new life for the poor country was so uncertain. Three things seem to be agreed upon by gods and men, at least by English men and gods; certain to happen, and are now in visible course of fulfilment.

'1. *Democracy* to complete itself; to go the full length of its course, towards the bottomless or into it, no power now extant to prevent it or even considerably retard it,—till we have seen where it will lead us to, and whether there will *then* be any return possible, or none. Complete "liberty" to all persons; Count of Heads to be the Divine Court of Appeal on every question and interest of mankind; Count of Heads to choose a parliament according to its own heart at last, and sit with penny newspapers zealously watching the same; said parliament, so chosen and so watched, to what trifle of legislating and administering may still be needed in such an England, with its hundred and fifty millions "free" more and more to follow each his own nose, by way of guide-post in this intricate world.

'2. That, in a limited time, say fifty years hence, the Church, all Churches and so-called religions, the Christian religion itself, shall have deliquesced,—into "liberty of conscience," progress of opinion, progress of intellect, philanthropic movement, and other aqueous residues of a vapid, badly-scented character;—and shall, like water spilt upon the ground, trouble nobody considerably thenceforth, but evaporate at its leisure.

'3. That, in lieu thereof, there shall be free trade, in all senses, and to all lengths: unlimited free trade,—which some take to mean, "free racing, ere long, with unlimited speed, in the career of *cheap and nasty*;"—this beautiful career, not in shop goods only, but in all things temporal, spiritual, and eternal, to be flung generously open, wide as the portals of the universe; so that everybody shall start free, and everywhere, "under enlightened popular suffrage," the race shall be to the swift, and the high office shall fall to him who is ablest, if not to do it, at least to get elected for doing it.'

These are strong descriptions; they are substantially true of our day. The structure of society is being changed, old institutions are exploding, revolution is begun—a revolution such as few dared to deem possible, and with accompaniments at Sedan such as strike with awe the most sceptical of mankind.

On other fields forces most antagonistic will meet in internecine strife, and elements let loose from beneath, but potent and desperate, will sweep still future battle-fields.

There is an European loosening of forces—a breaking up of ancient alliances—and a scattering of alliances. It is scarcely possible that our country can escape being involved in the conflict.

The King of Prussia sees a supernatural presence, and acknowledges it.

'BERLIN, Wednesday.—King William addressed a letter to Queen Augusta, dated Vendresse, Sept. 3. His Majesty says:—"You know by my three telegrams the whole great historical event. It is like a dream, even if you have seen it. I bend before God, who alone chose my army and those of my allies, and who ordered us to be the instruments of His will. Only in this sense dare I understand what has passed.'

'The Emperor self-surrendered as a prisoner—an army capitulated—never, at least never with such suddenness, have such an utter overthrow and crushing humiliation fallen upon any nation or any man as have now fallen upon France and the second Napoleon. In a month from the striking of the first blow, France, in a war of her own seeking, sinks maimed and nerveless, with ebbing blood and almost parting life, and her Emperor, the man who ruled her and influenced half the world—

'But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world—now lies he there'—

lies at the mercy of a conqueror who loses not an hour in announcing that he is looking out for a convenient gaol. Collapse so sudden and complete—fall

from so great a height to so low a depth—has hardly before been seen in the history of nations.'

To crown the action of these unclean spirits, they have corrupted Paris, and gathered the kings of the north around her walls.

'This morning, September 15, at six o'clock, the gates of Paris were closed, and none may enter or depart without M. Gambetta's special license. The idea has been familiar to us for weeks past, but even now we scarcely dare to realise it in action. The most ruthless maker of materials for history has left no precedent for a siege of Paris under present conditions. Great generals and great armies have fought for possession of the beautiful city, but never since barbarous times have they sought to destroy her fair form or to deaden her bright intelligence. Too often has there been war within her own gates; and some of her public places yet bear rude marks of civil strife—of great guns fired in hot anger. But the foreign invader, fighting for the fair prize, has never sought her destruction. It was left for Napoleon III. to bring upon her this danger. Is the act reserved for men of her own day—"the heirs of all the ages in the foremost files of time?" And shall such be the work of a nation whose race is one of poets, artists, and philosophers, and whose lofty thoughts have earned the flattering sarcasm which assigns to it the "Empire of the Air?"

'You would scarcely recognise Paris the Beautiful in the throes of her great anguish. The Boulevards, so lately alive with gay men and women, are

a desert. Gone are the *gandins* and the *gamins*, the *grandes dames* and the *grisettes*, the officers and the conscripts, the *flaneurs* generally, the light ladies who flutter in carriages or on foot, the light men who give them dinners and diamonds, the *épiciers*, the *calicots*, the *commissionnaires*, the *bonnes*—a few strange people crawl along the pavement, keeping close to the shattered shops. Some are about on business as important as life, or impelled by recklessness, restlessness, or a vague spirit of curiosity which can carry some men into cannons' mouths. Some are wretched outcasts of law and order, who employ the time of trouble for the purpose of plunder; men who have escaped the fate of their fellows among the dangerous classes, and of the poor proscribed *bouches inutiles*. In happier times there have been useless mouths in Paris who were among the gayest, most pleasant, and most popular people in all that fair city; but these useless mouths had plenty to put into them. The marauders are made short work of by occasional patrols, or by bands of respectable citizens when the latter happen to be the stronger. But they find their way into houses for all that, and are a worse terror to the inmates than the enemy himself. There is but little hope for the pursuers of plunder in the main thoroughfares. The principal hotels are closed; for only bold men venture to carry on business, even in the necessaries of life.'

Such are the results of the ceaseless activity of these unclean spirits. The Emperor of the French,

who, backed by his subjects, began this war, must surely, now that he has time for thought, feel that some evil inspiration impelled him to a conflict from which he has reaped uninterrupted and unmitigated disaster. He has lost his throne, dimmed all the *prestige* that long clung to him, and exchanged a palace in Paris for a prison in Germany.

'How hath the oppressor ceased;—the golden city ceased. He who smote the people in wrath, he that ruled the nations in anger, is persecuted, and none hindereth. Is this the man that made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms: art thou become weak as we? art thou become like unto us?'

II.

PREPARATIONS FOR 'THAT GREAT WAR.'

'The spirits of devils, working miracles, which go forth unto the kings of the earth and of the whole world, to gather them to the war of that great day of God Almighty.'—REV. xvi. 14.

THE late Sir Archibald Alison in an address in Glasgow, in April 1867, said:—'A dreadful war is about to commence on the Continent, which will, to all appearance, terminate in the undisputed supremacy of one power.

'What such power will be as yet lies buried in the womb of time; but of one thing we may be well assured, that whichever gains on the Continent will ere long turn its victorious arms against this country —the only remaining check on its ambition.'

'That a great war is impending is certain: it is only a question of time; and it is in South-Western Europe that we may look for the initial movements precursive of the storm.

'Hitherto there has been every reason to believe that the difficulties which beset the Turkish empire could be kept within bounds for another year at least; but we confess that we no longer feel con-

fidence in such an anticipation. Candia is in open insurrection, and begins to receive the sympathy of Italy as well as Greece.

'The example of the principalities may and will be imitated in good time, by all the provinces of Turkey in Europe, and thus, without any dramatic catastrophe or dangerous shock to the balance of power, Constantinople may within the lifetime of some of us, be once more restored to Christendom.'

The Greek cabinet stated:—'The Ottoman empire is at this moment threatened with a general revolution in its European provinces. The government of the Porte does not refuse to recognise this truth. All its measures testify to the intimate consciousness it feels of the crisis through which it must pass.

'Its armaments on land and by sea, notwithstanding the financial position of the empire, reach and exceed all that the Porte was able to do, when, during the Crimean war, it was called upon to make its last effort.

'The reclamations of the Porte are made with the sole intention of compromising the Greek government. The great powers will not allow themselves to be deceived by these manœuvres. We have a main interest that they should not, for we see a catastrophe in the East approach with rapid steps, when we shall necessarily have recourse to their good will and support.'

The *Times*:—'There is no doubt that Russian agents are active in the East as well as among the

Ruthenes. Russian agents are always active and numerous, but it by no means follows that Russia is anxious to bring matters to a climax at once in the East. There is a considerable difference between spending a hundred pounds on an emissary, and a hundred millions on a war.

'Nevertheless, the fear of a war with Russia, and that soon, exists almost universally, and the fear of war itself has, before now, led to its realization.'

"The foreign correspondent of the *Standard* gives a report of the speech of M. Thiers, who thus describes Europe, in March 1867:—'That subject is the situation of Europe and, in particular, of France with regard to Europe. That situation is serious, and to be convinced thereof it were sufficient, if any doubts were entertained, to refer to the bill laid before us a few days ago, the object of which is to give our armaments a magnitude they have never attained before. And it is not France alone that is acting thus, but every state in Europe, big or little. Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, are all summoning to arms the greatest mass of their population. The great states have also adopted the same system, although the number of their subjects might have rendered it unnecessary for them to resort to it. Austria, although she stands in such great need of rest, is thinking of increasing her forces. Italy, who is also in need of rest, and who ought to leave Europe in peace after having so greatly disturbed it, spurns the idea of disarmament, which the state of her finances renders so desirable. Spain,

although so effectually protected by the barrier of the Pyrenees, is doubling her peace effective. England, still better protected by her insular position, is devising means to make up for the deficiencies of voluntary enlistment. Russia, powerfully armed as she has been since the negotiations concerning Poland, has just ordered a fresh levy. As for Prussia, the cause of all this movement, the government knows what she is doing; if it does not know it, then it stands alone in its ignorance. That situation, I repeat, is serious, and my memory fails to supply me with any parallel instance.'

Read the official description of the war offices of the nations of Europe, and it will be obvious that they at least scent the coming storm, and see on the edge of the horizon those war-clouds that presage that great war.

In England, 150,000 Enfield rifles are already converted on the Snider principle. In the course of the year 350,000 guns of the same kind will be ready. The government manufactories are converting 1000 guns every day. By the end of the twelve months 426 rifled cannons of various calibres will be manufactured.

The Russian Government is converting 600,000 guns on the Carle principle—a modification of the needle-gun; and 300,000 will be ready by the beginning of next year; while 900 breech-loading cannon are in course of construction to complete the field-batteries.

In Denmark, the Chambers have voted a large

sum for the conversion of the present guns into breech-loaders, but the model weapon has not yet been decided upon. In Holland, the government is converting the present arms into guns on the Snider principle. In Italy, Spain, Portugal and Greece, the breech-loading gun is adopted.

Spain and Greece have ordered cannon from the manufactory of M. Krupp, of Essen, in Prussia; and even Belgium will continue the use of the rifled Prussian cannon adopted in 1864, and will bring into use the breech-loading small arm.

Near the opening of 1867, the *Times* thus wrote: —'The past campaign is everybody's story at the present time; the war, which is possibly to come, is their speculation. Who will be parties to it? when will it begin? what will be the issue? can it be averted? and if not, will it be possible to keep clear of it? are the questions which each one asks or reflects upon. So general is the fever, that it is thought even Italy, which has gained almost everything she has to gain, will hardly shrink from the abyss of bankruptcy when she scents the battle afar off on the other side.'

The recent discoveries of modern science, as expressed by the iron rail, the ocean steamer, the electric telegraph, will facilitate such military gatherings, such concentration of troops or ships, such lightning-like rapidity of action, such shocks of hostile armies as never were imagined, anticipated, or equalled in the history of the world, and the experience of mankind. Everything seems to tend

to make Europe ready for no common crisis, no trivial issue. In the words of Daniel, 'There shall be a time of trouble, such as never was since there was a nation.' In the words of St. Matthew, 'There shall be great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time; no, nor ever shall be.'

What startling events have transpired since 1848! the world has been no sooner out of one trouble than it has been plunged into another, and a deeper. In 1849, 1854, and 1866, Europe, Asia, and America, were desolated by an overwhelming pestilence; in 1850, Rome, anticipating its ruin, made its last spasmodic clutch at the sceptre of England, if perchance it might retain a footing somewhere before it goes down like a millstone into the depths of ruin. In 1851 we had a bright glimpse, by way of symbol, earnest, or type of the peace to be. Soon after we received the first tidings of complications in the East. From 1854, onward to 1856, a war raged in the Crimea, which sent streams of bitterness into many a happy English home and left cold shadows upon many a once sunny English heart. The dead that sleep in the distant Crimea will not soon be forgotten; and the memories of the brave that fell there will never pass before us without thanks and gratitude for them who heroically fought and so hopefully fell.

No sooner was the Russian war brought to a close than a quarrel with China threatened to attain the dimensions of a national conflict. Scarcely had

these clouds cleared off the sky when the most terrible shock our empire ever received was felt in the eastern provinces of India. A hundred thousand disciplined Sepoys, the subjects of the Queen, rose simultaneously against our authority, opposed by a mere handful of heroic men, alone available, and it seemed doubtful if India could be held. Massacres, and murders, and barbarities, were inflicted on British men, and women, and children, of unprecedented brutality and cruelty. Never did a more crushing stroke reach the heart of our nation. Thus for years, from the pine-forests of the North to the palm-groves of the East, has the social atmosphere been charged with electric and disturbing elements, which explode in succession. Scarcely had the embers of India been quenched, by God's blessing on the heroism of our troops, and the sagacious diplomacy of those who had to rule the storm, than, like a thunder-cloud, we saw all Europe mustering to battle; and upon the beautiful plains of Italy half a million of men met in deadly conflict, and very many thousands were numbered with the dead.

Still more terrible scenes were reproduced at Sadowa, and these last were but the first heavy drops of the approaching storm. War seems of late to have been kindled from the faintest sparks. Nations appear to court pretexts for battle. Unclean spirits gather together the armies of Europe, and the earth to destroy each other.

Who can now look around him without seeing projected on the present the dark spectral shadows of

events foreboding and ominous? We find our own country arming as it never armed before, spending with scarcely a murmur millions on cannons, and rifles, and ironclads, and adding with the utmost speed to the strength of our navy and army. We are in all likelihood preparing for a storm through the like of which we have never sailed before.

Satan, too, knowing his time is short, will put forth all his resources of power, and subtlety, and deception. Deadly and destructive error will bring to bear on the masses its richest and most seductive attractions; and it will achieve so successful results, that it will seem to have almost deceived the very elect. Old and oft-refuted heresies will be draped in new attire, vindicated with great eloquence and subtle arguments and apologies unprecedented in their plausibility in the experience of the world. The champions of the ancient faith who tread the old paths, will be set down as men behind the age, or pitied as antiquated fools, who must be left high and dry in the 'progress of religious thought,' and in the upward advance of the age.

Ridicule and satire, and evil and caricature, will descend in showers on their heads. Earnest faith will be denounced as fanaticism; the bold assertion of the truth of God and the fearless opposition to deadly error will be represented as dogmatism, intolerance, and ignorance, and their sacred hopes of a break in the now gathering clouds, and the sunrise of a blessed day will be caricatured as the enthusiasm of weak-minded dreamers.

But the logic of facts justifies our unrenounced interpretations of uninspired prophecy. The electric wire transmits the records of war with a rapidity and concentration that vindicate for it a place in prophecy. The correspondents of our press, located in every capital, and present in every battle-field, registering events as they strike, and rumours as soon as they rise, and the broad sheet appearing every morning in every house, recording with impartiality all that transpires from afar, indicate our age as the last era of the fulfilment of prophecy.

The foreign correspondent of the *Times* gave too truthful evidence in living facts of the fulfilment of the prophetic description of the last days of our economy in his communication from Paris two years ago :—

'"No business at the Bourse, but plenty of Chassepot rifles in store." Thus may be summed up the present state of affairs here. Not only on the Paris Bourse, but throughout France, very little business is doing, for confidence seems gone and credit dead. It is the natural consequence of a nation's destinies resting entirely in the hands of one man, that his smallest word excites alarm, and his most candid utterances find but hesitating acceptance. The present feeling is one of mistrust and apprehension as to the future, and the pursuits of peace naturally suffer for it. The prevailing opinion undeniably is that next year will bring war. Whether or not it is predestined to do so, the belief alone suffices to work incalculable mischief. The

state of chronic apprehension and restricted credit seems of late to have spread from France to other nations, and all Europe suffers for it.

'The Emperor's speeches, even the most pacific of them, have persuaded nobody that the hour of action is far removed, and the French Administration is bestirring itself to be ready for all eventualities. Besides the accelerated manufacture of the new rifle, which, it may be urged, is not unnatural, when once the adoption of that weapon has been decided upon, other preparations of a more significant nature are being made. With respect to the new cannon, of which so much has been said, a Toulouse paper has the following in a letter from Paris:—

'"The trial of a new small cannon, the most terrible arm yet invented, continues at Meudon. None know their mechanism, except the artillery officers, who direct the experiments. Cannon, carriages, and ammunition are brought in leather valises, and the trial takes place behind a screen of planks. All that can be known is, that at 2500 metres these arms send a perfect hail of balls against a target two metres high and one broad. At that distance the balls pierce an iron plate two semimetres thick. Each cannon can fire twenty shots in a minute, and two men suffice for the transport of the arm, the carriage, the ammunition, &c. Lately these guns were tried against a clump of trees at 1500 metres (nearly an English mile). The trees were mowed down in a few minutes, like a corn-field by a steam-

mowing machine. It is frightful, five or six men armed with such an engine could destroy a whole regiment in a few minutes.

'"Persons who have heard them practising with these new cannon at Meudon have described the sound to me as being almost like the roll of a drum, so quickly do the reports succeed each other. It remains to be seen whether the French military department will be as successful in keeping the secret of these new guns as the Prussians have been in retaining that of the fulminating pea in their needle-gun cartridges. The Chassepot cartridges, as you probably know, are ignited by means of a fulminating cap contained in them."

'To attenuate the terrible ravages of the fire-arms, and restore to the bayonet the importance it seems about to lose, it is proposed to organize battles by night. The tactics of nocturnal combats are studied more carefully than ever at the schools of St. Cyr, the Polytechnic and staff.

'Finally, gunboats are being made of a kind easily taken to pieces and conveyed. In a few hours we shall be able to have a numerous flotilla on the Rhine, with a powerful artillery, borne on invulnerable vessels, and capable of silencing, in case of need, the fire of Mayence, Coblentz, and Ehrenbreitstein.'

The same paper asserts that as soon as a battalion has received the Chassepot rifles, and learnt how to use them, it is sent off to the eastern frontiers. Another provincial journal the *Moselle In-*

dependent, says that the requirements of the artillery train are, in numbers of men, above their full strength.

The Pesth paper, *Magyar Orszag*, referring to the interview of Saltzburg, says:—

'In case of a war with Prussia, the Emperor Napoleon cannot reckon upon the active co-operation of Austria. It is only by neutrality that Austria is disposed to prove her friendship for France.'

The Hungarian journal thinks, however, that Russia intends to act in the East next spring, and that then neither Austria nor the other European States can remain inactive; and it believes that Russia will find Austria and France combined against her. The fact is, that the intentions and state of preparations of Russia are a puzzle to politicians, and the most diverse opinions are held concerning them.

'That Russia has fomented the insurrection in Candia, now apparently stamped out, and the rising in Bulgaria—which exists, although we hear little of it, and it has not yet taken a very active form—and that she is doing her best to get up a disturbance in Servia, nobody doubts.'

All these preparations for war and creations of means of defence and destruction, have been merely preparatory to a war we find described in prophecy and inaugurated in 1870. The prophetic announcement of it is thus recorded:—

Isaiah, ii. 10: 'Enter into the rock and hide thee for fear of the Lord, and for the glory of his majesty.

For *the day of the Lord of Hosts* shall be upon every one that is proud and lofty, upon every one that is lifted up, and upon all high mountains, and upon all the hills that are lifted up, and upon every high tower, and upon every fenced wall, and upon all the ships of Tarshish; and the loftiness of man shall be bowed down, and the haughtiness of men be made low; and the Lord alone shall be exalted in that day.'

Ezekiel, xxx. 2, 3: 'Howl ye, Woe worth the day! For the day of the Lord is near; it shall be the time of the heathen.'

The prophet Joel says, iii. 14: 'Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision; for the day of the Lord is near in the valley of decision.'

Amos, v. 18: 'Woe unto you that desire the day of the Lord! To what end is it for you? The day of the Lord is darkness, and not light; as if man did flee from a lion and a bear met him; or went into the house and leaned his hand on a wall and a serpent bit him. The day of the Lord shall be very dark and no brightness in it.'

The prophet Obadiah says, verse 15: 'The day of the Lord is near upon all the heathen: as thou hast done so shall it be done unto thee; thy reward shall return on thine own head. For as ye have drunk upon my holy mountain, so shall all the heathen drink continually; yea, they shall drink, they shall swallow down, and be as though they had not been.'

Zephaniah, i. 7–14: 'Hold thy peace at the

presence of the Lord thy God: for the day of the Lord is at hand: it hasteth greatly; that day is a *day of wrath*, of *trouble and distress*, of *darkness* and *gloominess*, of *wasting* and *desolation;* a day of *trumpet* and alarm,' &c.

Zechariah, xiv. 1: 'Behold, the day of the Lord cometh, and thy spoil shall be divided in the midst of thee; for I will gather all nations to battle,' &c.

Malachi, iv. 1–5: 'Behold, *the day* cometh that shall burn as an oven, and all the proud, and all that do wickedly shall be as stubble, and the day cometh that shall burn them up, saith the Lord of Hosts; it shall not leave them neither root nor branch.' And to show what day this is he immediately adds, 'Behold, I will send you the prophet Elijah, before the coming of that *great* and *dreadful* day of the Lord: and he shall turn,' &c.

Joel, iii. 9: 'Proclaim ye this among the Gentiles: prepare war, wake up the mighty men; let all the men of war draw near, let them come up: beat your ploughshares into swords, and your pruning-hooks into spears; assemble yourselves, and come all ye heathen; let them be awakened and come into the valley of Jehoshaphat, for there will I sit to judge all the heathen round about. Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision, for the day of the Lord is near in the valley of decision.'

Isaiah, lxv. 18: The Lord says, 'For I know their works and their thoughts. It shall come to pass that I will gather all nations and tongues, and they

shall come and see my glory; for behold the Lord will come with fire, and with his chariots, like a whirlwind, to render his anger with fury, and his rebukes with flames of fire; for by fire and by his sword shall the Lord plead with all flesh, and the slain of the Lord shall be many.'

The prophet Ezekiel (xxxix. 17–20) refers to it under the figure of a great feast, which is made to every feathered fowl, and every beast of the field, which are invited to a great sacrifice which the Lord will make on the mountains of Israel, that they may eat the flesh of mighty men, and drink the blood of the princes of the earth, and be filled at his table with horses, and with all men of war, saith the Lord God, when all the heathen shall see his judgment which he has executed, and his hand which he has laid on them.

The prophet Daniel (ii. 34, 35) refers to it when he describes a stone cut out of the mountains without hands as smiting all the kingdoms of the earth, and dissolving and scattering them as the dust of a summer threshing-floor.

The prophet Joel, iii. 12: 'Let the heathen be waked up and come to the valley of Jehoshaphat, for there will I sit to judge all the heathen round about.'

The prophet Zephaniah (iii. 8) says: 'Therefore wait ye upon me, saith the Lord, until the day that I rise up to the prey, for my determination is to gather the nations, that I may assemble the

kingdoms, to pour out on them mine indignation, even all my fierce anger, for all the earth shall be devoured with the fury of my jealousy.'

The prophet Zechariah (xiv. 2, 3) says, 'I will gather all nations against Jerusalem to battle; then shall the Lord go forth and fight against those nations, as when he fought in the day of battle.'

Ezekiel, xxxviii. 21: 'I will call for a sword against him throughout all my mountains. Every man's sword shall be against his brother. And I will plead against him with pestilence and with blood, and I will rain upon him, and upon his bands, and upon the many people with him, an overflowing rain, and great hailstones, fire and brimstone.'

Revelations, xix.: 'I saw heaven opened, and behold a white horse, and he that sat upon him was called Faithful and True, and in righteousness he doth judge and make war. His eyes were as a flame of fire, and on his head were many crowns; and he had a name written that no man knew but himself; and he was clothed with a vesture dipped in blood; and his name is called the Word of God. And the armies which were in heaven followed him upon white horses, clothed in fine linen, white and clean; and out of his mouth goeth a sharp sword, that with it he should smite the nations. And he shall rule them with a rod of iron; and he treadeth the winepress of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God. And I saw an angel standing in the sun; and he cried with a loud voice, saying to all the

fowls of the air, Come and gather yourselves together to the supper of the great God, that ye may eat the flesh of kings and of captains, and of mighty men; and the flesh of horses and of them that sit on them, and the flesh of all men, both free and bond, both great and small. And I saw the beast, and kings of the earth and their armies, gathered together to make war against him that sat on the horse and against his army. And the beast was taken, and with him the false prophet, and they were cast alive into a lake of fire, burning with brimstone.'

The preparation of weapons of war of tremendous range and power is the passion of the day. The latest discovery is eclipsed by the next, and the patent of to-day superseded by another of to-morrow.

This does not look as if nations had confidence in commerce or commercial treaties as pledges and guarantees of peace.

Our present dispensation, it cannot be doubted, will set amid great national convulsions, the crash of empires, and the destruction of every power, dynasty, and system that oppose the truth, or refuse to submit to the sceptre of the King of nations and the King of saints. The second psalm will yet be rendered into terrible acts: 'Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing? The kings of the earth set themselves and the rulers take counsel together against the Lord and against his anointed, saying, Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us. He

that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: the Lord shall have them in derision. Then shall he speak unto them in his wrath and vex them in his sore displeasure. Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron: thou shalt dash them in pieces as a potter's vessel.'

Men of the world, full of its interests, will continue to smile in atheistic incredulity as they listen. Cynicism will, as heretofore, superciliously scoff. Christians who have lightly studied the sacred Scriptures, or poorly acquainted with prophecy, and contented with the knowledge of the merest first principles of divine truth, may thoughtlessly exclaim, 'Doth he not speak parables?' But they may be assured these things are rapidly 'coming on the earth,' whether they believe or not. 'Blessed is he that watcheth.' 'Behold I come as a thief.'

The great victories of Prussia over Austria were the preliminaries of a yet more devastating war. One French statesman, candid and experienced, and loyal, if outspoken, the Marquis de Larochejaquelin, thus writes, as reported by the *Times* correspondent, in a pamphlet called *La Guerre Générale devant l'Opinion*: 'Without fixing any precise period for the general war which is certain, and which all political persons believe in, even the most inveterate optimists concur in declaring that from this moment the duty of France, and of other great nations—their most imperative duty, is to prepare on the largest scale for the greatest events of this

century, which, however, has witnessed some of the most extraordinary.'

Such were the preparations for that great European earthquake amid the upheavings of which the nations are agitated.

The leading features, so far as comprehended in the chart of prophecy, we would now endeavour to trace out and identify.

III.

THAT GREAT WAR.

'For they are the spirits of devils, working miracles, which go forth unto the kings of the earth and of the whole world, to gather them to the battle of that great day of God Almighty. Behold, I come as a thief. Blessed is he that watcheth, and keepeth his garments, lest he walk naked, and they see his shame. And he gathered them together into a place called in the Hebrew tongue Armageddon.'—REV. xvi. 14–16.

THIS war, therefore—not 'battle,' as in our translation—is to be kindled all over the earth by the inspiration and action of the 'three unclean spirits.' I have elsewhere shown that 'wars and rumours of wars' had become what they continue to be—the normal condition of Europe from 1852 to 1868. For cumulative evidence of this historic fact, I have quoted largely from the organs and reflectors of public feeling facts and opinions; and also from historians and statesmen most likely to understand fully and to interpret truthfully the signs and features of the day.

About the opening of the year 1867, the *Times* thus clearly and exactly reflected the distinctive

feature of the age: 'There is a general uneasiness as if a lowering cloud were about to break forth into a storm.'

'One half of Europe arrayed against the other half—such is the prospect with which we are incessantly entertained by the Continental press. There is, no doubt, a great deal that is grossly exaggerated, palpably contradictory, and egregiously absurd, in these alarming reports; but there is also, in the midst of all, one truth undeniable, and that is enough to give rise to the most gloomy forebodings. All Europe seems to have only one business—to arm. The official organs of the French government have been only too eager to undeceive the world as to the task and object of the commission called together to inquire into the conditions of the Imperial army. France is not going to disarm. She has no intention whatever to reduce her land or sea forces by one single man. An increase of the reserve, a mobilization of the National Guard, may be in contemplation; but the 400,000 of the standing army are deemed to be rather below than above the mark, and people must prepare rather for an increase than for a reduction in the war budget. The example of France would leave little choice for the policy of other powers, if these needed any stimulus in their military preparations. But the mania for "big battalions" has spread to all states, large and small. Russia is swelling her ranks by 300,000 recruits; Prussia is organizing four new corps; Austria is remodelling and reforming; everywhere new weapons

are tested, new systems discussed. *The art of killing threatens to become the exclusive industry of Europe.*'

Joel, predicting the scenes and events that mark the expiring days of our dispensation, also writes: "Proclaim ye this among the Gentiles; Prepare war, wake up the mighty men, let all the men of war draw near: Beat your ploughshares into swords, and your pruninghooks into spears: let the weak say, I am strong. Let the heathen be awakened, and come up to the valley of Jehoshaphat: for there will I sit to judge all the heathen round about. Put ye in the sickle, for the harvest is ripe. Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision." Again writes the same prophet, "The sun and the moon shall be darkened, and the stars shall withdraw their shining, and the heavens shall shake, and the Lord will be the hope of his people."'

As if a commentator on these words, we see that the *Times* wrote in April, 1867:—'Europe is being made into an armed camp.' 'Austria, the most ancient and honoured state of Europe, has been humiliated and almost overthrown.'

The *Opinione Nationale* says, April 5, 1867: 'It cannot remember in the history of modern Europe a more strange and more menacing situation than the present; that one would almost be inclined to say that some outward and fatal force has substituted itself for the will of mankind and was pushing them on, in spite of themselves, along a downward slope on which they cannot stop short, and at the

end of which war awaited them—fatal, irresistible, and inevitable.'

The *Spectator* wrote, March 30, 1867:—'Napoleon cannot bear to be always baffled; the American complication is over; the French are in the dangerous mood which the idea that their influence is waning always inspires; England is paralyzed by internal dissensions, and indisposed in any event to interfere with France; Germany is exalted till it will bear no menace; the East is stirring and heaving with excitement; all things point to that greatest of earthly calamities—a general European war. We have still three months, for Napoleon must give the signal, and the Exhibition does not close till August; but if he lives, and the "foreseen does not arrive," Germany will yet be welded into a harder unity by blows from the outside.'

This cloud, foreseen so long to be gathering, has at length burst on Europe. The Seventh Vial, to use the graphic language of the Apocalypse, has poured down on the ten kingdoms of Europe another deluge of destruction and death. France fell on Germany, to avenge her honour as she believed, covering with her armed battalions the left bank of the Rhine. Germany, menaced with destruction, summoned to her standards every man able to carry arms, and in a few days gathered together an army of nearly a million of her people, burning with indignation at what they regarded as the unprovoked aggression of France, and her every battle has been a victory. France is humiliated, and other

peoples propose begging mercy from the conqueror, and quarter for a nation that has long boasted of occupying the van of European kingdoms, but with poor prospects of success.

'All the gunsmiths in the world are besieged with orders for breech-loaders on various principles, each warranted by its inventor to slay more human beings than its rival weapons in the same space of time. To this we have come after centuries of Christianity and morality, and, what the philosophers of the age value still more highly, increasing international intercourse and commerce.'

The Emperor crossed the Rubicon with the revolution behind him, and defeat and destruction—and now dethronement—before him. The avalanche has been let loose, the old bound-lines of Europe are obliterated. Nations rock and are adrift from their ancient moorings. Spain is without a sovereign; France is in the throes of a terrible crisis; Austria, discomfited and vanquished, husbands and collects her energies. Italy is uneasy. The Pope has received the attribute of infallibility from his council, and lost the protection of Napoleon and the sovereignty of Rome. His tenure of the tiara has at length ceased.

The war on the Rhine is the latest exemplification, but not the last, of the fulfilment of the Apocalyptic prophecy. It has stirred to their depths the latent passions of men, kindled into fierceness animosities long suppressed, and, such is the width of its area driven every nation in Europe to arm to the

teeth, and make ready for a yet greater war with more tremendous issues, of which such preparation is alike the prophecy and provocation. Nation will continue to act against nation to the bitter end. Science at present expends its fertile resources in forging weapons that will ensure swifter and surer havoc, and the chiefs of empires pour forth their treasuries, replenished by the excessive taxation of the masses, in making ready for a war of which Sadowa, and Woerth, and Metz, and Sedan, constitute the most recent but not the most sanguinary acts. Commencing in the Crimea, and sweeping over India and Italy and Prussia and Austria, it has recently rolled across the Rhine, and thousands of the slain, and devastated villages and down-trodden vineyards, prove to the most sceptical opponents of the study of prophecy there are at least startling coincidences between the events of the last sixteen years and the predicted effects of the pouring out of the seventh apocalyptic vial too close and numerous not to warrant the prophetic student's solution to be at least highly probable. What makes the solution singularly impressive and clearly accordant with prophecy is the fact that it is papal nations that have come under these sore and crushing judgments. Spain not long ago cast off its intensely superstitious queen, and amid conflict and suffering vindicated for itself freedom of worship and toleration for Protestants such as have not existed since the fires of the Inquisition burnt to ashes every noble soul who attempted or dared to worship God in spirit and in truth. The

intolerant priest is now an anachronism there. His proscriptive spirit still burns, but he cannot collect the faggots and the fires of persecution, and preside, as in former times, at an *auto-da-fé*. The judgment sits on Spain, and God remembers her crimes. Italy has cast off the tyranny, though unable to get rid of the presence, of the priest. Wide as the sway of Victor Immanuel's sceptre is the victory of toleration.

Long over a small area Pius IX. reigned,—and trembled as he reigned,—at the increasing inrush of light, and freedom, and truth. This is now taken away; Austria has only recently emerged from the bondage of an iron Concordat and an insolent priesthood. But her political action has been rapid and decisive in the direction of light and freedom. Liberty of worship is established throughout the realm; education is open to every subject without any conditions injurious to freedom of conscience. The peasant's child may for the first time read on the school-desk the word of God in his native tongue, and no priest's shadow may come between or darken its gleaming page. Protestants may be married by their own pastors, and the Gospel may be proclaimed everywhere in spite of sacerdotal protests and menaces; this powerful nation has thus dealt a deadly blow to the Papacy,—the more effective and intolerable because she had been for generations the defender of the Pope and the Papacy on every occasion of their danger or their alarm, at any price. The latest, and not the least or last chapter of this great

war,' is that between Germany and France in 1870. The weapons employed, and the masses led into action, and the intensity of the struggle, and the thousands and thousands of the dead in successive battles, 'their backs to the field and their face to the foe,' present a picture of the awful horrors and havoc of war such as no previous conflict in history has in so short a time and with so tremendous energies presented to the eyes of God and of mankind. The eloquent and graphic special correspondent of the *Times* (Aug. 16) thus describes what he saw on the heights of Spicheren after the tide of battle had rolled off to rage on other fields.

'These are not sticks, however, they are needle-guns; and, approaching them, I pass from false indications of peace to true indications of war. Where these five needle-guns are planted in the earth (with bayonets for roots) five Prussian soldiers have fallen. The men are buried; but their arms, for this day at least, are to be left here. A few yards ahead there are three more of these needle-plants; then nine, then a dozen; then close to a ridge, where the Prussian assailants had thought they would find cover, but failed to do so, twenty-seven.

'Passing this ridge, and climbing, not without difficulty, up the steep ascent, I find knapsacks lying torn open on the ground, broken accoutrements, battered helmets, blood-stained clothes, and bodies rigid in the convulsions of death. Prussians alone are to be seen here, and looking down into the

plain I observe three different paths of ascent marked, as if to show how difficult they were, with needle-guns stuck in the turf. Every man who owned one of these muskets either died close to where his weapon stands as a sign, or, at least, fell unable any longer to use it. The military geology of the Spicheren heights can be clearly understood. After the first needle-gun region, the region of Prussian knapsacks and accoutrements; then the region of the Prussian dead whom the "dead-buriers," under the direction of the "sick tenders," have not yet been able to remove; then the first line of French dead, lying thick behind the natural and artificial intrenchments which, to the last moment, protected them as they shot down, or drove back, regiment after regiment of the advancing, surprising Prussians; then Prussians and French lying mingled together on the summit of the mount; then more French than Prussians, the French alone lying across a ridge in the wood crowning the heights, whose shelter a portion at least must have been sought, —and often sought in vain; then, on the left side of the battle-field, looking from Saarbrücken, nothing but graves. "Hier ruhen in Gott," says one inscription, "twenty-eight Preussen, sixty-nine Franzosen. Grab No. 4." "Here rest friends and foes together," says another inscription, "six Prussians, eleven Frenchmen." I observed that the words "and foes" had by some charitable or philosophical person been marked out.

'Then we turned down a bye-road,—a commu-

nial highway,—and, after a time, reached the village of Gunstett, the environs of which were the scene of a desperate action between the French right and the Prussian left during the memorable battle of Woerth. Like several others of the villages, it was crowded with wounded, and pale faces looked out of the windows of the cottages, with heads bound up; but there were soon more terrible evidences of the struggle. The *débris* of knapsacks, pouches, muskets, shoes, fragments of clothing, shakos, thickened as we went on; dead horses swollen to an enormous size, with their legs stuck up in the air, lay about in the fields; and now we came on a dead Prussian who had fallen stiff as if in the act of charging, and then came Zouaves and Turcos, mostly the latter, in all the fantastic rigidity of death in battle, the faces in most cases covered by the decent care of the country people with little pieces of linen, which the rain had beaten in on the lineaments in relief. The burial parties were busy close at hand and all over the country, but the harvest was too heavy for the reapers. I have seen now many fields —and the more I see of them the less I like them— but never have I beheld a sight so extraordinary as I came on by the little streamlet the Sauer, which flows by Gunstett. At an angle of the road, by a vine plantation, there had been evidently a sanguinary combat between the infantry; but a little beyond it lay the scene of a cavalry charge, the relics of which formed the strange spectacle I am writing of. There were heaps of cuirasses still bright, and

brass helmets with plumes which had been taken from the dead, wounded, and prisoners, and piled at intervals along the road. Between these lay saddles, swords stuck in the ground, horse-trappings, valises with "8" and "6" on them, here and there single cuirasses, dead horses, helmets, swords, muskets,—the ground trampled, the vines beaten down, —pools of blood, a foul, sour smell everywhere; this literally for two miles on each side of the road. In the village itself was a pile of thirty or forty cuirasses and helmets, then another pile of the same. Further on, mixed up with these 'trophies' of the hapless cuirassiers, we came on the signs of disaster to a regiment of lancers,—staves with red and white streamers in all directions, lancer shakos, saddles, valises, and tunics,—blue-laced with white.

'The most inaccessible of the two hills, the Spickler Berg, as the Germans call it, with its natural fortification of forest on the right, was assaulted three times before it was taken. Two regiments had exhausted themselves in attacking the position, and had retired, leaving long lines of dead and wounded on the slopes, when the 40th, the most popular regiment in Saarbrücken, and one of the most justly esteemed, advanced under a cross fire of artillery, and, with a heavy musketry fire falling upon it in front and from above, rushed up the heights and ended by scaling them. This exploit cost the 40th no less than 16 officers and 600 men.'

In the same impression in the *Times* is a leading article no less terrible than solemn — suggestive also

of what I have been trying to teach from the 'sure word of prophecy,' that a higher element is in the war than soldiers or statesmen care to recognise—an element which will in these pages be accepted and unfolded.

'Those who can detach their minds from particular incidents of the war to contemplate its progress as a whole must acknowledge the strange and, we may almost say, terrible fascination of the spectacle. Take the map of France and mark upon it the course of the advancing army during the past week. Steadily and surely the dark blue columns have stolen onwards, covering, piece by piece, the Eastern Departments, and pushing their way into the heart of France. The whole army has moved with the unity of a single being. Without noise, without haste, but without halting for a moment, it has appeared resolute to accomplish a preconceived design. We see in the character of the advance evidence of the fact attested to us by many other proofs, that the plan of the campaign was settled before a hostile column had entered upon French territory, for it bears in every step of its progress the impress of a single mind. The effect is enhanced by the contrast presented by the armies of the defence. Ever since the beginning of the war their movements have been distracted, their attempts purposeless, and their efforts consequently ineffectual. One wing has not known the design of the other, and an object has been proposed to be abandoned as soon as anything was done towards

attaining it. Unhappy France, in the rear of her armed sons, is divided between rage, resentment, and despair. As we turn from one to the other, from invaders to defenders, we seem to see a contest between some irresistible fate and its victim. We may be moved to pity, to sympathy, to admiration, at the desperate efforts made to crush the power of the advancing evil, but it is too strong, too certain, too fatal in its action, and we feel beforehand that the most passionate daring will break against it in vain.

"'Unhappy France! unhappy King!" wrote a Frenchman forty years since, as he saw Charles X., blind and deaf to every warning of his own experience and of others' wisdom, precipitating the nation into a new revolution. "Unhappy France! unhappy Emperor!" is the painful answer sent back by another generation. What madness wantonly provoked this unequal contest? The challenge sent across the Rhine was the challenge of luck against forethought, of an army without a guiding brain against a host moving in instant obedience to the orders of a supreme intellect, of a divided and dissatisfied nation, looking resentfully back to the past, against a united nation full of hope, and aspiring to a still higher future. We need not point to the abundant proofs,—they are found in the mouth of every Frenchman,—that the French army is like the French nation in its want of unity and guidance. If any one cares to understand how the bearing of the German army reflects

the character of its people, he may read fresh evidence of it in the description we publish to-day, in a letter from our correspondent of the march out of Saarbrücken. We cannot offer a more moving presentment of a perfect organization. It is not a mass of units flung together at hazard—a mere fortuitous concourse of atoms somehow settling into place—that is described, but a single organised whole. The *assemblée* is sounded, and in twenty minutes all are quietly in their ranks. Hussars, Dragoons, Cuirassiers, cavalry of all kinds, troop by in their order, and then the infantry "marching strongly and steadily forward in long, snake-like columns," whose very attitude is symbolical of their irresistible power in the face of the enemy. But this is not all. Other nations may show their lines of blue and red moving with more than machine-like regularity and force. The organization of the German army goes far beyond this. "Infantry to perforate the foe, artillery to smash him, cavalry to lacerate him, and, at the same time, the Brethren of Help, bearing the red and white cross of neutrality, to drag him from the field of death, Sisters of Mercy to tend him, doctors to cure, priests to comfort his soul, all follow each in its appropriate order." There is even a corps of gravediggers, who are under command, and serve in their appointed functions, burying what were friends and foes, but have become reconciled in death, and—so runs the inscription on the heights of Forbach, as in the orchards of Sadowa—"*ruhen zusammen in Gott.*"

'No more awful instrument of destruction than the German army has ever done its destined work. It is the physical force of a nation brought together and driven against the foe after such training and discipline, and with such a ready concurrence of every man in the array, that it acts as a single man would act under the volition of his heart and brain. The result is seen at large in the advance from the Rhine to the Saar, from the Saar to the Moselle, from the Moselle to the Meuse; it may be studied in detail on the heights of Spicheren and among the vineyards of Woerth. Two regiments had exhausted themselves in assaulting the Spickler Berg, when the 40th advanced and scaled it at a cost of 600 men and 16 officers, while the 67th sacrificed 600 men and 25 officers in breaking in upon the entrenchments at Forbach. The work had to be done and it was done, at no greater sacrifice than was necessary, but at any sacrifice that was necessary. The ghastly spectacle after the battle at Woerth is described by a well-known correspondent who, not unused to the annals of war, says, "I have seen many fields, and the more I see of them the less I like them." Along two miles of road lay the trophies of Death, and though the service of burial was continuously kept up by the companies of grave-diggers, the harvest had proved too heavy for the reapers. "There will, I fear," writes our correspondent with too prophetic accuracy, "be many more of such scenes and worse." Before the campaign of 1870 comes to a

close, how quick soever the approach of the end may be, the great Destroyer will have laid low thousands more of his victims.'

It is at this time, and on the exhaustion of the great prophetic periods, that we have long expected, —from the study of the word of God—the judgments, cumulative and reserved, to fall on the ten kingdoms under the domination of the Papacy, and on the centre of them all, 'Great Babylon.'

'Never did a contest in arms result in such terrific consequences. For miles round Sedan one sees nothing but destruction and ruin, and from morning till far into the night processions of the maimed and wounded; Sedan itself is one great hospital.

'Never before in the world's great history has there been such a butchery as went on during that great fight.'—*Times*, Sept. 16.

'The battle commenced on Thursday, September 1. The king, with his staff, occupied a commanding position on the hill above the Meuse, and had a complete view of all the movements of the armies. The Prussians had 240,000 troops engaged, or in reserve, and the French 120,000. The first Bavarian corps were on the south of Sedan, and the second Bavarian corps on the east, across the Meuse. On the west there were two Prussian corps in position, having got there by long forced marches, so as to cut off the French retreat to Mezières. The battle was conducted with tremendous vigour on both sides, the French defending their position against the great odds with brave determination. Every

foot of the ground was contested for eleven hours, but soon after noon the heavy reserves brought to bear by the Prussians materially weakened the position of the French, and at three o'clock the Prussians had completely surrounded Sedan. The fortifications of the city were soon after entered by Bavarian troops.

'At a quarter past five o'clock P.M., the Emperor Napoleon sent his letter of capitulation to the King of Prussia, using the following language:—"As I cannot die at the head of my army, I lay my sword at the feet of your Majesty."

'The firing immediately ceased, and the Prussians took possession of the city by dark. On the next morning, at seven o'clock, Napoleon left Sedan for the head-quarters of the Prussian army in Verdun. The terms of capitulation of M'Mahon's army, comprising 100,000 men, were without conditions.'—*Times.*

'France,' says the *Daily News*, 'is a headless trunk. The resistless swoop of the Prussian sword has decapitated the nation. The gloomy probabilities of political anarchy and civil war are added to the horrors of foreign invasion. For France—for Europe—affairs have reached an appalling crisis. The fond but selfish hopes of Napoleon perish under the execrations of his countrymen and the world. His ruin is irretrievable. The misfortunes of a great and proud, but misguided nation appeal to the sympathies of mankind. She is chastened, but not killed. She will rise again, but out of what a sea

of blood and fire no mortal knows. United Germany—the late-born, but the mightiest power of Europe, for modesty of bearing, for majesty in action—commands the admiration of the world.'

Prussia, a Protestant nation, seems to be chosen as the 'battle-axe' in the hand of God to strike the nations that have been at once the champions and the serfs of the Papacy; there seem to be in the van of her armies recently a Presence higher than human, and in her tactics a wisdom wholly denied to her French adversaries, and in her successes such overwhelming grandeur, rapidity, and completeness, and occurring on the exhaustion of the times of the Gentiles, that no one conversant with the pages of prophecy, as explained and interpreted by recent students, can doubt the solution of it; all is found in the fact that 'Great Babylon,' 'that great city,' is come 'into remembrance before God to give unto her the cup of the wine of the fierceness of His wrath,' and all who are associated with her as allies, or incorporated in her or her defenders and abettors, shall drink of that cup to its bitterest dregs.

France has been the champion and protector of the Papacy. The Emperor has been the keeper of the τὸ θηρίον, 'the wild beast.' To this watch and charge he has been always true. From Solferino to Mentana, and from Mentana to 1870, he has been the faithful guardian of the Pope and his capital. Explain this as statesmen like, he has not, as Eldest Son of holy Church, ceased to maintain the Pope, where under other conditions his continued or pro-

longed presence was impossible. The judgment now lies heavy on France. Austria came under judgment in 1866. Sadowa shattered her military power and national resources, and the loss of Venice removed her last chance of continuing to be the guardian of the Holy See. Crushed and exhausted as the once second military power in Europe, she has learned in her depression what she never dreamed of before—one most wholesome lesson — that in her entire national severance from Rome, viz. her renunciation of the Concordat, repose her hopes of progress and prosperity as an empire.

Spain—Rome's favourite and subservient daughter —is without a sovereign. Her government is unsettled; her people is disintegrated. Revolution threatens to break up her entire structure, as if reconstruction were impossible by any milder process.

Italy was disgusted, and has long been dissatisfied, because her capital has been so long withheld from her sovereign. At length she has secured it. The Pope was placed under the protection of Victor Immanuel on the recent retirement of Napoleon— that is, under an excommunicated ruler, whose title and jurisdiction the Pope repudiates. Nothing, surely, could be more unpalatable to the aged Pontiff. As if to complicate disaster and complete the judgment, the Vatican Council, just before the Italian troops took possession, rent in twain the Romish Church, by decreeing the Pope's personal infallibility, and arrayed against the Papacy as an infallible power three-fourths of the learning of the Romish

episcopacy; and if their representative position be admitted, one-half the Roman Catholic population of Christendom against the other half.

Stroke on stroke has fallen on the Papacy with consuming force. As if this were not enough, France orders her monks and priests to join her armies, and Lyons expels them. Italy invites them to marry. The revolution in public sentiment among the Continental nations is tremendous. It is no outcome of man. It is impossible to doubt that a higher than human action is in the midst of Europe. A 'stone cut out without hands' strikes its consuming blows, and Europe reels and trembles under them. 'The judgment shall sit, and they shall take away his dominions to consume and destroy it unto the end.'.

The nations of Europe 'have drunk of the wine of her idolatry,' and now they must drink of the cup of her judgment.

The new weapons of precision in the hands of soldiers are creative of battle-fields and slaughter unprecedented in past ages. Whole battalions are mowed down as grass before the scythe of the mower. Vain have been the prophecies of peace ripening on commerce or civilisation. Vain the diplomacy of statesmen. The sure word of prophecy, explained and vindicated by students during a quarter of a century, and denounced and despised by the prophets of peace, now translates itself into history too fearful in its nature, and too wide in its area to be ignored.

According to the prophecy in Rev. xvi. the

kings of the earth, τῆς γῆς, *i. e.* of the Roman earth, and the kingdoms of 'the whole world,' τῆς οἰκουμένης ὅλης, the 'whole œcumenical,' will be implicated and involved, directly or indirectly. Thus it is indicated that the great war will embrace an area wide as that represented by the Œcumenical Council, that is, of the four quarters of the globe. During the last seventeen years we find the tides of war have swept Russia, Turkey, Poland, Austria, Italy, Denmark, Prussia, France, the Northern and Southern States of America, Brazil, Mexico, India, Abyssinia.

A lull in the storm has often occurred, and will occur again. But there will be no peace till the Prince of Peace returns.

This great war, of which the German and French war is an act began on the outskirts of the European ten kingdoms. It first smote the Crimea, where French and English and Russians contended in mortal conflict. It then broke out in India, where native cruelty, treachery, and barbarism attained their most terrible development. Afterwards the Northern and Southern States of America entered on a war of vast proportions, and, marked by passionate hostility and grievous deeds, has the great war seemed to move round the circumferences of civilization, and to leave untroubled the European centre. It afterwards smote 'the kingdoms' of Europe, constituting 'that great city.' Solferino and Magenta drove the Austrian from his hold on Italy, swept from the Papacy the states of the Church and patrimony of St. Peter — leaving the

Pope a kingdom not very much more populous than Glasgow or Liverpool.

Next followed the war between Prussia and Austria, in which every battle was a Prussian triumph, and Austria retired, beaten and exhausted, within her proper boundaries. In this war weapons of precision were first employed by the Prussians with tremendous destruction on their opponents.

There was seemingly present on the side of Protestant Prussia, as in the present war, a supernatural aid—so rapid and decisive were her victories.

The latest and the last acts of this fearful drama have stained with blood, and already covered with more than two hundred thousand slain soldiers, the banks of the Rhine, the Moselle, the Saar, and the Meuse.

Never, I repeat, did so great masses of men meet in mortal conflict. Never were whole battalions so rapidly annihilated. It was not war, but massacre. Villages full of life were turned into hospitals. Waterloo, Balaklava, and Sadowa were child's play to Woerth and Sedan. That side gained the day which could best afford to lose the greatest number of combatants. Nothing has before occurred so fitted to justify the full import of the 'place called in the Hebrew tongue Armageddon.' This word, as interpreted by Dr. Wordsworth, Bishop of Lincoln, as already noticed, means 'the mountain of slaughter.'

Its reference is primarily to the great slaughter of the kings of Canaan at Megiddo, when 'the stars in their courses fought against Sisera.' The Bishop

of Lincoln observes, 'The valley of Jehoshaphat, and Megiddo, and Armageddon are not to be regarded as any one place on earth — nor do they represent any one event — but a marching forth of some earthly powers — an open league of the Dragon, the Beast, the False Prophet.'

'We are thus brought to the conclusion that the Apocalyptic Armageddon is not the name of any spot in Judea or in Italy, but the descriptive representation of a war, wide as the area of the earth, and consisting, as I stated sixteen years ago, of a series of battles constituting in their aggregate the war of Armageddon.'

The inspiring element of intense human passion give, such conflicts an intensity unprecedented in all past warfare. It looks like the explosion of long gathering animosities, the effect of a demoniac bitterness — the white heat of a wrath that can be quenched only in blood. It looks as if evil spirits from beneath rode on the whirlwind of war.

The seventh vial, unlike its predecessors, was to be universal, not local, in its effects. It was poured, *not* on 'the rivers and fountains of waters,' as was the third, nor on 'the seat of the beast,' as the fifth, nor on the 'great river Euphrates,' as was the sixth; but 'into the air,' thus denoting its universal influence and its action over the whole earth. The air rises highest, descends lowest, and extends widest. Its effects will thus far be universal. Satan is called 'the prince of the power of the air;' and therefore on his head its force will light with de-

structive energy and effect. This is a joy in the midst of overwhelming calamities.

That atmospheric disturbances are included there is no doubt. 'The electric condition of the atmosphere' is a phrase recently and often employed by public writers as descriptive of the troubled state of peoples, and great physical storms, cyclones, and hurricanes, may be looked for, such as have occurred of late, smiting sea and land. In one of these sunk like a stone our country's noblest ironclad. Abnormal conditions of the air, creative of disease, may also be indicated. But the dominant idea is universality in contrast to each of the previous six vials, the action of which was limited and circumscribed. The evidence of this will appear in our position of the succession of facts which follow its being poured out.

The *Times*, describing the European condition before the German war with France, thus wrote:—'In some respects the state of Europe is as bad as it can be—worse than it has been at any time since the fall of the first Napoleon—worse than the most desponding politician would have dared to predict a quarter of a century ago. Vast and costly armaments weigh on the energies of nations; the career of youth is interrupted by the relentless demands of military service; incessant rumours of war heat the imaginations of hundreds of thousands of idle men who make up the European armies, while they fill the industrious part of the community with alarm and despondency.

'Who holds this enormous avalanche suspended

over our heads, waiting for the one fatal foot-fall or sound? There is the paradox. No nation wishes for war. Of the half-dozen sovereigns who would have to give the word of command, not one desires war, or feels his interest to lie that way. Not one is naturally disposed to war, or now inclined to it by circumstances. Of the armies themselves, perhaps there are five men in a hundred, if so many, who do not wish for peace, for their discharge, and for their return to some peaceful employment. The statesmen all wish for peace. All nations are heavily in debt, and disabled from prosecuting numerous works long desired by the dedication of the public money to the preparations for war. The cost of preparation, indeed, is felt to be almost as ruinous as the cost of actual war, and to be worse in having no legitimate conclusion. A war may come to an end one way or the other, but the preparation for war can only end in war. Of one power it is said that now is its time for war, as it will never be better prepared; of another, that it would gain immensely by a respite for five years; of another, that it cannot be depended on a single day for either keeping out of war or keeping steadily at it; of another, that it probably contemplates war at its own time, but may find its hand forced before its time; of another, that it cannot possibly wish to precipitate war, because time is wanting for it; and, of another, that since it is perishing and falling to pieces in peace, much more will it in war. The sum of this is that no one man wishes for war, no

class of men wish for war, and the public opinion of Europe would gladly see the way to pacification, disarmament, and a return to a peaceful policy. Why, then, is this not to be? Why is it even doubtful? The danger consists in the universal preparation. The Continent is one vast magazine which an incendiary may fire. One insignificant state, one man happening to be in power, may push the first cause that sets the mass in motion. They who would wait may find themselves not allowed to wait. They who wish to frighten may have to fulfil their threats. They who are looking about for partners may have to enter the dance without them. When anything is more or less ready, the word of command is too easily given. It may be given even by mistake, but, once given, cannot be recalled. We ought to have something more than fortunate accidents or the absence of mistakes to depend upon. Europe is not safe for a day unless there can be a common determination not to go to war, and a consequent determination to regard as the enemies of Europe those who would force a war upon her. Without this security we are at war already in effect, and the actual outbreak is only a question of time.' The solution is 'the seventh angel poured his vial into the air.' These words constitute almost a commentary on the apocalyptic description of the action of the seventh vial. It is the secular testimony of manhood to the fact that the air is redolent of gunpowder, and sounding with thunders and voices, and red with flashes of lightning.'

Dissolving forces are rending and sweeping away ancient frameworks, cherished institutions, venerable laws, and valued privileges.

It is the fulfilment of the inspired words, 'Yet once more I shake not the earth only, but also heaven,' *i.e.*, 'the removing of things that are shaken as of things that are made, that those things that cannot be shaken may remain; wherefore we receiving a kingdom which cannot be moved, let us have grace, whereby we may serve God acceptably with reverence and godly fear.'

The Redeemer gives us the lesson of the day, '*Watch* ye, therefore, and *pray* always that ye may be counted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of Man.'

The excepted company—not from suffering and sorrow, but from ruin—is composed of those who have 'washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.' These look for that 'blessed hope, the glorious appearance of Jesus Christ,' from their stand-point of security through faith in Him. 'To them that look for Him, the Prince of Peace will come;' for them that trust in Him there is prepared by Him an 'inheritance uncorrupted and undefiled, and that fadeth not away.'

The true and terrible elements of war, we here learn, are not cannon, gunpowder, shell, and sword, but wicked passions long latent in the human heart. The source of war is within us, and the spark that ignites the sleeping gunpowder of human passions

was first struck in Paradise, where man rose in insurrection against God, and therefore against his fellow-men. It is in proportion as Christianity leavens the hearts of men that wars will cease. Regenerated hearts love peace, as the kingdom of God is righteousness, peace, and joy. But outside the Bible there are few prophecies of peace; thoughtful minds see gathering storms and blacker skies, and more terrible complications; one lesson however the poet has taught us,—

'Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
First given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals and forts.

'Down the dark future, through long generations,
The sounds of war grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn sweet vibrations,
I hear, once more, the voice of Christ cry "Peace!"

'Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies;
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.'

IV.

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE.

'And there was a great earthquake.'—REV. xvi. 18.

THE Greek word rendered earthquake means 'shaking.' It is applied to the sea as well as the land in its literal and material sense, just as 'the great war' means a series of successive battles, so 'the great earthquake' means a series of terrestrial convulsions. In both cases there is increase of intensity of action with increase of number. Let us read living history for our proofs.

On frequent and great occasions—especially as accompaniments of the Divine presence,—earthquakes are recorded to have taken place.

At the overthrow of Sodom and Gomorrah, the earth was evidently shaken, for a whole valley sunk 1312 feet below the level of the Mediterranean; earthquakes and volcanic action occurring simultaneously. At the destruction of Pharaoh and his hosts, the phenomena accompanying earthquakes are recorded by the inspired historian. At the overthrow of Pharaoh in the Red Sea, 'The earth swallowed them; they sunk unto the bottom as a stone.' The Psalmist describing this scene says,

'The clouds poured out water; the earth trembled.' At the destruction of Korah, Moses states that 'the earth opened her mouth and swallowed them up; they went down alive into the pit and the earth closed upon them.' During the overthrow of the Philistines, 'The earth quaked; it was a very great trembling.' 'God said to Elijah, 'Go forth and stand upon the mount before the Lord, and the Lord passed by, and a great strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord, and after the wind an earthquake.' There was also 'an earthquake in the days of Uzziah, king of Judæa.' At the resurrection of our Lord, 'The earth did quake, and the rocks were rent, and the graves were opened;' 'And behold there was a great earthquake.' At Pentecost, 'the place was shaken.'

During the imprisonment of Paul and Silas at Philippi, 'there was a great earthquake, so that the foundations of the prison were shaken.' Haggai predicts (chap. ii. 6, 7), 'Yet once—it is a little while and I will shake the heavens, and the earth, and the sea, and the dry land, and I will shake all nations, and the desire of all nations shall come.' On this prophecy St. Paul comments in Hebrews, xii. 27: 'And this word, Yet once more, signifieth the removing of those things that are shaken that those things which cannot be shaken may remain.'

Therefore we expect that preceding or accompanying the last act of the great drama of the world, will be a great shaking or earthquake.

The earth we dwell on is restless and disturbed.

It fell into this abandoned state of suffering when men apostated from God. Great convulsions such as have recently abounded are its strivings after emancipation—the beginning of sorrows—birth-pangs literally rendered, which are the precursors of a new and nobler progress, 'a new heaven and a new earth.' Her sufferings increase and multiply the nearer she is to final deliverance.

It seems at times as if our earth were a living thing, labouring under bondage and oppression, and weary with unsuccessful strivings after deliverance. But great moral ends are thereby subserved. Every disturbance in our world is a proclamation, 'This is not your rest,' and a call to raise our hearts to a world peaceful, permanent, divine; and lastly, a premonition of the nearer advent of Him who predicted them, and cometh in the clouds of Heaven with power and great glory.

Before I give details and historic proofs of the frequency and force of recent earthquakes, derived from reliable reports, I venture to extract from a little work printed in Boston, United States, and drawn up with much care by one of the most thoughtful and careful students of prophecy, the Rev. D. T. Taylor, and also from a recent work by Ponton.

Our Lord predicts there shall be 'earthquakes in divers places.' Matt. xxiv. 7.

Mr. Ponton* states nothing is more remarkable

* 'Earthquakes and Volcanoes; their History,' &c., by Mungo Ponton, Fellow of the Royal Society at Edinburgh, published at London, 1868.

than the extreme fewness of earthquakes on record before the beginning of the Christian era in comparison with those which have been registered since that time; and he allows that this fact is so striking as to fairly admit a physical interpretation of our Saviour's prophecy in Luke, xxi. 11. Such convulsions begun to be more frequent after the utterance of our Lord's prediction and have so continued. The ancients perhaps failed to register many such occurrences, or were ignorant of their occurring in other regions of the globe. Previous to A.D. 79 Vesuvius had been in repose for ages, but since then has been active at intervals. 'And it seems hard to believe,' says Mr. Ponton, 'that, had there been as many *great* earthquakes before the Christian era, as there have been since its commencement, so few of them should have been recorded, or even transmitted by tradition.

'Commencing with the age before the birth of Christ it is found that according to the researches of Robert Mallet (with whom we believe agree Messrs. Ansted and Perry) there can be counted during the seventeen hundred years B.C. but fifty-eight earthquakes, only four of which were disastrous, *i. e.*, those that overthrew buildings and destroyed life largely, being properly "great earthquakes:" these four all occurring within the sixty-five years preceding the birth of Christ. Then omitting entirely those unknown portions of the globe outside the Roman empire, there is found on record during the sixty-five years that elapsed preceding our Lord's

prediction, the occurrence of only nine earthquakes in all, distributed as follows, viz., three in Asia Minor, one in Palestine, one in Upper Egypt, one in Cyprus, one in the Greek Islands, and one in Italy. As we have said, four of these nine were great earthquakes. On the other hand, as exhibiting the large increase in modern times, in the sixty-five years that elapsed between A.D. 1800 and A.D. 1865, there occurred within the same limits, that is, the old Roman empire, no less than thirty-five great and disastrous earthquakes, arresting the attention of the historian. These last were distributed thus:—eleven in Italy, eight in Asia Minor, five in Greece, three in Persia, two in Syria, two in Candia, two in Sicily, one in Egypt, and one in Spain.

'Now it is scarcely credible that had there been so many as thirty-five destructive earthquakes in the earlier of these two periods, only four of them should have arrested the attention of the historians of the time, while they registered other five of minor importance. There is thus established a strong probability that the number was in reality much smaller in the earlier than in the later interval. This probability will be strengthened when it is borne in mind that the ancient Greeks and Romans viewed earthquakes with superstitious dread — regarding them not only as evidences of the present anger of their gods, but also in the more important aspect of prognostics of calamities that were to follow.

'Thus Herodotus, in reference to the earthquake that happened at Delos, after the visit of the Persian

fleet, says: "But after he (the Persian leader) had put to sea from thence, Delos was shaken by an earthquake, as the Delians say, the first and last time that it was so affected to my time. And the Deity assuredly by this portent intimated to men the evils that were about to befall them. For during the reigns of Darius, son of Hystaspes, of Xerxes, son of Darius, and of Artaxerxes,—during these three successive generations, more disasters befell Greece than during the twenty generations that preceded the time of Darius—partly brought upon it by the Persians, and partly by the chief men among them contending for power. So that it is nothing improbable that Delos should be moved at that time, having been until then unmoved. And in an oracle respecting it it had thus been written: 'I will move even Delos, although hitherto unmoved.'

'Such a view as this was more likely to attract the attention of mankind to earthquakes than had they been regarded simply as natural phenomena. The idea of a portent was dear to the heathen mind, and this circumstance tends to establish the greater likelihood, that all the really important earthquakes of the period in question were registered, than that only so small a proportion of them attracted the attention of any contemporaneous or later historian.'

'The comparative fewness of the earthquakes recorded during the sixty-five years that preceded our Lord's prediction, may have therefore had quite

as much foundation in fact as in historical negligence. It may be really true that the number of earthquakes within the limits of the old Roman Empire may have greatly increased since that time, and that our Saviour may have foreseen this increase when he said that among the signs—"There should be earthquakes in divers places."'

'Regarding them chronologically, Mr. Mallet distinguishes the registered earthquakes into five periods, thus:—

	Total.	Disastrous.	No. of Years.
Those recorded before A.D.	58	4	1700
Thence to end of 9th century	197	15	900
„ „ 15th century	532	44	600
„ „ 18th century	2804	100	300
Thence to 1850	3240	53	50
	683	216	

'It will thus be perceived how very great has been the increase since the beginning of the Christian era; and although much of this increase is due partly to more perfect registration, and partly to there being a larger portion of the earth's surface comprehended in the records, still there are good reasons, as already indicated, for suspecting that there has been a gradual augmentation in the number of earthquakes themselves, more especially of the more disastrous kinds.'*

Mallet records less than seven thousand down to

* Ponton's Hist. p. 21.

the year 1850, but Mr. Ansted, the English geologist, and M. Alexis Perry of France, have by later researches tabulated over seven thousand previous to that date. The immense number on record since the epoch of the Reformation, about A.D. 1500, is very striking and challenges solemn attention. The occurrence of three thousand two hundred and forty in a period of only fifty years gives an average of nearly sixty-five each year. Supposing this to be the number annually occurring, we have then in the sixteen years elapsing between 1850 and 1866 over one thousand more, which added to those previously recorded would swell the whole number from B.C. 1700 to A.D. 1866 to over eight thousand earthquakes. 'Of destructive, or great earthquakes,' writes Ponton, 'such as have overthrown cities and destroyed many lives, the total number registered up to 1850 is two hundred and sixteen, and other fifteen have happened up to the end of 1865—making in all two hundred and thirty-one, and of these only four occurred before the birth of Christ.'* To this number of destructive earthquakes must be added at least fifteen more which have occurred during the past three years, registered in the following order, viz., Algiers in Northern Africa, Mitylene, West India Islands, Formosa, Sandwich Islands, Northern Ecuador, Peru, Chili, and Ecuador, California, Ialisco in Mexico, Tebrees in Persia, Bengal in Asia, and Santander in South America, all of which were destructive of

* Ponton's Hist. p. 17.

cities, villages, and human life, with numerous ships.

'Eight thousand, and doubtless very many more, in less than six thousand years since man lost Eden, since the curse fell crushingly upon our world, and the Evil One began his sway.* So many spasmodic beats,—so many convulsive throbs,—so many deep shudderings of poor "Old Mother Earth," since the sin and fall of man, and at man's perpetual and persistent rebellion against his Maker. So many signals of sure and of final dissolution. So many audible, agonizing groans for the promised redemption. So many throes and pangs presaging the birth of a new and better world. And oh, how many hundreds, and thousands, and hundreds of thousands of stately dwellings, and lovely villas, and fair green fields, and brave men, and beautiful women, and sweet babes—and how much of human splendour, wealth, and pride have been rocked to ruin or gone down to Sheol, when the earth like some angry demon shook its ponderous sides, belched out its deadly, sulphurous gases, lashed its gigantic inward forces, and vomited forth its volcanic fires, that far beneath our feet burn, and burn unceasingly! And who can but shudder at the bare thought of the possibility that the four hundred burning mountains on the surface, that emit two thousand eruptions every hundred years, which is twenty each year, or nearly one every fortnight, might,—should Deity so will it,—at once cease to flow, and the pent-up

* Job, ix. 24; Luke, iv. 5, 6.

Titanic forces, finding no vent, angrily *shake the whole globe*, occasioning that "*Great* EARTHQUAKE such as *never was* since men were upon the earth, so *mighty* an earthquake and *so great!*" causing the vast planet, in the Scripture language of the ancient prophet, to "*reel to and fro like a drunkard*, and be removed out of its place like a cottage!"* That such an event is possible, nay, highly probable, is the admission and opinion of the wisest of divines, philosophers, geologists, and men of science.

'Some evidence is already presented of the centennial and annual increase of the activity of the forces that produce earthquakes. In the Scandinavian peninsula and in Iceland, from A.D. 1700 to 1850, the number of earthquakes has been two hundred and twenty-four; in Spain and Portugal, one hundred and seventy-eight; in France, Belgium, and Holland together, six hundred; while in the basin of the Rhine and Switzerland no less than five hundred and fifty-seven earthquakes are recorded since the beginning of the ninth century, of which fifty-two took place in the sixteenth, one hundred and twenty in the seventeenth, one hundred and forty-one in the eighteenth, and no less than one hundred and seventy-three in the first half of the nineteenth century. On the Italian peninsula and the Eastern Mediterranean upwards of eight hundred earthquakes have occurred within the period of fifty years between 1800 and 1850. Excluding all other countries, there have been felt in

* Rev. xvi.; Isa. xxiv.

Western Europe alone, since the beginning of the Christian era, two thousand one hundred and fifty-six earthquakes, of which seven hundred and seventy-three, or more than thirty-three per cent, belong to the first sixty years of the present century. These facts are gleaned from the researches of Mallet and others.

'Slight earthquake shocks soon cease to be remembered, and are seldom registered, but great earthquakes are never forgotten. Of this last class there occurred one hundred and sixty-three from the Christian era to the year 1800, sixty-eight more between 1800 and 1866, while in the two years since the spring of 1867 there have been not less than fifteen great earthquakes on the land, with others in the ocean, which furnishes the unparalleled average of over seven earthquakes per year. It is utterly impossible to account for this great number merely on the ground of increased information and more perfect registration.

'Ponton, "There are some places in which there have been a continuous succession of harmless shocks almost daily for years together, as at Pignerol in 1808, at Maurienne in 1839, at Comrie in Perthshire, especially from 1839 to 1847, at Ragusa from 1843 to 1850."* "In some countries," says David R. Wells, "earthquakes of greater or less intensity occur almost daily. At Lima in Peru an average of forty-five shocks may be expected yearly; and in Chili sixty-one have been noted in a single year without includ-

* Hist. p. 20.

ing the slighter ones."* From 1700 to 1844 there are on record one hundred and one shocks of earthquake in England, one hundred and thirty-eight in Scotland, and seventeen in Wales: total on the whole island, two hundred and fifty-six, or nearly two each year. Of the sum total, not less than one hundred and sixty have occurred within the last sixty years, exhibiting a steady increase. In the single month of September, 1846, Prof. E. Merriam chronicled the occurrence of twenty earthquakes in all parts of the globe, and affirmed that the great number taking place was quite unusual. In California, no earthquakes of any note took place from 1812 to 1850. From 1850 to 1868 over two hundred shocks were counted, or one for every month. Of these only fifty-nine occurred during the first six years of this period, the other one hundred and forty-one happened in the remaining eleven years. In 1868 there occurred over twenty more shocks, with hundreds of slight ones. This, too, shows an increase.

'This increase in the frequency of these alarming convulsions of nature did not escape the eye of F. H. A. Von Humboldt. Ponton writes, "Such is the frequency of earthquakes now-a-days, that Baron Humboldt in his *Cosmos* published in 1845, says: —'If we could obtain daily intelligence of the condition of the whole surface of the earth, we should very probably arrive at the conviction, that this surface is *almost always shaking* at some one point; and that it is *incessantly affected* by the reaction of

* Wells' *Geology*, p. 115.

the interior against the exterior.'"* And yet with all this record before us there is reason to think that these tremblings are rapidly increasing in numbers if not in severity.

'Let us come now to the two remarkable years of 1867 and 1868. "Earthquakes and volcanoes," writes Mr. W. T. Brigham, the American naturalist, "are at last claiming, by their very intrusive activity, the attention of observers, who are able to look through the smoke of an eruption, and the dust of an earthquake, at the real geological importance of the terrible demonstration. Within the past two years the earth has been strangely unquiet." The *Boston Journal*, in summing up its record of yearly events said, "Of whirlwinds, earthquakes, tornadoes, fires, and floods, and other disasters destructive of human life and property, there have been an unusual number during the year 1867, in both the old world and the new."

'Beginning with January, our records, though imperfect, give earthquakes at Algiers from the 1st to the 5th, which destroyed life and many villages; on the island of Jamaica, the 7th, quite violent; at Ft. Klamath, Oregon, the 8th; at Mitylene, April 4th, severe, 1000 lives lost; many shocks in several of the Western States during April; at San Salvador, August 2d; in Iceland, August 29, with a very singular eruption of Mount Hecla, the most remarkable of the kind ever recorded of this volcano. Blue flames with a mile of base were seen, and sulphuric

* *Cosmos*, i. p. 211, New York edition.

gas one hundred and twenty-five miles distant was so strong as nearly to suffocate the people; numerous slight shocks in all parts of the world in September and October; at Manilla, October 4th; frequent shocks in the French Islands, and severe ones in Venezuela in October; and shocks in the ocean off Cape Horn, October 27th and 28th.

'November 12th, a severe and destructive earthquake in the Island of St. Thomas; November 18th, a great convulsion occurred at St. Thomas, and Tortola, and all the adjacent islands, and the coast of South America were shaken. St. Thomas experienced in one day forty-seven shocks, in two days eighty-nine shocks, and by the sixth day two hundred and thirty-eight shocks were felt, and down to December 18th over six hundred shocks were registered. The island still throbbed December 24th and 30th. At Porto Rico one hundred and fourteen shocks occurred in eight days, and four more December 1st, while at the Virgin Islands two hundred shocks were experienced in one night. At Naples, November 30th; at Porto Rico again, December 10th and 11th; at Honduras, in December; December 18th, a severe shock in Northern New York, and four other States, and in Canada, St. Lawrence county, New York, was the centre of the throb; in Canton sixty slight shocks being registered down to February 20, 1869; and other observers record two hundred shocks in all in various places in St. Lawrence county. In the ten months following December 18th, 1867, a dozen

shocks were counted in Canada and the Northern and Eastern States; November 14th, there was a terrific volcanic eruption in Nicaragua, and Vesuvius also this month began vomiting forth its fires with earthquake throes. At St. Thomas, during the great earthquake, thousands of lives were lost, and many millions of property destroyed. One described it as if "nature was being spoken to by some great and supernatural power." The *New York Tribune* for December 25th says, the year 1867 ended in "a deluge of crime—the earth quivering with throbs of agony from the centre to the pole—cities shaken down, countries engulfed—and the earnest inquiry, What shall be the end of these things?" And the Plattsburgh *New York Republican* for December 28th, 1867, said, "No candid mind can for a moment deny that the recent natural phenomena are strange and unaccountable, and it would seem that even the *savants* themselves are completely at fault in giving any intelligible or satisfactory explanation of them."

'The *Methodist New Connection Magazine* (London) for December, 1868, says, "It is probable that the year 1868 will be famous for its earthquakes." It seemed as though Jehovah had indeed arisen "to shake terribly the earth."* The year opened with an awful earthquake at Formosa, destroying 30,000 people, with an immense amount of property, and devastating the whole island. January 7th, Jamaica was shaken; on the 23rd, Vesuvius again belched

* Isa. ii. 19.

out in torrents of lava, scarcely being quiet for the two years past; St. Thomas and all the islands adjacent still shook, February 22nd, and on till March 13th; at Costa Rica, February 11-13th, there were 150 shocks in two days, and others were subsequently experienced; there were numerous shocks in Northern New York in January and February; at Venezuela, March 7th, there were several shocks; March 10th, numerous shocks occurred in the West Indies; and there was an awful shock at Porto Rico March 17th; March 27th and 28th, a fresh and great eruption of Vesuvius, with ten earthquake shocks daily for many days, and the magnetic needle disturbed as never before; March 28th to April 4th, a fearful eruption of Mauna Loa took place; the Sandwich Islands were never before so convulsed. Mauna Loa, the king of volcanoes, is a lake of fire three miles in length, two in breadth, and one thousand feet in depth — the eruption was the most destructive ever known; and the *New York Mail* declared that "nothing recorded in history could compare with it." Said a correspondent of the *New York Times*, "It seemed as if the rocky ribs of the mountains, and the granite walls and pillars of the world were breaking;" one hundred shocks occurred in one day, while down to the 13th of April over two thousand earthquake shocks had been counted, and half a million dollars' worth of property destroyed, with a thousand lives. Hawaii, nearly half as large as the State of Vermont, sank variously from three to seven

feet into the ocean; the disturbances continued all summer, until the people predicted the entire engulfing of the island into the sea, and the end of the world at hand.

'On the 7th of April, Porto Cabello had an earthquake, the severest known in thirty years. In June Northern Ecuador had two earthquake shocks, which killed five hundred people and destroyed much property. In July an earthquake was felt in Hungary; in August, from the 13th to the 16th, the entire west coast of South America, together with all the adjacent islands and Pacific Ocean from lat. 1 deg. to the Straits of Magellan, a distance of four thousand miles, with an inland breadth of hundreds, was fearfully shaken. The destruction was immense; the whole Pacific was agitated as never known before. The perturbed earth "reeled, and shook, and swam, and opened its jaws." City after city went down in utter ruin. At Arequipa, a city of fifty thousand inhabitants, there were seventy-six shocks in three days' time. The loss of life was unprecedented — full fifty thousand persons perished, and the property destroyed amounted to one hundred million dollars. Down to the opening of the year 1869 the west coast of South America was still trembling, and on till into March, 1869. Earthquakes occurred in Japan also in August; several shocks in New Zealand August 15-17th; in India, August 20th; in Peru again, August 28th; and on September

4th, 8th, 12th, the disturbances were renewed at the Sandwich Islands.

'In October the seismic convulsions were fiercely renewed everywhere: in Ireland, the 1st and 4th, there were shocks; at Hawaii, October 1st, numerous earthquakes; in Lima, Peru, October 2nd; in Virginia, October 10th; in Chili, Peru, and Bolivia, again, October 13th and 17th; in Ireland, October 23rd. On the 21st, California was shaken severely, that day thirteen shocks were felt, and nineteen by the 24th, shocks recurring daily till November 6th. This was declared to have been the greatest earthquake ever known in that country. The procession of the earthquake was computed to be twenty-seven miles per minute. Some lives were lost, and three million dollars' worth of property destroyed. One eye-witness said, "the mountains seemed to skip," and another that "it seemed as though the Almighty had put his foot on the earth."

'November 1st, there were earthquake throbs in England; November 4th, at Vancouver's Island; November 3rd to the 6th, in Mexico; November 10th to the 15th, in South Carolina; many shocks at the Sandwich Islands, November 16th; in New Jersey the same day four shocks; in Germany also the same day earthquakes occurred; November 17th, St. Austin in Nevada was shaken; shocks were felt in Massachusetts in November, and on the 29th a throb was felt at Staten Island in New York Har-

bour. Vesuvius also began to be active again this month. The *New York Tribune* of the 25th of November said, "The mails and wires continue to be burdened with stories of the disturbances of Nature, the floods and whirlwinds, furious tides, and trembling of the earth."

'December 8th, Vesuvius became fiercely eruptive; on the 9th, the earth swayed violently at Arica, in Peru; on the 13th, a shock was felt in Peru almost equal in severity to that of the previous August; December 8th, a severe shock occurred at Gibraltar, and on the day following the state of Kentucky felt an earthquake; all Jalisco, in Mexico, was shaken from December 20th to the 29th, and a neighbouring volcano became furiously active. Many lives were lost and buildings destroyed. Frequent earthquakes were felt in Guatemala in December; a great earthquake occurred this month in the Atlantic Ocean; Mount Etna broke out in an eruption, and the *New York Herald* for November 19th, 1868, affirmed that, "In both hemispheres, but especially upon this continent and among the adjacent islands, visitations of tornadoes, floods, and earthquakes, with their tidal waves, and fissures emitting gas, fire, smoke, steam, and boiling water, are becoming alarmingly frequent." "What is the meaning of it all?" echoed the *New York Sun* of the same date. All such inquiries are answered in the Book of God. They are the judgments * of

* Jer. x. 10.

Him at whose wrath the earth shall tremble, and before whose face the earth and the heaven will one day flee away.* And these angry judgments are falling heavy and fast, because the masses of mankind and the nations in general are not only forgetting God, but sinning against Him with a high and bold hand. During the single year 1868, doubtless more than one hundred thousand souls perished from the earth by these unparalleled convulsions; and in the two awful years of 1867 and 1868, we estimate the total number of earthquake shocks felt in all parts of our globe to be not less than four thousand. And the earthquake forces are by no means quiet, for at the present time (March 1869), we register eleven earthquakes in as many different localities, for the single month of January, 1869, of which number at least two were great and destructive.

'In short, history furnishes no parallel to the frequency of these calamities since the summer of 1867.

'*Harper's Magazine* for March is our authority for asserting that Europe never in ancient times suffered from earthquakes with any unusual severity, but that the chronology of these since the discovery of America is quite startling, and that during the present century volcanic forces have been active in all parts of the world, while the same authority in its April issue asserts that, "The twelve months

* Rev. xx. 11.

embraced between the 1st of October, 1867, and the 1st of October, 1868, were distinguished by a series of physical phenomena more remarkable than is known to have occurred during any equal period of time in history;" that the three earthquakes of South America on August 13th in Peru, the 14th and 15th in Chili, and the 16th in Ecuador, were, "for their extent, violence, and wide-spread devastation, the most terrible on record;" that their land extent was "more than sixty degrees of latitude, all the way from the Isthmus to the Cape," and their throes were felt throughout all the vast Pacific Ocean. We are also told that the convulsion in Ecuador is without parallel in the history of that country, and that men who witnessed these awful scenes testify to having beheld "as vivid a picture of the Judgment Day as is possible in this world." Finally, we are startled by the following announcement, "I have prepared," says the same writer, "from very imperfect materials, a list of upwards of TWO HUNDRED EARTHQUAKES, reported to have occurred in the *fourteen months* between October 1867 and January 1869—*a number many times in excess of that of any preceding year!*'"

The *Pall Mall Gazette* states, 'During the last 238 years there have been more eruptions in Vesuvius, Etna, and the Lipari Isles, than during the preceding 1800 years.'

Let me here adduce historical and reliable proofs at full length of the unprecedented fre-

quency and unwonted force of these predicted phenomena.

'The year 1867 is likely to be memorable in history for great natural convulsions. The record of disaster, already made so heavy by the tornado in the West Indies, is constantly extending, and before the full details of one calamity have reached us, the news of another arrives.'—*Times*, December 4, 1867.

'*Double Tides in the Thames.*—It is generally known that the tide ebbs and flows about seventy miles up the river Thames twice in twenty-four hours; that these tides are influenced by the increase and decrease of the moon, causing them to vary in their times, each one coming twenty-four minutes later than the former, which wants but twelve minutes of one hour in the twenty-four. But accidents may interfere with this regularity, for it the wind is high at the west or south-west it is known to stop the flowing in of the tide to its usual height, as a boisterous north-east wind has a contrary effect. But it is believed that, although we may have had shifting or preternatural tides, as recorded in Maitland's *History of London*, we have never experienced anything like the phenomena which have taken place during the present month. On Sunday, December 2, the tide flowed at Hammersmith in the first place until five o'clock A.M.; it then ebbed until half-past four P.M.; and then became flood again until half-past seven P.M. This

unusual occurrence was, however, greatly exceeded in its remarkable character by the tide of Saturday, the 7th instant, when two flows and one ebb occurred between midnight and eleven o'clock in the forenoon. —*Times*, Dec., 1867.

'*Hurricanes and Earthquakes.*—On the 6th of last October there was a gale off Labrador, which destroyed eighty vessels and numerous lives; on the 29th there was a hurricane at St. Thomas, which destroyed nearly 100 vessels and nearly 1000 lives; on the 30th there was a hurricane at St. Domingo; on November the 1st there was one at Hong-Kong; on the 2nd there was one at Calcutta, during which the loss of life and property was very great; on the 3rd the eruption of Vesuvius commenced; on the 8th there was a tornado at Matamoras, which did damage to the amount of a million sterling; on the 20th there was a volcanic eruption in Nicaragua; and on the 20th there was an earthquake felt at New York, Vermont, and Canada.'—*Record.*

'What is the matter with ancient Mother Earth, that she rumbles with earthquakes, breaks forth in volcanic flames, and murders her children with furious hurricanes and frightful sea-storms? The terrible events among the Virgin Islands are scarcely heard of before news comes from Porto Rico and St. Domingo that there also the elements are in revolution. Another telegram informs us of cyclones and great losses of life as far away as Hong-Kong and

the Philippines; a little while ago the Texan coast was ravaged by wind and billow; and now Vesuvius is in full eruption, lighting up the Italian sky by night with a crimson glow, and darkening the air by day with volleys of black stones and smoke. What ails the "old Mother," that she should be so troubled and torn? Is it true, as Greek sages held, that she lives, as well as the myriad creatures produced from her bosom, and that she sympathises with the stormy and changeful times which are come upon the earth? Or are those huge giants of classic story at work? The earth, like its denizens, has not yet escaped from the agony of birth—"the whole creation groaneth and travaileth;" the race fulfils with tears and blood, and errors bitter and many, its progress towards the hour of a nobler humanity. The globe we inherit whirls on through space, a beautiful but unfinished planet, wrapped in an atmosphere torn by hurricanes, its surface disfigured by feverish swamps and stormy seas, its heart hiding those unquieted fires which were lighted in the infinitely distant days when the earth was "without form and void;" though then as now the "Spirit of God brooded" on the face of things, and with ceaseless love constrained the shapeless into beauty and the evil to good.'—*Telegraph*, November, 1867.

'*Southern Italy.*—Our Neapolitan correspondent writes:—"For a fortnight all the scourges of the elements have been let loose upon us. Rain, hail,

snow, thunder, lightning, and tempestuous winds have assailed us from day to day, astonishing every one by the strangeness of the phenomena. One day last week Naples was covered with a light yellow dust which had no affinity with anything on Vesuvius. The report of pending eruption got about, but Professor Palmieri announced that the mountain was in its normal state, and that the dust or sand was brought by the tempestuous south-east wind from Africa. A similar incident, noted by a German writer, occurred some years ago.'—*Times*, March 23, 1869.

One of the leading New York dailies recently said, 'It is our duty to call attention to the shaky condition of our globe at the present time. Almost every day for some time past we have published startling accounts of terrible earthquakes; of volcanic eruptions from old craters and from new clefts in the crust of the globe; of the sinking down of islands beneath the ocean; of the rising of the sea fifty feet above its ordinary level; of tornadoes such as have hardly been known since the flood; of showers of meteors, and of general disturbance in the heavens above and in the earth beneath. What all these things portend we do not pretend to say, but they are ominous. Since the beginning of October we have had to chronicle a succession of hurricanes and earthquakes that did immense damage in the West Indies and on the Gulf coast. First we had to record the tornado at Galveston, Brownsville, and Matamoras on October 3rd; next came the destructive gales

at Martinique and St. Vincent islands on October 7th, followed by the still more disastrous hurricane that tore all before it in St. Thomas on October 29th, and in Porto Rico, St. Domingo, and at Cape Haytien on the following day. All the steamers plying in the Gulf of Mexico reported tempestuous weather in the beginning of the first and second weeks of October and November, and the United States steamer *Wilderness*, with ex-Minister Romero on board, had a rough experience of the gale at the beginning of November. Succeeding each of these hurricanes were shocks of earthquake, following the same course traversed by the tornadoes, and corresponding in violence to the preceding gale. The most violent of these convulsions was felt at St. Bartholomew, St. Martin, St. Croix, St. Thomas, and Saba islands, at Mayaguez, in Porto Rico, and St. Domingo city, on the afternoon and night of November 18th and 19th. The observations made at Mayaguez establish the fact that the course of this tremendous earthquake was from east to west. At that place water spouted out of the earth, while the earthquake caused such an upheaving among the islands that some of the smaller ones are reported now as totally destroyed.'

Another New York editor, however, is not quite so complacent. 'He wants to know what these things mean. He has not much confidence in the religious prophets, or in "the expounders of Daniel and St. John the Evangelist," and pronounces them "at fault and behind the times." But he is equally at a

loss to find satisfaction from the masters of "sciences relating to matters on or near the surface of the earth." Where, says he, "where is philosopher Loomis, and all our other *savans* just now? The earthquakes and hurricanes have bewildered them as much as the meteors did. It is evident that if we must have information about such phenomena, so as to be able to sleep o' nights without fear of being smashed up, we shall have to find more watchful and abler astronomers at home."'

'Orissa was swept; the other districts between Calcutta and the sea are still four feet under water; even more distant Tirhoot was deluged. The rice-crops rotted; those sown a second time are now rotting before my eyes. . . . A week ago, when we should have been parboiled by heat and damp, the first breath of the cold season came, and the apprehension is spreading that even Eastern Bengal will suffer again. . . . Nor has Western India escaped the deluge. At this time last month it inundated Guzerat. Ahmedabad, Kaira, Surat, and the other great old cities there have been desolated. The news of a calamity which in Europe would have called forth the lamentation of nations, in India takes three weeks to travel across the peninsula. Houses have fallen down by tens of thousands, and lives, both European and native, have been lost, while railway bridges have been washed away. The Guzeratee merchants of Bombay are subscribing liberally for the sufferers in a catastrophe which has

swallowed up a quarter of a million sterling of property at the lowest calculation.'

'On the 15th of August nearly the whole of the east coast of both islands was visited by three waves, the ebb and flow which at some places exceeded the local rise and fall of the tide. The principal waves occurred at four A.M., eight A.M., and noon, and were in some localities twenty feet high, doing injury to shipping moored to wharves. From the Chathams we have reports of three larger waves, doing much damage on the northern side of the main island, the intervals there being less than in New Zealand. From Newcastle, Sydney, South Australia, and Tasmania, there are accounts of tidal disturbances, all telling of a convulsion of great magnitude, probably 2000 miles to the eastward of the Chathams. Over nearly the whole of this colony slight shocks of earthquake were felt about the same date. Dr. Hector, the director of the geological department, is preparing papers on the subject for transmission home.'—*Times*, Oct. 28, 1868.

'The cantons which have suffered most terribly are those of Tessin, Grisons, and St. Gall. The St. Gothard, Splugen, and St. Bernhardin routes have been rendered impassable. Twenty-seven lives were lost in the St. Gothard Pass, besides horses and waggons full of merchandise. It is stated that on the three routes upwards of eighty persons perished. In the village of Lodefio alone no less than fifty deaths occurred. So terrible a flood has not taken

place since the year 1834. Nor have the cantons of Uri and Valais escaped. From Unterwalden we hear that the heavy rains which took place a fortnight ago have carried away several large bridges, and many of the rivers continue still very swollen. We have already described how enormous the material losses are which have been caused by these floods. Many places are under water; others in ruins or absolutely destroyed. In Tessin alone the damage is estimated at forty thousand pounds sterling. During the past few weeks we have witnessed a succession of remarkable evidences of Nature's destructive powers. The fires of Vesuvius, the earth-throes of the sub-equatorial Andes, and the submarine disturbance which has shaken Hawaii, have presented to us the various forms of destructive action which the earth's subterranean forces can assume. In the disastrous floods which have recently visited the Alpine cantons of Switzerland, we have evidence of the fact that natural forces, which we are in the habit of regarding as beneficent and restorative, may exhibit themselves as agents of the most widespread destruction.'

'*A Storm in Church Time.*—Illinois papers have accounts of great devastation, with loss of life, occasioned by a recent storm. In Chicago darkness fell upon the city with such mysterious swiftness as to cause indescribable awe; and the mist and startling chilliness led the people to infer that a tornado was whirling over the city.' In other parts of the State it descended and proved very destructive. At Shanghai service was proceeding in the Second

Advent Church, a new building completed last autumn. The Rev. G. W. Hurd ascended the pulpit, and his discourse was not interrupted until it was nearly through, when the evidences of the coming disaster began to be apparent. First it was perfectly still, and then a noise was heard at a distance as of the roaring of a mighty cataract. The windows began to shake, and some one called out from his seat, "Mr. Hurd, a bad storm is coming up." The minister answered, "Never mind the storm; there is a day coming when there will be a storm compared with which this will be nothing. I will be through soon." Just then the hail and wind commenced breaking in the window lights, and in almost an instant the windows of the church, sash and all, were torn out. The only two persons who succeeded in getting out were George Vern and Harrison Wixer, who were instantly killed. The building reeled like a drunken man, but none could get out. Wives clung to their husbands, children to their parents, brothers and sisters to each other, and despair was depicted upon every countenance. Suddenly the crash came, and with a deafening sound mingled with the shrieks of the pent-up people; timbers, scantling and all, came down with a sudden crash upon the devoted heads of the congregation, men, women, and children. Some had skulls broken, others arms, others received internal injuries from which they can never recover. Nearly all were more or less injured.'

'*The Hurricane in the Mauritius.*—The Duke

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of Buckingham has received the following despatch from Sir H. Barkly, Governor of the Island of Mauritius:—

"'Mauritius, March 17, 1868.

"'My Lord Duke,—It is with the deepest concern I report that one of the most violent and destructive hurricanes ever experienced in these latitudes occurred here on the 11th and 12th inst.

"'2. The season has throughout been unusually stormy; on the 13th of December, and again on the 3rd and the 17th of January, successive cyclones passed over the island, but, excepting a few sugar-factories unroofed, a good many labourers' huts blown down, and some sad maritime disasters on the coast, no very serious damage was sustained on any of these occasions.

"'3. The weather during February continued tempestuous, though not sufficiently so to hurt the sugar-canes, which grew so luxuriantly from the combined effects of heat and moisture that by the beginning of March they were as tall and heavy as they usually are in May.

"'4. On the morning of the 11th inst., however, the barometer, which had been for several days below 30 degrees, began steadily to descend further, and the strength of the south-east trades to increase. This lasted all day and throughout the night, but it was not until noon of the 12th that the full fury of the gale was felt, the wind beginning about the same time to veer in tremendous gusts towards the north, reaching before sunset the opposite point of

the compass from which it had started—the north-west. Its force during this rotatory movement was well-nigh irresistible. The canes were levelled like grass; the largest trees torn up by the roots or broken off short at fifteen or twenty feet from the ground; church-towers and belfries fell; mansions of the bettermost class collapsed over their affrighted inmates, or were stripped wholly or partly of their roofing, while the camps of estates' labourers, and the shops and dwellings of the general population, both in town and country, were literally blown to pieces.

'"5. The Government house of Réduit, which, though nearly a thousand feet above the level of the sea, is so well sheltered as to have braved the worst blasts for nearly a century comparatively uninjured, lost the roof of one wing as if by the stroke of an enchanter's wand, and suffered grievous dilapidations otherwise.

'"6. In Port Louis, out of upwards fifty vessels in the harbour, three alone escaped without damage, seven were dismasted, and thirteen driven ashore, including the Union Company's steamer *Mauritius*, which is expected to be abandoned. No wrecks are yet known, but several coasters are supposed to have foundered. The three principal dock companies are stated to have each sustained losses to the extent of $100,000. In the town itself three churches, two Protestant (one of iron and one of stone) and one Roman Catholic, were reduced to ruins, and hundreds of houses were destroyed. The

gasworks are expected to be closed for a month at least, and there are scarcely any of the public buildings that have not more or less suffered.

'"7. But it is on the railways that the greatest amount of damage has been done, every station on both lines having been unroofed with the exception of the central terminus, where the passenger-house and carriage-shed have done the greatest credit to Mr. Connal's engineering and architectural skill. Two spans of the Grand River iron viaduct, each measuring 126 feet in length, and weighing, I believe, nearly as many tons, were actually lifted off the piers and hurled into the ravine below, where they lie at an angle of at least ten degrees to the direction of the railway. At the workshops on Plaine Lawsun the havoc was even greater; not only the whole of the wooden buildings having been levelled with the ground, and the goods waggons which were standing on the line turned over on their sides, but the hinge iron doors of the engine repairing-shed having been burst open, though shored up by every means from within, with such violence as to cause the crown of the arch above them to give way, and the massive stone walls and the girders of the roof to fall, burying the whole of the machinery and one of the large eight-wheel locomotives in the ruins. A better illustration of the force of the wind cannot, perhaps, be given than the fact that I saw yesterday one of the wings of these doors, above a ton and a quarter in weight, lying twisted and shattered on the grass on the further side of the line of rails lead-

ing past the workshops, and at least twenty feet from its original position! It had been fortunately decided beforehand not to attempt to run trains during a cyclone, so that no accident happened as regards the traffic. That on the north line was, I am glad to say, resumed the day after the storm, while on the Midland passenger trains from Mahébourg to Coromandel are now running, five engines having fortunately been on the further side of the Grand River viaduct. The interruption of the goods traffic on this line must be, I fear, of long duration, and the loss of revenue thereby will probably exceed the cost of the repairs.

"'8. The extent of damage to the ordinary roads and bridges is not yet ascertained, accounts not having been received from some districts, but it is known to be very considerable.

"9. The injury to the sugar cultivation has been enormous, the diminution in the probable yield being being variously estimated by planters at from fifteen to thirty per cent, which, as a magnificent crop of not less than 150,000 tons was confidently relied on, represents at the lowest a loss of not far short of half a million sterling. Much, however, will depend on the nature of the weather during the next six weeks, and if rain in moderation continues to fall, the canes may in a great degree recover.

"'10. Unfortunately on most estates the mills and boiling-houses have more or less suffered, and on not a few they are reported to be totally destroyed, the vacuum pans, centrifugal machines, and

other beautiful and expensive machinery commonly used in this colony, being overwhelmed by the falling materials of the buildings. There is still time before the commencement of the crop to remedy most of these losses, but it is to be feared that some planters will not have means or credit to do so, and that the distress of the agricultural interest will be fearfully aggravated.

'"11. This must increase the destitution and misery of the rest of the community, which had previously arrived at a terrible pitch, and I almost shrink from contemplating the sad prospects before us, for some months to come, at any rate.

'"12. I deem it no exaggeration, from what I have seen, and from the reports I have received from the police, to state that the day after the hurricane there were fully 50,000 persons in various parts of the island absolutely houseless, and exposed to the still inclement weather, a large proportion suffering from the epidemic, and many maimed and injured from the fall of their habitations. This will, no doubt, for some time to come, swell the returns of mortality.

'"13. The loss of life during the storm must have been very considerable. Thirty bodies were extricated by the police from the ruins of houses in Port Louis alone, and the Inspector-General informs me that the number as yet reported throughout the whole island cannot be less than 100, exclusive of those drowned and wrecked upon the coast. Many of the casualties were of a most deplorable character.

Two of the Christian Brethren (Frères de la Doctrine Chrétienne), together with two of their pupils and it is supposed several other persons, were killed by the downfall of their chapel in Port Louis, and two other brethren severely wounded. Several Indians were also buried in the ruins of the Rev. Mr. Ansorge's and the Rev. Mr. Huxtable's churches, where they had taken refuge.

'"14. I need hardly assure your Grace that everything in my power is being done with the aid of the municipality, the General Board of Health, and the police force, to alleviate the sufferings of a community thus more cruelly than ever afflicted, and at the same time to guard as far as possible against further deterioration in its sanitary condition.

'"15. The new Mayor, Mr. François, has been most active in his endeavours to get the town cleared of the *débris* of houses and trees, by which the streets were in many cases impeded, and the watercourses and drains choked. Bands of prisoners and vagrants numbering between three and four hundred, have been for some days past at work under the charge of the Inspector-General of Police, Major O'Brien, whose exertions are beyond all praise; and it is hoped that by the end of the present week the whole of the rubbish and filth which have accumulated will be carted away.

'"16. The communications with the out-districts, where interrupted, will also be in a short time provisionally restored, and the court-houses, gaols, police-stations, hospitals, and other public buildings

rendered fit for occupation under the directions of the acting surveyor-general; but to make good all the damages which have taken place in these respects will require a very large sum of money, and I am afraid that in the present state of the finances, and with the impossibility of imposing further taxation, recourse must be had to a loan.

"17. On this point, as well as with respect to the steps to be adopted to restore the railways to working order, I shall address your Grace separately, as soon as detailed statements and estimates from the respective officers come in. Meanwhile, I must conclude this hurried and imperfect account in order that it may be in time for the mail of to-morrow; but as each hour brings fresh intelligence from the country districts, I will enclose in it the latest reports that reach me, including those published in the public journals of to-morrow, so as to place Her Majesty's Government at once in possession of the fullest and latest particulars of the sad catastrophe which has befallen this once flourishing colony.

"I have, &c.,.

"HENRY BARKLY.

"His Grace the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos."

'*Disastrous Volcanic Eruption.*—Advices received *viâ* San Francisco announce the outbreak of a serious volcanic eruption on the island of Hawaii, one of the Sandwich group. During the twelve days preceding the 12th April, which is the date of

the advices sent from Honolulu, there had been, it is said, no less than 2000 shocks of earthquake, followed by fearful tidal waves, which destroyed whole villages, and caused the death of a hundred persons. The volcano from which this eruption took place is the well-known Mauna Loa, which has an elevation of 13,758 feet at Waischina. The earth opened in many places, and a tidal wave 60 feet high rose over the tops of the cocoa-trees a quarter of a mile inland, sweeping human beings, houses, and everything movable before it. A terrible shock prostrated churches and houses, and in addition to the destruction of human life, a thousand horses and cattle were sacrificed.

'The first stream of lava broke out from Mauna Loa, some two miles above the residence of Captain Robert Brown, and flowed directly towards it. It came down the mountain-side in a broad stream several feet in depth, and travelled with such rapidity that the family in the house had barely time to escape, taking away with them nothing but their clothes. The path which they took was perfectly free from lava, but ten minutes after they had left it and reached a point of safety, the entire road was covered with the fiery stream. The craters vomited fire, rock, and lava, and a river of red lava five or six miles long flowed to the sea at the rate of ten miles per hour, destroying everything before it, and forming an island in the sea. A new crater, two miles wide, opened and threw rocks and streams of fire a thousand feet into the air, and from it streams

of lava rolled to the sea. At one time the illumination was visible at night fifty miles distant. The lava has pushed out from the shore one mile at Waischina. Three miles from the shore a conical island rose suddenly, emitting a column of steam and smoke while the Kona packet was passing, spattering mud on the vessel. The greatest shock occurred on April 2; a great shower of ashes and pumice fell. During the great shock the swinging motion of the earth was dreadful, so violent that no person could stand. In the midst of this tremendous shock and eruption, red earth poured down the mountain, rushing across the plain — three miles in three minutes, and then ceased. Then came the great tidal wave, and then the streams of lava. The villages on the shore were all destroyed by this wave. The earth opened under the sea, and reddened the water. The earth eruption swallowed thirty persons, and the sea many more. Dreadful suffering and terror prevailed in the district, and the whole region was affected.

'The entire section of country around Mauna Loa has been desolated. A stream of lava flowed under the ground six miles from the sea, and broke out in four places, each throwing up brilliant jets of fire. The base of the volcano is about thirty miles in circumference, and presented a most barren and desolate aspect, the gases arising from the rent earth having completely destroyed vegetation. The earthquakes were felt in all of the Sandwich Islands, but only around Mauna Loa was the effect disastrous.

'When this intelligence left Honolulu the opinion prevailed that the eruption had passed through its most violent and dangerous period, but the discharges of lava and fragments of rock continued, and the spectacle was wildly grand.

'A correspondent writing from Honolulu, says:—"For fifteen days the district of Kona has been the centre of motion for the great eruption. A gigantic stream of molten lava is flowing from the summit of Mauna Loa across the lands of Kakuka and Poakini to the sea at Kaaluala landing. The slope and part of the summit of a mountain 1500 feet high have been lifted up bodily by the earthquake, and thrown over the tops of the trees for a distance of over 1000 feet. At Waboince a creek has opened extending from the sea to as high as the eye can reach on the slope of Mauna Loa. The lava is from one to seven feet in width, and an eruption of moist clay was thrown from the side of the mountain between Lymans and Richdsnie, a distance of two and three-quarter miles, with a width of one mile, in the short space of three minutes. A column of smoke, seven and four-fifths miles in altitude, was thrown out of Mauna Loa, obscuring everything for miles around, save where the bright spiral pillars of the fire flashed upwards from the mouth of the volcano. The sight was one of the grandest but most appalling ever witnessed, and almost defies description. The entire topographical appearance of the country has been so completely changed, that even those who have lived in the desolated district all their lives cannot recognise it, or

point out localities with which they were formerly familiar. Luckily this part of the island is but sparsely populated, and the lands are not in general cultivated. The loss of life, as far as can be ascertained, is as follows:—In the village of Palulka, 33; at Mokaka, 13; at Pulalue, 34; at Honah, 27; at Vanilo, 3. This makes a total of eighty persons killed, as reported up to the present time. There are rumours about that the casualties considerably exceed one hundred, but nothing definite on this matter has been received."

'All the unfortunate persons who lost their lives were native Hawaiians, not a white person being killed or in any way injured. Expeditions are being fitted out here to relieve the distressed.

'An American missionary writes from Hononulu to a friend in Massachusetts:—"In the south-eastern portion of our island, the district of Kain, all the native villages along the seashore for the distance of fifteen or twenty miles have been destroyed by the tidal wave and by the upheaving of molten lava. It is said that more than one hundred natives have lost their lives. Some were buried alive, some swept off by the wave, and others suffocated by the smoke and gases. On Saturday, March 28, distinct shocks of earthquake occurred at intervals not averaging more than three minutes. For six hours the vibration of our house never ceased. Avalanches of earth were thrown into the sea, and walls and houses cast down. For the next four days the shocks were less severe; but on Thurs-

day afternoon came the most severe earthquake ever known here. The whole island seemed like a great ship loosed from her moorings, reeling to and fro, rising and falling, shaking terrifically, as if she were going to pieces. Everyone wanted something to hold on to, but there was nothing firm; everything was shaking, reeling, pitching. The very trees were tossing to and fro, as if they would be uprooted; stone fences, houses, &c., were falling all around us. . . .

'"For eleven days and nights we waited with intense anxiety — praying, hoping, trusting in the Lord. We longed to see a great crater open or a great river of fire flowing, for then, we thought, the earth would be at rest. In all this time we never undressed for the night, passing the nights in a tent spread in our yard a little distance from the house. This was partly to avoid the danger of the timbers and plastering of the house falling and crushing us, and partly to avoid the noise from the incessant shaking and vibration. On the night of the 7th of April, as we reclined in our tent, we saw for the first time the light from a crater which had just opened on the south-eastern portion of Mauna Loa, not far from Waiokinu, the stream flowing into the sea a little south of that point.'

'The inhabitants of Jaszherenryi,' says a Pesth journal, 'are in a state of great terror in consequence of a strange agitation of the earth. Since the 15th of June, when an earthquake was

felt in Pesth and other parts of Hungary, there has been a certain agitation in the earth here once or twice in the day, but this agitation has now become a violent shock. Moreover, when the atmosphere is calm, a subterranean rumbling is heard. The people are completely terrified, being apprehensive that these phenomena are only the precursors of some terrible calamity. They have abandoned their houses, and live night and day in the open air. The churches are shut, and the religious services are conducted beneath the sky. The rocks are in the direction of south to north.'

The Earthquakes in the Sandwich Islands.—The American papers just received contain full particulars of the terrible earthquakes in the Sandwich Islands, of which telegraphic accounts were published some weeks since.

A correspondent of the *New York Times*, writing on the spot, says:—

'On this day (April 2), at 4 P.M., an event occurred which defies description. Such a shock has no record in the memory, the history, or the traditions of these islands. It lasted from two to three minutes, and was terrific. Houses jarred, cracked, swayed, slid, rose, and sank upon their foundations. Many buildings in Kau, including nearly all the churches, and some in Hilo, fell. Many others which stood are so racked and broken as to be nearly useless. Most of the stone buildings, including the Hilo gaol, were destroyed. Trees swayed and fell; thousands of yards of stone fences

went down; great boulders were rolled and tossed about like footballs. Land-slides were numerous, and precipices fell thundering into the sea. The earth rent in a thousand places; fissures opened from one inch to six, eight, and ten feet in breadth. The streets and fields of Hilo cracked, and seams opened all around us, where we had supposed the volcanic forces had long ago left their final traces. Riders and horsemen were thrown to the ground, and multitudes of men were prostrated by the shock.

'In Kau the convulsions of the earth were so tremendous that men had to steady themselves by holding on to slabs and rocks, in order to avoid being bruised against the ground. Our streams ran mud; our houses were strewn with *débris* from garret to cellar: bureaus, tables, cabinets, bookcases, wardrobes, glass, and earthenware—all movable things, in short—were thrown pell-mell. My largest bookcase, which stood nearly east and west, was prostrated towards the north; while my cabinet of shells, which stood at right-angles to the former direction, remained standing; seeming to prove that the most violent lateral oscillations, at least, were in the direction of the magnetic needle. Dr. Westmore's drug-store was thrown into utter disorder, the whole house fumed with the mixture of incompatible acids; the floor was covered with the wreck of glass, bottles and retorts; and it is a marvel that explosion and fire did not occur. The confused noises, the dust, the awful throes of the earth, the falling of

rocks into the sea, the consternation of men and animals, made a scene which baffles description—a scene of terror such as as our islands have never witnessed before. The crust of the earth rose and sank like the sea in a storm. It seemed as if the rocky ribs of the mountains and the granite walls and pillars of the world were breaking. At this moment the ground was suddenly rent open in Kau, between the lands of Messrs. Reed and Richardson and Judge F. Tynan.

'As quickly as the discharge of a battery or the explosion of a shell, a vast eruption of mud, rocks, and earth (not heated), took place, disgorging a mass three miles long and half as wide, which instantaneously buried a village, with its thirty-one native inhabitants and five or six hundred head of cattle. The discharge was so sudden that there was no escape for those within its range. At the same time the sea rose and fell rapidly all around the shores of the island, a coast circumference of two hundred miles. In Hilo Bay it came up to Front Street, a height of six or eight feet above high-water mark. In the district of Puna it rose from ten to fifteen feet, sweeping away a number of houses and drowning one person. But in Kau the tidal wave came in twenty or twenty-five feet high, destroying all the villages and churches of the lower shores, and drowning scores of people. Men, women, and children, with all their earthly substance, were swept away in an instant. Nearly one hundred people, in all, were killed, and seventy or eighty

escaped wounded from the scene of the catastrophe.'

'*Terrific Earthquake in the Sandwich Islands.*—The American papers contain an account of a frightful earthquake or series of earthquakes in the Sandwich Islands. A telegram, dated San Francisco, May 7, says:—

'The barque *Comet*, from the Sandwich Islands, brings accounts of a terrific volcanic eruption by Mauna Loa, which began its demonstrations on March 27. On the 28th one hundred earthquake shocks were felt, and during the two weeks following to April 13, 2000 earthquake shocks occurred. At Waischina the earth opened in many places, and a tidal wave sixty feet high rose over the tops of the cocoa-trees a quarter of a mile inland, sweeping human beings, houses, and everything movable before it. A terrific shock prostrated churches and houses, and killed many persons. In all a hundred lives were lost, beside a thousand horses and cattle. The craters vomited fire, rock, and lava, and a river of red-hot lava, five or six miles long, flowed to the sea at the rate of ten miles per hour, destroying everything before it, and forming an island in the sea. A new crater two miles wide opened, and threw rocks and streams of fire a thousand feet into the air, and from it streams of lava rolled to the sea. At one time, the illumination was visible at night fifty miles distant. The lava has pushed out from the shore one mile. . . .

'Dreadful suffering and terror prevailed in the

district, and the whole region was affected. The sloop *Live Yankee* has been despatched with provisions, &c., to rescue and relieve.'

'A severe earthquake was felt at Riva, Lago di Garda, last night, May 23, at ten o'clock. The shock passed from South to North, and was accompanied by a noise exactly resembling the sound of an express train at full speed. The oscillation threw both candles and glasses off the table in my room, and raised a considerable wave round the margin of the lake. In Riva earthquakes are of rare occurrence, and the inhabitants uttered a cry of alarm that one of my friends heard at the distance of some miles.'—*Times.*

'*Hungary, Pesth, June* 24, 1868.—Sunday last was a day of disturbances for the monarchy,—several shocks of earthquakes extending in a semi-circle from the north-east of Pesth to the Danube; an election row in the town of Pécs, the result of which was a good many broken heads; then a small riot in Prague got up by the Czech students and mob; and, last, a Sunday excess in Vienna in the evening. "May there never be worse disturbances" is all one can wish for in the interest of the monarchy.

'The earthquake was undoubtedly the most serious of them. It started from the foot of the Matra mountains, a detached block in the centre of Hungary, which comes down like a wedge between the Theiss and the Danube, and ended at the capital, which was roused from its sleep by a good shock about 6 A.M., which, however, did no mischief, except

shaking windows and doors. It was rather more severe towards its starting-point, especially at the little borough of Jászberény. At about the same time as at Pesth, just when the Sunday mass had begun in the principal church, which was quite filled with people, a noise like distant thunder or the rolling sound of cannon was heard, which was a few seconds afterwards followed by a violent shock; the plaster fell down in large flakes, the priest left the altar, and the terrified crowd rushed towards the church door, where the pressure was such that several persons were trodden down and injured. The other church of the borough was likewise so seriously injured by the shock, that it had, as well as the large church, to be closed. Many houses were much shaken by the shock, and among the chimneys it has produced ravages. There are some who pretend to have felt the first shock about midnight, and there were about ten or eleven more until the afternoon, but they were too slight to cause any injury. Most of the population encamped in the open air and spent the night there, which is no great hardship in this climate at this time of year.'

The *San Antonio Express* of the 21st ult. describes a hailstorm which had left the city 'a perfect wreck:—'

'Every house in it has received some damage; many are in complete ruins, with nothing but fragments of walls standing. The hailstones penetrated the best roofs, going through tin roofs like cannon-balls. All the windows facing to the

north have been smashed in; even window-shutters and doors were broken down. The appearance of the city could not have been worse under a severe bombardment. One hailstone is said to have weighed five pounds! Only one death had been heard of, but many persons were severely injured.'

The Earthquake in Bengal.—The Indian papers just received contain details of the earthquake that had visited Silchar, Cachar, Assam, and the surrounding districts on the 10th of January. The *Englishman* says:—

'The earthquake was felt most severely throughout Assam. Gowhatty, where it was thought so severe, is less damaged than Shillong, Nowgong, Tempore, Nazira, and Seebsaugor, at all of which places much injury was done to masonry buildings. At Kurseong, near Darjeeling, the earthquake was felt severely. So alarming were the shocks that many of the inhabitants darted out of their houses, fearing every moment they would be overthrown. A gentleman returning home saw the trees around him rolling from side to side in the most extraordinary manner. The natives gave vent to the terror which filled them, in shrieks of Huree-bol! and Ram! Ram! But the effect of the undulatory motion on terrestrial objects was still more wonderful at Chittagong.

'A gentleman then at Kussilong, in the hills some ninety miles from Chittagong, states that the earthquake burst upon them with tremendous

force. It was travelling apparently eastward, and slightly north. The undulations were very severe, and lasted nearly two minutes. The effects were very remarkable. It seemed as if some mighty wave were sweeping on under the earth, and as it passed the solid earth rose and fell with a motion distinctly visible along the banks of the river and on the hills beyond. From the spot where this gentleman was standing he could see the ground rolling wave-like, the hills reeling, and the trees waving to and fro. The spectacle was wonderful and fearful, and one which once seen could never be forgotten.'

'In Cachar, where the earthquake was severest, the shocks had not ceased on the 14th, and the earth still continued to crack and heave. The Binakunddy Bungalow and Tea House had succumbed, and the Sealtic godown and the land about it were sinking bodily. The barracks at Chinsurah sustained considerable damage from the earthquake of the 10th instant. Shillong also suffered a good deal. At Silchar the earthquake shook down the walls of the gaol, and the prisoners encamped in the neighbourhood of their late prison.'

The following letter is from Silchar, and dated Jan. 10: —

'About a quarter to five o'clock this evening we had a terrible shock of an earthquake, which has destroyed the whole station. I had just returned from Arcuttipore Garden, where I was spending the

day, and lay down on my bed to rest. I had been there hardly five minutes when the house commenced to shake, and ten seconds afterwards the wall was down over the bed I had been lying on, and the house was in ruins. I very providentially escaped, and did what I could to stop the panic. The ground rose about twenty feet in a long wave, the river changed its course and rushed upwards for fully half-an-hour, overturning many boats. The earth opened in hundreds of places, and volumes of blue sand and water were thrown up everywhere. The river was a fearful sight; the water was thrown fifty feet up in the air, and the water-spouts were numerous.

'Our new building was thrown down level with the ground, also the spire of the church, and nearly all the station building. Mr. J—— had a narrow escape. He and our minister were behind me in coming from Arcuttipore, and had just time to jump out of the ferry-boat when it went down. Even when on the banks of the river, he was nearly swallowed up in the yawning gulfs, but escaped by jumping over a large one before it closed. I visited the bazaar before dark, and found it in ruins. Water was spouting up from the cracks in the street, and all the pucka shops were down. Some of the houses are buried twenty feet below the level of the ground where they stood before, and I am afraid many lives are lost. We have now nowhere to sleep to-night, but if we had, it would be out of the question, for, to make matters worse, the military are

nearly all out of the station. News came to-day, while we were out, that the Loshai tribe had burned down the Woodlands and Soonarbund buildings, that the planters were missing, and the coolies killed. Mr. Edgar left with a force to-day, but the real facts are not to hand.'

There are earthquakes 'in divers places.' 'On the 15th of August, the most terrible ever known wrecked, and then drowned, many hundreds of miles of the South American coast, sending a wave as far north as California, and right across the Pacific, 8000 miles, to our own countrymen in New Zealand.

'On the 21st ult., that is, on Wednesday week, San Francisco, the capital of the Pacific, as it is called by anticipation, had several successive shocks, violent enough to ruin many great buildings, and drive all the inhabitants into the streets. And now, this last Friday, the 30th ult., a smart shock has been felt in this island, over an area of about 150 miles long, and half that wide; perhaps we shall shortly find over a much larger area.

'England is apt to flatter herself that she is not as other countries in respect to earthquakes; not as those hot, wicked countries in the south of Europe, for example. She rests on too sure a foundation, and her house is too well built to be easily shaken. Indeed, if all the geologists tell us be true, there is a very large thickness of water-laid strata, lying like a mountain of mattresses and feather-beds, to be disturbed before the

central commotions of the earth can reach us. Here and there, indeed, the fire has burst forth, and forced the molten contents of the abyss out of huge fissures; and right in the middle of the hunting country of Leicestershire, not to speak of Northumberland and Cornwall, there are hills of red granite, which were there, hard and cold, long before the Alps had ever shown themselves. We have it in us, as they say of a slow and undeveloped genius. It is only a question of depth, or of time, or of accident. The whole island may be a dormant volcano, as Vesuvius was till after the Augustan age. Indeed, the geologists say we stand right over one of the great fissures, and that the neighbourhood of the internal fire contributes as much to the exceptional mildness of our climate as the Gulf Stream does. But in these matters people go by history and personal experience, which is very light in respect of earthquakes. By industrious search two or three hundred have been collected from our annals. There was a sharp one in the Midland counties fifty years ago, and there have been shocks and tremors and rumblings in Scotland and Wales, and some special localities. Five years ago there was an earthquake, which brought us a good many letters; though it was said many people did not know there had been an earthquake till they read of it in the newspapers. Till some one professes to be able to compare his sensations five years ago and last week, we must suppose the latter to be much more of an earthquake, and we must, therefore, warn the British public that they may possibly

be in the way of much stronger sensations of this kind.

'The earth has not yet settled itself, if it ever will. It is still undergoing what are called cosmical changes, tardily following, by natural sequence, upon greater changes, of unknown date. Indeed, for aught science can tell us, the rate of change and development may never have been more rapid than it is now. Give time, and slight tremors centuries apart would make a new earth. But who can venture to deny the possibility of really destructive earthquakes? He must first tell us what an earthquake is, for that question is still in a purely speculative phase. The results we know, but not the cause.

'Let us hope that the little incidents in this way, which in England yield only a pleasurable excitement, and suggest no more sense of danger than is necessary to the sense of security, are only gas explosions down in the coal strata. Leamington, Worcester, Bath, Exeter, Swansea, and Merthyr, are either on the coal-measures, or on the strata, next in succession to them. The dark lines and darker tints on our geological maps mark the districts liable to these shocks. The persons who are so good as to send us their impressions describe a shock first, such as would follow from an explosion, and then undulations, vibrations, and rumblings lasting some seconds. No doubt a cause comparatively slight will communicate undulation, that is, a wave of motion, to any substance we know of. It may seem

but the flicker of a flame,—a sensation more in the mind than the body; but it is all Switzerland, or half the West Indies, that has been waved. In solid substances that wave must be of very great velocity. It will be ascertained probably by a comparison of dates how long the great earthquake wave was crossing from the foot of the Andes to New Zealand, but the rate would be slow compared with that almost instantaneous transmission of motion which gives to the earthquake its awful unity and suddenness. Something like an earthquake can be produced by common accident or human design. The fall of a building, the explosion of a magazine, and even the passing of any vehicle, will shake the ground. The passing of a train in a tunnel, or through a hill, will so shake the whole mass as to disturb the quicksilver surface in an observatory above several hundred yards off. Such instances go to show that an earthquake felt over half this island may come of a very slight and local cause. The whole subject, however, is so inscrutable, that the early recurrence of shocks even as mild as last Friday's, still more a slight tendency to increase in their violence, would much disturb the national sentiment of a security from such disasters.

'We are not aware that science has made the least approach to even a probable account of these phenomena. All we know for certain is that there exist the materials for almost any conceivable disturbance below our feet. There is the fire below, the water above, and the combustible matter and

imprisoned gases between. Magnetism also reveals other forces and other currents pervading the solid globe. Can man claim the honour of contributing to shape its surface? That is just possible. It is known what effect the abstraction of water by an artesian well has on the whole stratum from which the supply is drawn, and here are we digging out of the earth millions of tons of coal, carrying it off, and dissipating it in the atmosphere. That must here and there affect the natural balance of material, diminishing the pressure here, increasing it there, and making new settlements, or faults, in the rock we stand upon. That may seem but a trifling matter, but we may one day find the dreaded exhaustion of our coal-fields anticipated by catastrophes of a more sudden and violent nature. Man is now claiming to be master of the climate. He can open or close the windows of heaven as he lists, by making the surface a forest or a desert. Perhaps he may find that he has shaken the earth, whether he willed it or not, whether harmlessly or not; it will take ages to show.'—*Times*, 1868.

Increasing Intensity of Volcanic Action.—In the course of a *Pall Mall Gazette* article on Professor Phillips's *Vesuvius*, March, 1869, we read 'that from the record of the eruptions of Vesuvius it is evident that the volcanic energy has been increasing in intensity from the time of Pliny to the present day. During the last two hundred and thirty-eight years more eruptions have been recorded than during the whole of the preceding eighteen centuries. The same in-

crease of energy is also visible in Etna and the Lipari Isles.

'A study of the table of the frequency of eruption of these three volcanic centres points to a reciprocity in their action that proves them to be the outlets to one and the same great reservoir of heated matter. Are we to consider this to be an isolated lake of small dimensions, or a great molten ocean connected with others after the same manner as those on the face of the earth? Professor Phillips has approached this problem with great timidity and want of resolution. It is, however, solved by the recent discovery of Professor Palmieri. During the last eruption of Vesuvius he observed that the lava currents and ejections of ashes had two maxima and minima in each day, and that the hours of their occurrence suffered a daily retardation. Moreover, he found that the times of greatest volcanic activity were at the syzygies, and those of least activity at the quadratures of the moon, phenomena which correspond exactly with those of spring and neap tides.

'The attraction of the sun and moon, therefore, according to his observations, exercises the same kind of influence on the subterranean lava surface as on the water of the ocean. But since the tidal influence only produces appreciable effect on large sheets of water, the observed effects on the lava imply a large molten surface beneath the earth, in which the lava tides originate. And when the superior mobility of particles of water over those of lava is taken into

account, we are driven to the conclusion that the lava ocean under Vesuvius must be enormous, and comparable in size to the Atlantic or the Pacific. There is nothing to forbid the supposition that all the reservoirs of heated matter in the interior of the earth are connected together.'

The Scientific American.—'The year 1868 will henceforth be known as the earthquake year. History has not on its records a period of such universal terrestrial convulsion as the one just left behind us, and scarcely one of greater disaster from this cause. The eruption of Vesuvius and the excited state of other volcanoes indicate that the mighty forces to which these are due, are still at work. These terrible visitations are gradually changing the physical aspect of our globe.

'No less grand and impressive have been the celestial phenomena of the year. The great solar eclipse was not less remarkable for special peculiarities, than its results of organised observation. Add to this the splendid meteoric shower of November, and we may say the earth beneath and the heaven above have been prolific of wonders.'

'*The physical Commotions throughout the Globe.*—There is something really alarming in the persistency with which "earthquakes in divers places" have for some time been manifesting themselves. In Iceland, last month, numerous shocks were felt, not a few of them more or less violent. At Tauras, in Russia, a violent earthquake was felt on the 3rd of the present month: its direction, as in so many other

cases, was north and south. Distinct shocks have been felt at Weston-super-Mare, and in the east of England itself: there, too, the direction was north and south. A clergyman complains that he was sadly maltreated by what he calls a typhoon, while walking between Winscombe and Axbridge: he was struck on the back all of a sudden by a whirlwind, and dashed along "like a stone from a catapult" for 100 yards, and even rolled over and over after being dashed to the ground. Intelligence from Mexico announces that an earthquake took place on December 20th, in the cities of Colima and Manzanillo. Several persons were killed, many houses were destroyed, and nearly all the buildings in both places were more or less damaged. On November 12th, too, an earthquake destroyed several houses in the state of Coahuila, and continued for two days with recurring shocks, fifty-eight in number. The country had previously been deluged by floods in the river Nazas, causing great distress: many people were drowned, houses were swept away, and vast quantities of provisions destroyed. A private letter received from Taranaki, in New Zealand, states that during the recent earthquake there the earth seemed convulsed by a perpetual pulsation for six hours, and for forty-eight hours afterwards sleep was hardly possible, as the constantly recurring shocks were very violent. There were no less than forty shocks. To other earthquakes which have occurred in India and elsewhere, even since this article was prepared, we have no room at present to refer.

'In a recent discussion at Melbourne, Australia, before the Royal Society there, relating to the South American earthquake, it was stated that the great wave which rolled on the coasts of New Zealand and all the eastern and southern shores of Australia on August 15th, must have rolled over the Pacific Ocean in eighteen hours, or at the rate of 383 miles an hour.

'We are no disciples of Dr. Cumming; but when a matter-of-fact practical paper like the London *Times*, under present circumstances, quotes Scripture as to "earthquakes in divers places," one need not much fear making a little more particular allusion to predictions which may relate to cosmical and social laws of progress, which we as yet know little about, as we certainly do about the cause of these earthquakes, but which were, no doubt, seen clearly and appreciated by the inspired predictor. In the first place he alludes, as do Old Testament seers, to "the latter days" as the opening of a great summer, though attended by notable cosmical and other disturbances. Thus, in the Book of Amos, the seer, speaking of a vision he had, says, "I see a basket of *summer fruit*. Then, said the Lord, *the End* is come upon my people;" and in accordance with this we find the following passage in Matthew: "Now learn a parable of the fig-tree. When his branch is yet tender and putteth forth leaves, *ye know that the summer is nigh;* so likewise ye, when ye shall see *all these things*, know that *it* is near, even at the doors." "These things" related

not only to "earthquakes in divers places," and "the sea *and waves roaring*," but to "*stars falling from heaven*," the sun being darkened and the moon not giving light, and becoming "as blood," or, in other words, to a total eclipse of the sun, after the "tribulation of those days," with "wars and rumours of wars," "perplexity of nations," and yet "knowledge increased," and great "running to and fro," &c. Was there ever a time in the memory of man when "*all* these things" were concentrated in any one year as in the last year, when there were "earthquakes in divers places;" when the falling meteoric showers excited great interest; when there was an eclipse almost unprecedented for its totality; and when the blood-coloured prominences which surrounded the disk of the moon, while it darkened the sun, might well be regarded as the true meaning of the passage in Revelations relating to the sun becoming black and the moon as blood! What all these earthquakes, at least, betoken, is a very grave problem for men of science to solve. No sneering can extinguish this fact.'—*Builder*, Feb. 1868.

'*Volcanic Phenomena.*—The *Athenæum* correspondent at Naples writes:—"Reports of shocks of earthquakes have been circulating for the last fortnight in Naples, and though all have eagerly listened to them—as who does not to anything out of the regular course of things?—few have given credit to such reports. On the 22nd March, however, Professor Palmieri, our great authority in such matters, published the following notice:—

'The seismograph of the Observatory on Vesuvius continues to register shocks of some considerable violence, which, without having any resemblance to those that mark an immediate eruption, are yet an indication of earthquakes taking place in some part of Italy, or on the neighbouring coast of the Mediterranean. Of some of these shocks I have already received information, but I believe there are others yet unreported to me. The very fine sand which, falling over us, was considered by me as coming from remote countries, appears indeed to have come from Africa, as the shower has been more copious in Sicily and on the coast of Calabria.' Thus far Professor Palmieri reports; but during the last three weeks the meteorological disturbances have been continued and more violent, so as to astonish even the oldest inhabitant. Tempests have ranged from every quarter of the compass. Snow has visited us from the north, and sands from the deserts of Africa —the post and telegraph have each been interrupted—and the damage to the shipping has been most serious. All nature appears to have been plunged into a revolution, the struggles of which are not yet over. Since writing the above another communication from Professor Palmieri has been published to this effect:—"On the night of the 24th-25th a fresh shower of sand, impalpable and red in colour, fell over the city. The wind, which was in the south-east (sirocco), travelled at its greatest velocity at 800 metres a minute, and was registered by my electro-magnetic anemograph.

The barometer, too, was very low at the time, standing at the *specola* of the University, which is 57 metres above the level of the sea, at 637 metres. From south-east the wind veered round to the east, and afterwards to the north, threatening great danger to navigation on the northern coasts of Sicily. The rapidity with which the changes of wind occur, lead me to believe that the great cyclones are traversing Europe, arriving from the south. Between the storms we have a few hours of calm, which is but the *avant-courier* of a tempest." '— *Record*, April, 1869.

'So far from there being any decrease of vigour in the igneous energies of the earth, they are more active than ever. Etna, Vesuvius, and Hecla, have been completely shorn of their grandeur and sublimity by the tremendous rock-rendings and oceanic fires which have made the Pacific Islands so famous and so terrible. All over the globe, as by a general conspiracy and simultaneous movement, there has been a fiery dance of destruction and death. Vesuvius and Tahitian volcanoes roared to each other at the same time in voices of primeval thunder across the sea, which writhed with a new and unheard-of agony, wrecking great ships in its wrath, and swallowing up the ruins like so many grains of sand.'

The *New York Times* of November 1868 writes: 'What is to be the end of that earthquake shock and subterranean rumblings of which accounts are reaching us from all parts of America and Europe?

If they do not show that the world is coming to an end, they certainly show that it is being shaken by some force possessed of a power sufficiently strong to shatter its solid structure in a way altogether beyond human calculation. But puny man is helpless before it. We cannot discover the agency at whose mercy we are placed, nor could we in any way control it if it were within our knowledge.'

The *New York Mercantile Journal* writes, November 1868: 'Tornadoes, water-spouts by land as well as at sea, freshets, volcanic eruptions, and earthquakes, have become of almost daily occurrence, and of continually augmenting intensity. Moreover, they embrace a larger and larger area of territory at each recurrence. The last shock which so fearfully devastated South America was felt over *one-third of the earth's surface.* These portentous phenomena are seriously engaging the attention of the scientific world. The remark that they only seem to us more frequent, because our means of communication are more complete and rapid, and that we now hear from all parts of the globe simultaneously, *will not explain the matter*, since the late commotions have been attended by disturbances of both land and sea in parts of the earth which have been constantly accessible for centuries, that were totally unparalleled in previous history. The change of the Gulf Stream from its course, and the alteration of climates, have been some of these increased marvels. That *some tremendous and general transformation* is going on cannot be doubted, and we

may expect it to reveal itself in grander majesty from day to day.'

The *Boston Journal*, 1868, states: 'There are forces at work in our earth that may *at any moment* bring destruction upon what is called the world, and so entire humanity go to wreck: what lately happened in the Sandwich Islands might happen on a far larger scale, and not a rack be left behind of that system, if we may so call it, of which we think so highly, and so long as it is candidly confessed, as in the *New York Times* before quoted, that no human arm could avert the impending mighty blow — thinking men, who know from the unerring voice of prophecy what shall be earth's doom, will, at the risk of being termed fanatical, learn wisdom from these terrific signs and omens, and loudly give the alarm. We have shown from the sacred volume that an earthquake bolt of resistless power will one day, not far distant, shatter this globe and ruin it altogether. But nature will prove incompetent to restore herself. This is the stupendous work of Him who says, "Behold I make all things new."'

The *American Baptist*, in November 1868, says, 'God gives us now and then something to startle us from our dreams of security and permanency. On the 13th and 16th of August, one of His terrible bolts was driven through the bowels of the earth in South America, crashing and tearing the rocks and mountain bases with a fury that gives us some idea of the final terror which will accompany "the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds." . . .

Treading the brittle crust of such a fiery orb, we may well shudder at a record like the above. The elements of destruction are above, beneath, and all around us, and God has only to put any of these agencies in motion, and the insect groups of humanity would be enveloped in flames, and burn up like grass in the oven! And yet puny mortals will stand scoffing at the threatenings of the Almighty, arguing that all things must continue as they are, and denying that there can be an appointed day of wrath, when the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, the elements melt with fervent heat, and this old, blood-stained orb be once again dashed into chaos for its purification and preparation for a higher destiny. How grateful and cheering, amidst the infidelity of the times, to recall the words of Peter, 2nd Epistle, iii. 13.'

The *American Messenger*, November 1868, states: 'It seems to us that one lesson of such a catastrophe is the final conflagration of this planet, which shall usher in the judgment of all its inhabitants since Adam looked upon the Eden he lost by sin. How plainly it reveals the treasured means of the world's destruction! Who can say that according to fixed natural laws there are not forces preparing "Nature's funeral pile," just as, on a comparatively small scale, they shook down cities, and buried their inhabitants? In God's own time the trumpet of the Archangel will sound the signal: the "heavens pass away with a great noise, and the elements melt with fervent heat:" and there shall be "no more

sea." Then what cries of alarm and wild despair will rise above the tottering mountains and rending rocks which refuse to hide the disloyal and lost from the face of the Lamb!'*

The *American Presbyterian* says, 'What a comment is all this upon the instability and uncertainty of that which is the very foundation of all man's dependence for this life; that to which he points as the essence and illustration of all that is stable and true — Mother Earth. How unreal is even his "real estate." But a little ways beneath our feet struggle the elemental forces, which thus show their readiness, and give a hint of their power to whelm the earth in one universal catastrophe. Who then is ready for the "new heavens and new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness?"'

The *Christian Standard* for October 31st, 1868, says: 'We have the assurance in the Word of God, that the world and all it contains is to be consumed with fire, which will as certainly take place as the sun continues to rise and set. God can easily break up the fountains of the great deep of internal fires, and also cause an universal rain of fire and brimstone from heaven, as was partially the case in the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, and thus cause a deluge of fire which will destroy the world, when each hill-top, in the language of a poet, "will outsmoke Vesuvius."'

The *Christian at Work*, December, 1868, says:

* Rev. vi. 14–17.

'The storm, the earthquake, and the volcano are God's artillery. Its booming has been heard along the Pacific coast, and cities have sunk before its tremendous bombardments. Vain are all defences when God plants His ordnance and gives the command. Whole nations are but as chaff, and the granite hills bow before it and disappear. In the bowels of the earth are stored the magazines of ruin. So it will go on. The end is hastening. It is the last great elemental battle when God's artillery will speak in thunders never before heard. The reverberation will shake down the pillars of earth, and the whole material globe will explode in fire. Then will come the new heavens and the new earth. This is no imaginary picture, as men will find when the reality bursts upon them.'

The *Prophetic Times* for February, 1869, in an article headed, 'What does it mean?' with equal earnestness and still clearer insight into the fast-coming great day, says: 'Earthquakes in divers places, the sea and the waves roaring, along with other marvellous coincidences, are unmistakably described in the Scriptures as God's warnings of the nearing day of His coming to judge the earth. Nothing can well be more positive and definite than that fearful irregularities in the realm of nature are to herald the day of the Lord, and that Christ's coming will transpire in a time specially marked by startling occurrences.'

It cannot be a series of ordinary phenomena

that have so powerfully arrested the attention of the leading organs of public opinion and daily events, both in the Old and New World.

All the events of this most solemn year are superhuman. GOD SPEAKS as the voice of a trumpet from *ensanguined fields*, from *besieged capitals*, from *invested fortresses*, and from cannon's mouth: 'Prepare to meet thy God.'

The *sudden and crushing blows* that have scattered to the winds an army that was the pride of France, and concentrated on Paris the resistless conquerors, and sent forth fears of revolution and driven to arms the nations of the earth, and obliterated ancient boundary-lines, and dismantled aged fortresses, is too transparent evidence that the close of the 'times of the Gentiles is come.' And they who would not believe it from my interpretation of the Word of God, now hear the thunder of artillery and the tramp of armed battalions proclaiming 'It is done.'

The contemporaneous movements in the earth—great earthquakes unprecedented in number and in intensity also—disclose the fact that has always been, that the material and moral worlds are in sympathy. 'Earth groans and travails in pain.' It is the footfall of the approaching Lord, the outriders of His nearing glory, voices in the desert saying, 'Night is far spent, the day is at hand. Behold, now is the day of salvation.'

V.

THE GREAT REVOLUTION.

'And there were voices, and thunders, and lightnings; and there was a great earthquake, such as was not seen since men were upon the earth, so mighty an earthquake, and so great.'—REV. xvi. 18.

THE word translated 'earthquake' (σεισμὸς, from σείω) has a moral as well as a material meaning. The former is the subject of this chapter.

In the prophecy of Haggai we read, 'Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, Yet once more it is a little while, and I will shake the heavens and the earth and the dry land, and I will shake all nations, and the desire of all nations shall come.' In quoting this passage the inspired Apostle, in Hebrews, xii. 26, translates the Hebrew verb into its corresponding Greek, σείω and σαλεύω.

Both these verbs mean to shake down, to stir up, to agitate, to convulse. Schleusner renders σείω, 'to effect a great revolution.' In Matt. xxi. 10, we read 'the whole city was *moved*,' that is *agitated*.

In Matt. xxviii. 4, we read, 'For fear of Him the keepers did *shake* and became as dead men.'

In Matt. viii. 24, we read, 'There was a great convulsion, storm, or shaking on the sea,'—*σεῖσμος μέγας ἐν τῇ θαλάσσῃ*.

Thus also the *Times* employs the word 'shake' in its moral and political sense when it describes the advancing revolution of the day in which we live: 'Public law in Europe, such as it was, is shaken to its foundation, and the last seven years have brought about portentous changes.'

Let us apply this verb in its *moral* signification to any department or institution of Europe or our country at this time, and we shall find the evidence of a universal convulsion as predicted in Scripture.

So exact and natural is this interpretation of 'earthquake' that we find it so used in the *Times* of Sept. 7, 1870:—

'TO THE APPREHENSION OF ORDINARY MEN EUROPE IS AT THIS MOMENT SUFFERING THE CONVULSIONS OF THE MIGHTIEST POLITICAL EARTHQUAKE OF OUR TIMES. No movement to be compared with the present has been felt within the experience of any active statesman. THE EUROPEAN SYSTEM, INDEED, HAS BEEN HEAVING FOR YEARS, AND PARTIAL SHOCKS IN ALMOST ALL COUNTRIES HAVE MENACED THE STABILITY OF SOCIAL, POLITICAL, OR RELIGIOUS ORDER. BUT WHAT WE ARE NOW WITNESSING IS, TO ALL APPEARANCE, THE CULMINATING CATASTROPHE OF THE GREAT SUBTERRANEAN MOVEMENT. The nation which forms the central mass of Europe is hurled in

one compact body upon France, and the blow threatens with destruction, not only the power of France, but every modern tradition of European equilibrium. THE REVOLUTION IN PARIS IS NOTHING TO THE REVOLUTION IN EUROPE INVOLVED IN THE POLITICAL SUPREMACY OF GERMANY. Yet the Revolution in Paris is a convulsion of immeasurable importance, whether regarded in itself or in its possible consequences. The empire which has fallen in a night has proved the most stable political edifice erected in France since 1789, and there is not a country in Europe but must wait in intense anxiety to see what will arise from its ruins. France, when left free to develope her political genius, has always been one of the greatest moving forces in the world; and there are now many movements which need but a little impulse to ripen into revolution. Germany herself cannot afford to be indifferent to the spirit she has unchained. In a word, the political forces of Europe are let slip. The earthquake has commenced, but none can dream what will be the configuration of the Continental system when we are again at rest.

'The volcano has burst, the earth has opened; in Paris a revolution has begun.'—*Times*, Sept. 5, 1870.

If we look across the Channel to the European nations, we see discrowned sovereigns, agitated and alarmed statesmen; France convulsed to its core, revolution in the ascendant, and the mob tearing down every memorial of that empire which seven

millions of citizens voted for, and hailed as the conservator of all they held most dear.

Reformation there takes the form of revolution, and liberty degenerates into license—apparently justified by a sense of indignation at the failure of the armies of the Empire.

Restlessness is in fact universal; change is everywhere insisted on, as if it must be improvement. Each step, however, is not progress. Numbers, after all, are not deities, and phenomena are not sacred Scriptures.

Right is not necessarily on the side of majorities, and God is not always present with the largest battalions.

Success does not and cannot change crimes into virtues, nor do results, however great, determine the nature of acts.

The most destructive and revolutionary forces have been long maturing in Europe—silent, but ceaselessly active. The tempest invariably broods before it bursts. The clouds must gather before they pour down. The cloud has burst and tempests fallen on Church and State. What rending controversies sound forth their discordant voices from the Church, in all its divisions, denominations, and sections!

In one place we find the resuscitation and open proclamation of doctrines our reformers died rather than accept, and reunion gravely proposed to be accomplished between those two great antagonistic bodies, the Anglican and Roman Churches; and great numbers of curates, and rectors, and vicars are found

dressing after the manner of Romish priests, and genuflecting according to Romish rubrics; and these recently resuscitated practices have become so common, that from being tolerated they have come to be accepted, and the sense of revolution, if not destruction, convulses and alarms the Church of England, from its Primate down to the poorest of its people.

As if one great controversy were not enough to fill up the predicted outlines in Scripture, another—fundamental and advancing—has broken out and found no slight favour in the judgment of ministers raised to the dignity of rulers of the Church. It is called 'The progress of religious thought,' 'the triumph of exhaustive criticism.'

The Bible, according to this school, contains the word of God, but is not His word. The Decalogue is merely an obsolete Jewish law, and, as such, has no binding power on the consciences of modern Christians. The Lord's day has its sanction in ancient usage and in Apostolic precedent, but not in the fourth Commandment, or in the Book of Exodus. Confessions and articles of religion are the worn-out old clothes of departed generations, which do not fit the giant minds of the nineteenth century! Genesis is a myth—the story of Joseph a very pretty poem, while the statistics of Numbers are confessed arithmetical blunders. Miracles are no longer tenable as such under the exhaustive triumphs of a destructive criticism, which explains them on scientific grounds.

This system plays into the hands of Ritualism

and Romanism. Rationalism removes from Protestantism those distinctive doctrines which are its strength—the inspiration of the Bible, the atonement, justification by faith, and the outward seals of the truth and divinity of these—the miracles recorded in the Gospels. Romanism thereby finds an antagonist in such Protestantism effete and powerless, incapable of resisting its compact and positive assailant. It throws wide open the gates of the citadel, and the Romish power, ever vigilant and aggressive, finds easy entrance to its innermost and holiest recesses. Archbishop Manning remarks:—'It is certain that the Anglo-Catholicism of the Oxford movement threw out by reaction the 'Rationalism of *Essays and Reviews;* and it is certain that the Rationalistic school, now in the ascendant, will throw out a far more thorough approximation to Catholicism in all its amplitude.' In either case, it is the removal of things that are shaken, that those things which cannot be shaken may remain. It is impossible—if we are acquainted with what is passing in the world of letters and in literary society, both in Europe and America—to escape the conviction that radical changes are being effected in the thoughts and belief of Christendom at this time. Whether for good or evil, a great revolution seems to be at hand. The Bishop of Gloucester thus alludes to these workings, attributing the High Church and Ritualistic movement in some degree to their antagonism: 'The Catholic revival is, indeed, but the reflex current of the stream in

which the main intellect of the world is now flowing. The first founders of the Tractarian school acknowledged as much, and denounced Reason and Liberalism as much as an Ultramontane Romanist. In the present day we have all the young intelligence and curiosity of the country exposed to two impulses—the scientific and critical, leading in the direction of independent thought in theology as in other things; and the emotional, sentimental, and artistic, which finds its gratification in the doctrines, ceremonies, and legends of the Roman Church.'

Agitation and revolution are also heard in the schools of science. Disunited among themselves, they seem to agree in giving their least mature discoveries a direction adverse to the long-recognised claims of the Bible to be the word of God—Darwin's charming work on the Origin of Species is accepted as an oracle. Its beautiful romance is regarded as science. Yet nothing is less secure than its inductions. Sir Charles Bell, in common with the most eminent French palæontologists, asserts, 'Everything declares the diversity of species to have its origin in distinct creations, and not to be owing to a process of gradual transition from some original type.' Sir Charles Lyell condemns our whole existing chronology as upset by the discovery of flint hatchets and arrow-heads. But may not these be found where they are as the result of upheavals and fractures? Is the evidence conclusive for the antiquity imputed to them? Are they beyond dispute the works of men? The geologist answers, he does

not see what else they can be. Nevertheless we feel the hammer of the geologist may smite, but it cannot injure, the Rock of Ages—the fine gold may be now as never before placed in the crucible. But the product will be, as in former days, a clearer testimony to the purity, and truth, and heavenly glory of the religion of Jesus of Nazareth.

The nations of the earth are fearfully convulsed and uneasy, as if struck by a hurricane. Prussia and France are in the throes of a sanguinary war. Rome seems to sink under the weight of Infallibility beneath the judgments of heaven. Chronic revolution fevers Ireland, and agitates America. The revolutionary wave, started from its depth, advances with cumulative force, and seems to threaten, before it has spent its fury, to sweep away things the most precious, ancient, and cherished. Paganism breaks up in Africa and Asia. Mahomedanism, long exhausted, continues in a state of rapid dissolution. The Ganges, the Euphrates, the Rhine, the Seine, and Tiber are stirred to their depths. The Jordan also seems to heave with hopes and expectations. We stand on the margin of a departing age, and of a nearing new one.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* of Sept. 7, 1870, justly observes: — 'The circumstances under which the Republic has been proclaimed in Paris put out of sight for the moment all considerations but one. Hereafter the Revolution of September may be looked back to as the starting-point of a whole series of great political changes. Italy, Spain, and even

Germany itself, can hardly fail to be profoundly influenced by its success, even if that success be merely for a time. The theological future of Catholic Christendom may be altered by the probable exile and the certain dethronement of Pius IX. The chances of monarchy in Spain are certainly not bettered by its overthrow in France; the democratic and socialist tendencies of the working classes in Germany are certain to be quickened by the spectacle of a new Republican experiment in the political crucible of Europe.

'Another result of the Revolution will be seen in a considerable change of feeling in foreign countries. That this change will be strong enough to induce foreign governments to abandon the neutral attitude they have one and all assumed is not probable; but in so desperate a struggle as that between France and Prussia it is not safe to discard even such an apparently remote consideration as the direction taken by foreign sympathies. If it does not promise to affect the issue now, it may do so hereafter. If we are not mistaken, the good wishes of the working classes in England, which have hitherto gone with Prussia, will for the future be given to France. Until now they have regarded the war as made by Napoleon III., and the defeats of the French have been welcomed by them as defeats of the Empire. To the natural sympathy with great and sudden misfortune, which was already beginning to make itself felt, will now be added the sympathy which flows from community of political ideas;

and we shall be surprised if the effect of this addition is not soon manifested in a very unmistakable way.'

These great and highly probable results of the Revolution that has been born of the Franco-German war indicate a truly grave situation.

The *Westminster Review*, which makes no pretension to be a religious organ, or to have a very definite creed of any sort, alluding to a previous revolution, states what is true of that of 1870: 'We seem to have stood as witnesses to the opening of the seventh seal, and listeners to the sounding of the seventh trumpet.'

Tottering edifices are rapidly falling, ancient lines are being effaced, the strongest citadels and the oldest constitutions tilt and rock. In the political, moral, religious, and social states, great changes are visibly coming on, and ominous disintegration fatally and rapidly acts everywhere and without ceasing.

The Bishop of Peterborough justly observes:— 'Two antagonistic rationalisms menace us, both of which would supersede the Bible and surrender vital truth. Some would make a compromise with unbelief. A mind led away by sophistry, but yet incapable of throwing off religion, there was a temptation to meet the world half way, and by a compromise to reconcile irreconcilable systems. Every evolution of false philosophy had therefore produced some corresponding religious compromise: thus, Deism meditated between the atheistic denial and the Scriptural affirmation of the supernatural. It

admitted the existence of a Creator and Ruler of the Universe and the immortality of the soul; it rejected the revelation made by God in the Bible. Socinianism, still less removed from Christianity, attributed some kind of Divine authority to Christ and to His Word, but it rejected His Godhead, and has seduced many ministers of religion both within and without the Church. In fact, there are no halting-places in religion; compromises are but stepping-stones between Christianity and infidelity. At the present moment Pantheism, though discarded in Germany, chiefly influences Englishmen; and it was once said from a famous pulpit that Buddhism, the chief form of Indian Pantheism, and which had four hundred million adherents, was Christianity. Ministers of religion yield to Pantheistic influences in various degrees, perhaps not always consciously, and it has its mitigated form. Our rationalists cling to the personality of God; they do not, like Pantheists pure and simple, make man divine; they claim to be Christians, but the supernatural in religion they declare to be impossible, and the supernatural is the substance of religion; they deny inspiration and miracles, and make man the sole origin and supreme judge of religious truth; too many of them regard the union of the human and the divine in our Lord as no more than the union of God and man in each of us, and the Lord as more divine only because more holy and wise. A synod of French pastors has lately voted that the resurrection and ascension of Christ need not be historical facts, but symbolical

of the ultimate triumph of goodness and truth. The facts of the Bible are declared to be unhistorical, its miracles legends, allegories, or natural phenomena, its prophecies fortunate guesses. Modern criticism must reconstruct the history of the people of God, just as Niebuhr and others had reconstructed Roman history out of myths and legends. Rationalists, however, have no desire to destroy the Church of England; they seek only to rationalise it, and thereby give it breadth, comprehensiveness, and the whole strength of the nation. They think that men would believe, if they might believe what they would. But, unfortunately for this scheme, Pantheists are not yet very common among us, and we are not yet prepared for a Church so national that it must cease to be a Church, so comprehensive that it must exclude Christians. One writer contends that unbelievers have an equal right with believers to minister in the national Church; indeed, according to him, they would be preferable, because they could change their teaching to suit the changing views of the congregation; they would have the Church a Pantheon, with atheists for its ministers. Such was the liberal Rationalism which prevailed among us; but I believe that few of the clergy who have lost their grasp of a rule of faith will be found to substitute their own inspiration for the Word of God, or rebuild the Church on such broad foundations as to bring within the ministry men of any creed or of no creed: their tendency would rather be to seek for some authority external to the Word

of God, and claiming to be a Divine voice overruling that Word—to reunion with the Church of Rome. Pantheists and Romanists are alike Rationalists, and would alike set at nought the Word of God. The temptation in a time of doubt to escape from all doubt by accepting the pretensions of Rome can hardly be resisted.'

Is this his striving after something better, or is it man gratifying his passions at the expense of all that is good and venerable and lovely? Certainly there is a universal feeling of unrest—a growing sense of insecurity—that impels man, Cain-like, to wander and seek everywhere what he can nowhere find,—a place of rest and repose; there is felt a presentiment of change and disturbance, that hastens the accomplishment of what it fears, and spreads far and wide the contagion in which it has its birth. In Parliament parties sacrifice their ancient convictions under a sense of terror they cannot shake off, and accept changes not such as their consciences approve, but such as their fears compel; they seem to steer not by the lights of heaven, or the lode-stars of the sky, or the principles of duty, but by the camp-fires of hostile combinations by the cries of insatiable demagogues, and the promptings of a seeming expediency.

The waters roar and are troubled; the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. Stirred to their depth, the floods have lifted up their voice, and there is the noise of many waters; the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing.

If we turn aside to the market, we find the prevalence of an almost universal distrust: the Exchange wants air; it cannot breathe. The great calamity of the day is not over-manufacture or over-trade, but the exhaustion of confidence. No man seems to retain confidence in his fellow.

The tone of commercial morality is not what it was or should be. Committees and boards seem to do what private persons dare not attempt; what would ruin individual character seems to become proper in a board with limited liability. Financiers indulge in illegitimate enterprises, and, thus hastening to be rich, they are involved in hopeless ruin. Railway corporations and banks have gambled, not traded, and drawn down ruin on thousands. What indicates a diseased social air, they who fail in one year start to their feet in another, and claim and receive the homage of the public. Clergymen, half-pay officers, clerks, single ladies, roused by glowing reports of twenty per cent, drink in the intoxicating promises, and speedily swell the list of wrecks. Hence confidence dies, commerce languishes, and the market owns it also feels the throes of the universal earthquake.

The *Daily Telegraph* of October 22nd, 1867, gives the following picture of the monetary and commercial world:—'Why does the portentous gloom which has so long overhung the money market still remain unrelieved, save by fitful and transient breaks that only mock our anxious hopes? Why does capital still stagnate for want of employ-

ment at the very time that enterprise seeks its aid to infuse new life into the languid heart of industry? Why does commerce go through its daily round listless in mien and nervous with vague forebodings, instead of launching out with the free spirit of old on that ocean of adventure which has borne so many richly-laden argosies to a tranquil haven? Why does the manhood of Europe drift in successive shoals from its birthplace to seek in other climes a prosperity which it despairs of obtaining here? Why is one Bourse after another a scene of ungovernable panic, men's hearts failing them for fear, and the boldest spirit yielding to the contagion of blank despondency? Why is there a general impression that, great as has been the trouble of the past, worse still remains behind? No more satisfactory answer can be returned to these questions than the assertion that a distrust, wide-spread and deep-seated beyond precedent, possesses the minds of all, and rules them with tyrant force. We want new efforts of enterprise to improve our communications, to develope the resources of our soil, to open up additional outlets for our products, to multiply our means of support; but the very first steps are arrested by the spectre of distrust. Our nearest neighbour on the Continent sees its commerce, after a series of splendid forward movements, begin to retrograde; in every industrial centre destitution and enforced idleness are on the increase; capital, whose free circulation would do much to counteract these evils, is itself the idlest of all, and remains un-

productive in the gorged coffers of the great monetary institution; the whole commercial system is paralyzed. And, again, the cause is distrust. There is scarcely a country in Europe which does not need, for reproductive efforts within its own borders, a portion of that superfluous wealth whose owners seek, in all quarters, to find profitable investments; but, although a mutual interchange would confer immediate benefits on both borrower and lender, an impassable barrier of distrust forbids friendly approach. If we look across the Atlantic, we find, amid the volcanic heavings of long-concealed enmities, a new source of contention arising; the national credit is imperilled, and the nation's good faith is suspected, through the prevalence of distrust. The subtle poison has now become widely diffused, and strengthened by such occurrences as yesterday's failure at Liverpool. Every day it penetrates deeper, as all over the world one bulwark of solvency after another appears threatened with ruin.

'There is nothing unusual in a temporary prostration of mercantile enterprise through distrust, but the causes are generally single and obvious, and the results are short-lived. In the present instance the causes are numerous, are complicated beyond all experience, and the effects are far-reaching and durable. It has rarely happened that there has been, at one and the same time, an unparalleled reaction from speculative excitement in England, a similar collapse in France, apprehensions of coming trouble to Europe, and a perilous political and fin-

ancial problem under process of development in America. These things have all come upon us now, either simultaneously, or so close together that the effect has resembled that produced by successive blows upon a man already half-stunned. Only as we recede farther from the memorable crisis of May last year do we see its real proportions. That event not merely prostrated credit for the time, but indirectly it proved a most searching test for institutions which had stood unshaken only so long as they were untried. We are indebted to it for having rudely torn up a surface crust of apparent soundness, and exposed the hollowness and deception beneath. Thus, no sooner had banks and credit associations given way than great contractors followed, and their failure, in turn, revealed the weakness, not of single undertakings alone, but of a system. A credit panic was followed by a railway panic, and both marched step by step, with political distrust abroad, which was heightened month by month, and which defied reason, probabilities, and facts. Constant rumours of war would of themselves have sufficed to paralyze every market and exchange of Europe; but, with these superadded to a credit panic, we had a state of matters happily rare, and previous experience told us that the remedy would be tedious and painful. Yet another element, however, was introduced. The distrust which affected commercial circles in London found its way to France, and originated in a similar cause. A great joint-stock institution was threatened with the ruin that overtook so many similar enter-

prises here, and although a crash was averted by powerful external aid, the revelations thus given destroyed the last remains of trust which still survived the constant sounding of political alarms. Thus each fresh occurrence added to the previous depression and nipped in the bud every promise of amendment. Are the calamitous incidents of the time even yet over? He would be a bold man who would venture to say that they were. In more than one important branch of our commerce the present is a period of transition, and the victims of inevitable changes now in progress may yet be numerous and important. All the time that trade and industry are thus burdened with a heavy reaction from their own excesses, peace, without which they cannot hope to flourish, is threatened with interruption. Europe is a vast drill-ground, barrack, and arsenal; the soldier is for the moment in the ascendant; for him science and gold are summoned to labour, while the incessant din of warlike preparation scares timid commerce from her pursuits and blights her beneficent enterprise.'

In our more strictly social or rather domestic condition we feel the working of the same convulsion. The servant not only demands what he is entitled to demand, the price he counts his service worth, but in addition he enters into combinations which prevent a fellow-workman accepting the price which he is contented to think fairly due for his work. This is irrational and suicidal. Ultimately it bestows

a boon on the foreigner and takes away a privilege from ourselves.

These people, too, who demand just and fair political privileges, and should receive them because just and fair, are many of them too apt to back their appeals with menaces of brute force, or at least to submit to be represented by demagogues who threaten for them. By such leaders evils are exaggerated and the people are goaded on toward revolution by those selfish spirits who seek not the nation's good, but their own personal advantage. A great upheaval of the masses, it seems to be generally felt, is sure and imminent. What its precise effect may be it is impossible to predict. But that it will powerfully affect our country we cannot doubt. We seem to be on the eve of a vast European as well as national convulsion. Long ago I so stated from the 'sure word of prophecy.' Organic change is the order of the day—thrones tilt, and kingdoms rock, and commerce gasps for breath. The masses, as if stricken by some mysterious impulse, demand of their rulers what they think are their rights, and their rulers hasten to give what in their consciences they do not think due.

An able speaker in the House of Lords, said most truly:—'The foundations of political faith are broken up. Notions which even a few months ago would have been inconceivable are now made the subject of open debate. There is nothing so steadfast and nothing so sure in the constitution that is

not already a matter of question. My lords, this is a very dangerous temper. It is a temper which before now has been the precursor of revolution, and those who mark the signs of the times at home, and who, casting their eyes abroad, see the great tempests which of late years have swept over the face of the civilised world, and notice the powerful agencies at work, may well look with anxiety at the dark and unknown country into which we are invited to enter.'

To pacify is the policy of the time. It seems as if men felt that the time which remains is short. Compromise if it will appease, and concede if it will not. Tide over the day as you can.

Nor is there wanting in the popular mind of Europe a deep presentiment of nearing troubles — a presentiment which becomes prophecy. Almost every organ of public opinion gives expression to it. It is the subject of conversation on the Exchange, in the market, in the club, in the domestic circle, on the platform, and from the pulpit. The ground-swell of the coming storm is everywhere felt. The insecurity of venerated institutions, the uncertainties of finance, and the precariousness of all things, seem to be more deeply and extensively acknowledged. The waves of the great tribulation beat already against thrones and capitals. Well may Guizot ask, 'Can we now say toward what abysses or what havens we may yet be hurried by the great wind of 1789, so often lulled but never exhausted?'

Romanism, decorated with all the efforts of ge-

nius, with busts from the chisel of Canova and cartoons from Raphael, but defiled by the presence of man, the worshipper, still unsanctified and unimproved, has been rent from top to bottom by its chief, and threatens every hour to fall and bury its victims in its ruins. The armies of Europe are not even bivouacked, much less disarmed; cabinets are perplexed; tremendous questions are in solution; the democracy heaves from its troubled depths. The prerogatives of crowns, the rights and passions of men, and the hoarded-up revenges and resentments of a thousand years, seem prepared to unsheath the sword and to try society as by fire.

I have incessantly repeated in various forms what the page of prophecy foreshows. I have stated during twenty-five years that the great prophetic epochs expire with 1867, and that after its exhaustion will begin that shaking of all constituted things which God by the pen of Haggai predicts: 'For thus saith the Lord of hosts; Yet once, it is a little while, and I will shake the heavens, and the earth, and the sea, and the dry land; and I will shake all nations, and the desire of all nations shall come.'

Of all men I know, Lord Shaftesbury is the least of a party man. His is a chastened and sober intellect; a heart free from all heat of fanaticism; a lover of the people—the very residuum of the people—and their untiring benefactor and servant. His words are, therefore, weighty, even if ominous, and well worth the study of those *dilettanti* who 'despise

prophesyings.' He says, 'Things are rapidly approaching to one great consummation. Surely, my lords, all these things are tending to a republic. If we have any doubt upon that point, we might refer to the authority of Mr. Bright, who stated broadly in his speech that whatever might be the form, the principle of the government must be republican or democratic. And perhaps one of the heaviest charges which can be brought against this Bill is that it is accelerating our already too rapid progress. What is fresh one day becomes antiquated the next. The Reform Act of 1832 gave us a pause of thirty years. But what will the Reform Bill of 1867 do? My lords, I do not believe it will give us a pause of a single session. Everything at the present day is swift and gigantic. We have gigantic wars, gigantic ships, gigantic speculations, gigantic frauds, gigantic crimes, a gigantic Reform Bill, and I much fear that we shall have a gigantic downfall. After all this there will arise a great social question. From all which I have seen and heard I feel assured that there will arise in this country, and speedily too, a revival of that great feud instituted between the House of Want and the House of Plenty. You then will have new schemes, new agencies, new conditions, and new social questions, and I verily believe that those who have been foremost in urging the passing of this measure will be among the very first to condemn it.

'Let me read a passage which will show your lordships the feeling that is growing up in America;

and if in America, why not here? In the *Times* of July 11 there was an able letter "from our own correspondent" in the United States, and in that letter I read this very remarkable narrative:—

'"Mr. Wade, President of the Senate, has been making a tour west, in the course of which he indulged himself in some extraordinary speeches. In Kansas he said that, the slavery question being disposed of, that of labour and capital would next demand the attention of the country. "Property," he said, "was not equally divided, and a more equal distribution of capital must be wrought out. That Congress, which had done so much for the slaves, cannot quietly regard the terrible distinction which exists between the man that labours and him that does not." He went on to argue that the Almighty "never intended" that one man should work while another feasted in idleness. The position which Mr. Wade holds in the Radical party gives these opinions a weighty significance, and they are a striking commentary on the perverse statements of the philosophers abroad who contend that this is the country of universal content, and that jealousies of class are unknown. We may have a "Redistribution-of-Property" party before many years are over.

'I wish to call the particular attention of your lordships to this, because it is a man of eminence in the United States who lays down these principles. With the strong resemblance between the two countries, the frequent intercourse and interchange of ideas, and the fraternization which takes place be-

tween the two peoples, may we not expect that what is going on in America will be imitated here, and that we shall come in this country to the assertion of similar principles and the agitation of similar questions? Let me observe that such opinions may be expressed and acted on by large masses of the working people—and here I am speaking of what I know—in no spirit of spoliation. I know that a large proportion of the working classes have a deep and solemn conviction—and I have found it among working people of religious views—that property is not distributed as property ought to be; that some checks ought to be kept upon the accumulation of property in single hands; that to take away by a legislative enactment that which is in excess with a view to bestow it on those who have insufficient means, is not a breach of any law, human or divine. I am certain that many entertain these opinions. I am certain also that, in times of distress and difficulty these opinions, urged upon them by any great demagogue or by any person of power or influence among the people, would take possession of their minds and sink deeply into their hearts; and if they had power through their representatives to give expression to those principles, they would do so speedily and emphatically. But this measure would lead to other and certain evils. It is curious to find an honourable gentleman in the House of Commons, who, until lately, had no strong opinion in favour of the ballot, now declaring that he should support it by every means in his power because it will be neces-

sary now to protect mob against mob, people against people; there is no longer any fear of intimidation from rich manufacturers, rich capitalists, rich lawyers, or rich anybody else; the danger to the people is from themselves, and they must be protected from themselves. But in the presence of this great democratic influence and the advance of this great democratic wave, which is going on even in spite of itself—for I believe its rapid advance is against the wishes of those who give to it a considerable amount of its impetus—in such a presence it passes my comprehension to understand how an hereditary House like this can hold its own. It might be possible for this House in one instance to withstand a measure if it were violent, unjust, and coercive; but I do not believe that the repetition of such an offence would be permitted. It would be said, "The people must govern, and not a set of hereditary peers never chosen by the people." Is not what I am now saying very much in accordance with your lordships' own observation? Are we not living in a time in which nothing is taken for granted? Everything must be ripped up to its first principles, and in vain you argue that a thing is good; your adversary admits it, but says that a change will be better. Thus it is that we are going on at the present day.

'I have heard it said that the middle classes are not Conservative, but that if you go deeper you get into a vein of gold, and encounter the presence of a highly Conservative feeling. In the first place, I

ask, is that so? And in the second place, what do you mean by a very Conservative measure? Do you mean to say that this large mass they call the residuum, of which I venture to say that few men living have more knowledge than I have, is conservative of your lordships' titles and estates? Not a bit; they know little about them and care less. Will you venture to say that they are conservative of the interests of the Established Church? Certainly they are not. Thousands upon thousands living in this vast city of London do not know the name of the parish in which they reside or the name of the minister in charge of it. They are, however, very conservative indeed of their own sense of right and wrong. They are living from hand to mouth, and they are very conservative of what they consider to be their own interests. They are affectionate, grateful, and open to sympathy. If there were to go among them two persons, one a lord and the other a plebeian, they would prefer the lord, because they would think he would have more power to forward their views. They have their interests strongly at heart. They have no desire for plunder or spoliation, but they have rights and wrongs of their own conception which they will insist upon maintaining or redressing. Long as I have known them I could go to a meeting of a thousand, take a different view of their interests from what they take, and try to persuade them to adopt my view, and I am sure that 995 out of the thousand would vote against me, and would take good care to look out for some one who

would better serve their interests. I cannot understand upon what ground you say this is a Conservative measure. I have heard it argued that we must rely a good deal upon social influences. I perfectly understand how social influences can prevail where a landlord lives among his tenants; but a totally different state of things prevails in London and the other large towns. The people live far removed from the influences you speak of, and I cannot give a better proof of it than this statement. Not long ago an excellent clergyman of the Church of England told me that in the whole of his district, containing 6000 people, there was not a single family that kept a housemaid. Look at what is going on in London and all great towns. Persons of property, and even tradesmen, are leaving town for country residences. In the neighbourhood of this House there is a remarkable congregation. Twenty-five years ago it was so rich that the minister could find agents and money for any object. The other day he told me that the wealthy were leaving the district in such numbers that the necessary agencies could hardly be maintained. It is the same in the manufacturing towns—In Manchester, Huddersfield, and others I could name. The same complaint is made everywhere—that the people of property and station are leaving the towns, and are removing themselves from the working classes, and that a hard and fast line is being drawn between employer and employed, between persons of influence and those who ought to be subject to it. To trust to social influence under

existing circumstances is to trust to the greatest of all chimeras. Another hope held out is that of education. I am sure I shall not be misunderstood when I say that the hope of education is one of the most fallacious that could be entertained at present. If you would give us ten years of preparation education might do a great deal; but what you are going to do is this, to give the franchise before you give education. It will take ten years to bring up the residuum by education; but it will not take six months for them, through their representatives, to destroy everything that comes before them. I must say, when I look at the state of this vast population, when I know what they are, how easily they are deluded, how impressible and open to influence they are, I think that this gift of the suffrage is one of the most fatal gifts bestowed upon an uneducated people.'

Earl Stanhope replied:—'He did not altogether share in the gloomy anticipations that had been expressed with so much ability, with so much force, and with so much knowledge of the subject, by the noble lord he saw opposite (the Earl of Shaftesbury). Still, however, no one could say where they were going. They were taking a leap in the dark. Like the Prince in the Persian tale, they might possibly alight on a bed of roses, but it was equally possible that at the close of the descent they might find themselves on a mass of flints. Under any circumstances, he trusted that their lordships would not

ignore the magnitude of the change they were effecting.'

The *Morning Post*, September 6th, thus writes:—

'France is apparently almost gasping for breath, in a struggle such as the world has never before seen.'

The *Daily Telegraph*, of the same date, observes:—

'A convulsion like that through which France is now passing, is certain to make its influence felt in lands far distant. One of the first places on which we may expect to see the counter-shock of the French Revolution is in Italy.'

Archbishop Trench, alluding to the disestablishment of the Irish Church, thus states his estimate of the days in which we live.

'For myself, I will not fear to avow that I can only see in it one more of those events and tendencies which are so ominously unfolding themselves throughout all Christendom in every region of life, social and political, intellectual and moral; and which are so rapidly bringing to a ripeness that tremendous catastrophe, that breaking up of the whole framework of modern society, with that general falling away from the faith, in which, if there be any truth in prophecy, this present Dispensation shall end.

'Alas! brethren, wherever we turn, whether at home or abroad, evil is still mighty; and oftentimes all which Christ's Church can do is to witness against that evil, being impotent to remove it; and we that

are the ambassadors of Christ speak his message with stammering lips; and we have the treasure of God's grace in earthen vessels, and the earthen vessel only too often appears; and the lamp of life shines dimly in our hands, and men are not attracted to its brightness; and the world is strong, full of attractions of its own; and it goes on its way almost as though Christ had never died and never risen again; and his are still a little flock; and when He comes He shall hardly find faith in the earth; and this Dispensation, these "times of the Gentiles," will be only too much a failure, as was that Dispensation which went before it; and not till Christ comes and openly takes his kingdom and reigns, shall more than a few glimpses of his glory have been revealed.'

Archdeacon Garbett in a recent charge thus states the significance of our times:—'And now forgive me if for a moment I direct your attention to the times in which we live; nay, to the very days and hours passing over our heads as eminently critical. They are big with results for Christ's Church. They demand, therefore, a spirit, and energy, and yielding up of all our faculties commensurate to their importance. This is the more to be insisted on, because there is oftentimes among us an indolence and abject submission of soul to the present. Even in the midst of an extraordinary epoch you find men living as in a dream, regarding the present as the necessary and normal condition of the world, or as a mere repetition of the past. No doubt this indolence of assent and easy submission to things as they are, is innocent

enough in the periods of repose, which are intercalated between those revolutionary paroxysms which shake from time to time as they are shaking now commonwealths and Churches. Such times are necessary to evolve the destinies of the human race as they have been to evolve the structure and actual configuration of the planet in which we live. It does matter little in these our critical intervals of history, whether we underrate or exaggerate the present, or permit it to pass by us as in a vision, without a firm grasp of it at all. Not so, however, when a new intellectual, social, or religious phase is being generated from the destruction or modification of the ancient elements, and of which a certain indefinite restlessness and termination of men's minds is an invariable prognostic. The duties which we have, then, to discharge, and the whole line in which our exertions are called upon to move, depend upon our understanding the true importance and real tendencies of passing events and measures. The final issue may be greatly modified by a clear and prophetic discernment of them. A misapprehension of them is ruin. And this, too, ought to be well observed; although the final issue of a great and tempestuous period appears, when it comes sudden as well as overwhelming, yet sudden it really never is. It seems, indeed, unaccountable to those who have been negligent of its symptoms or inapt to discern the inexorable connection between cause and effect; but its preparation is really slow, its advance is gradual. The result from the previously-given religious or political data is perfectly

assignable by a true and enlarged philosophy. Moreover, theologically considered in Almighty God's dealings with the world at large, with nations and individuals, there is the same patience and long-suffering, with indications and flashes of the coming judgment intermingled. There is the same withholding of the fatal blow, the like invitations and opportunities of repentance, the like trial of men's spirits, and of alternate repose and threatenings. These great revolutions, like that now in progress, silently mature their elements, and come on, in fact, like a great tempest in summer. There is a long gathering of the clouds, and then the day is obscured, and there are distant mutterings of thunder and droppings of rain; and then for a time there is sunshine again, and the vapours seem about to disperse. We say to ourselves that, after all, our forebodings were groundless, and there will be, at any rate, no tempest to-day, and so we turn unconcernedly to our ordinary occupations again. And then on a sudden, when men cry Peace, peace, we know not how the storm breaks. All the elements are let loose, and the lightnings, and the mighty thunderings, and hail are upon us, and there is no escape. It is needless to point the moral. There may be bright intervals in these most perilous times for Christ's Church; but let no man deceive himself, or the hour of sure destruction will come upon him, like a thief in the night on the helpless and foolish sleeper. There is only one safety—to be ever on the watch and armed. *Una salus*

nullam sperare salutem. We must look for it, and be ready for the worst.'

The Duke of Northumberland, at the Social Science Association, September 1870, thus spoke:—

'The impatience of all authority which pervades society, the fluctuation of the popular mind, unable to rule and unwilling to obey, are universal. They are proclaimed in the successive trial and failure of every form of government on the Continent, and signs that we have not escaped the same influences are palpable enough. Borne along by the rapid course of modern legislation, while the direction of that course can be but dimly foreseen and calculated, we can estimate its rapidity by the disappearance in swift succession of the ancient landmarks, monuments of the political and religious faith of our forefathers; happily, however, hitherto without the more baneful adjuncts which have marked its progress in other countries. In this respect we have as yet enjoyed a happy distinction and immunity, owing to the peculiar habits which those institutions have created among us. These habits, it is to be hoped, will survive and remain the best testimony to the intrinsic excellence, as well as special adaptation to our national character, of the institutions by which they were formed, and will perhaps tend to perpetuate in some other shape the benefits of which these institutions were formerly the channels.'

The *Spectator* says, 'The collapse of Cæsarism in France cannot be without influence on the

future of the Papacy. The eldest son of the Church is now a fugitive, and Louis Blanc and Victor Hugo may be met in the streets of Paris. Various visions of the future occupy the minds of men; but, whether an Orleans monarchy or a republic should eventually be established, it is very certain that the sudden change in the position of affairs must be felt at the Vatican. Already the Republicans of Europe are arousing themselves, and declaring war against the ancient forms of government. Already the democratic idea trembles through the nerves of many nations. Already men of this advanced school are talking of the formation of United States of Europe. Dreams, perchance; yet, when such fantasies permeate mighty masses of people, they are apt to have perilous results. Monarchs may well be on their guard at such a moment: the whisper of a nation's will can often be heard above the cannonade of mighty armies; and, however strong may be the foundations of other thrones, that which stands upon the Seven Hills can by no means bear an additional shake. Nine years have passed since a great English poetess wrote:—

> 'Over the dumb Campagna-sea,
> Out in the offing through mist and rain
> Saint Peter's Church heaves silently,
> Like a mighty ship in pain,
> Facing the tempest with struggle and strain.'

In those days it appeared as if Cavour would have his way—as if Rome would become the capital of

Italy. Pius IX. had angrily excommunicated his enemies; but, like the people of Rheims in Ingoldsby's legend, 'nobody seemed a penny the worse.' There seemed some chance that the new King of Italy would be so in reality as well as name, even though his interested Imperial ally had mulcted him of Nice and Savoy in return for his aid. This 'rectification of the frontier' was hard for Italy to endure; yet she endured it in the fond hope that her sacrifice would have Rome for its reward. It was not to be. Cavour died; Bonaparte kept the Pope on his throne by a garrison of Zouaves.

Rome is now the capital of Italy, and Victor Emmanuel occupies the place of Pius IX.

'The levity of the populace is proverbial, and the people of Paris are no exception to the rule. Just a week ago the Emperor was everything in the French capital; no one was suffered to say a word against him, not by the Imperial authorities alone, but by the inhabitants of the city for which he had done so much. It was even said that Napoleon III. was regaining the popularity which he had lost at Metz, and that the prospects of his dynasty had visibly improved. Now all is changed; the aspect of Paris, so far as the Emperor is concerned, is more like that of Rome at the downfall of one of the worst of the Cæsars. Portraits are destroyed, busts thrown into the streets, ciphers erased to the sore disfigurement of public buildings; statues dragged from their pedestals and dashed to pieces in the streets, and the very name of Napoleon, but a little while ago a

bulwark of strength to the nation, is a word of execration in every man's mouth. When we read the Paris journals we seem to be perusing a leaf out of Juvenal, except that it is of the overthrow of an Emperor, and not of his favourite, that the tale is told. It is not the statue of Sejanus, but of Cæsar, which crackles in the furnace. What a lesson to monarchs does this event afford! How true it is that the mass of the multitude follows Fortune just as much now as in the days of Tiberius, and hates those whom she has deserted much in the same blind way now in Paris as it did at Rome in the first century of the Christian era!

'If we go further and inquire how it is that the Emperor Napoleon has suddenly become so unpopular; if we ask the evidence and require the proofs —nay, if we demand outright what is the fresh crime which has changed the Parisians into his bitter enemies, we are at a loss to assign any adequate reason for this rapid revulsion of feeling. If we are told "he made war on Prussia"—why, that was as much the work of the whole French Empire, and of Paris in particular, as of Napoleon III. Who was it that yelled "*A Berlin*" not two months ago? Who but these very Parisians, who are now so eager to lay the whole blame of the war on the Emperor, as their scapegoat? "Ah, but then it was not that he went to war; it was that he made war unsuccessfully and deceived us." Here, again, the blame cannot fall on the Emperor alone.'

The noble chairman, the Earl of Carnarvon, pro-

posing "The health of her Majesty the Queen," said,—"It was a toast that was welcome on all occasions among Englishmen, and he thought it never could be more welcome than now, when they saw great political convulsions on every side — thrones tottering and republics rising—when they saw all Europe distracted by war and political controversy; when they saw a great neighbouring country, with which they were connected by so many ties of interest, divided, as it was truly said the other day, in her choice between five different forms of government—between the Legitimists, the Orleanists, the Imperialists, the moderate Republicans, and that form of Republicanism which was the dissolution and destruction of all order, law, and society—the Red Republic of blood. There was never a period in the world's history when events moved at a more rapid pace. They saw it in everything—in industry, in trade, in inventions, in machinery, and in new works of all sorts and kinds; but perhaps in no field of human labour, if one might apply the word, did they see it more marked than in the department of war. It was a sickening and terrible thought to see how science in these days stepped in, not only as the handmaid, but as the principal agent, and when people told him agricultural machinery had received great development in improvement, he was obliged to confess with shame and sorrow that implements for the destruction of human life and the mutilation of the human body had advanced at a far greater rate than any peaceful instruments. His

lordship thought they taught us how vast the scale was of modern warfare; how resistless organized and trained troops were against hasty and popular levies; how sudden might be the collapse of a great nation; how vital, how absolutely essential were military preparations when war could be declared at a week's notice, and when in less than a month upwards of half a million of men could be brought under arms. He should have thought that this was a lesson that deserved study, at all events, by the light of recent events.'

Public opinion runs in currents that cross and oppose each other, and has become violent as equinoctial gales and restless as the waters of the troubled sea. Rulers in Church and State seem to have let go the helm, and drift before the storm helpless and at their wits' end. Disruptions, dismemberment, and revolution, have become the order of the day. Order and law are treated as the worn-out prejudices of days gone by. A coarse, meddlesome spirit, affecting the garb of learning and assuming pompous names, delights in marring and mutilating what age has made venerable and experience has found valuable, crowding its victims into defiles that open into no brighter realms. The idol of the day is the cold, passionless intellect, that pretends to look down with contemptuous disinterestedness, but really indifference, on all systems of religion, and holds controversies about dogmas and faithful assertions of God's eternal truths to be the dialectics of babes or the prejudices of disordered minds. He and his

followers alone breathe a diviner air, and have reached a level in the upward ascent of humanity too sublime to be wasted by the waves of popular conflicts. The rule of faith to such spirits is some literary organ which delights in cynicism, meets arguments with sneers, and labours to put down truth by arraying the names of its advocates in the grotesque rags and colours of caricature. It is weakness to have a creed, and to say so is a breach of social propriety.

'The *Times* hopes that "one of the results of this lamentable war may be a judicious estimate of our true obligations in this matter. Here is a war which the victorious belligerent is prosecuting for peace alone, and which the other belligerent will certainly not wish to renew. Germany now professes to be taking security for the peace of Europe. Her demand even for French territory is made with this object alone. Is it not conceivable that the event may suggest rather some scheme of national disarmament than the common arming of all nations to the teeth? Cannot the people of Europe, in this nineteenth century, arrive at some understanding for their relief? Must we, indeed, be prepared, all of us alike, either for crushing taxation or intolerable burdens? We would fain hope such may not be the result. No doubt the anticipations of peace formed twenty years ago were rudely destroyed, and it is hard to find a ray of hope in the retrospect; but war cannot be the natural condition of civilised man, and though it seems we must needs prepare for it,

we should not lose sight of another and more satisfactory conclusion.

'It is not the accessories of religion and politics only that are broken down in this restless era; the deep and long-settled foundations are laid bare and disintegrated. Every institution tilts, every foundation gives; authority based on the truest obligations is cast off, and prerogatives vital to the cohesion, and even existence, of society are thrown into the crucible. Discussion there is no reason to fear; but morbid discontent with things and institutions just because they are is unworthy of man. The age, however, is swinging loose from all its moorings, and launching out on an unexplored sea without chart, azimuth, or compass.

'The *Spectator* holds that never had a nation a blacker out-look than France has at present. All points to a hideous catastrophe, which, by a strange irony of fate, will leave France for a moment at the mercy of the heir of that Queen Louise who begged terms from the uncle of Napoleon, and was bidden to attend to women's work. We know (the *Spectator* adds) that it seems almost dastardly to recommend peace, that the collapse of this mighty Empire, which for twenty years has shadowed Europe, bewilders men, who cannot, will not, believe it true; but yet what help? A battle before Paris? We, for our part, bow humbly before the grandeur of the patriotism which would dictate that resolve—if there are guns, if there are munitions, if there are provisions, if there is a man! No figure in history

would be more heroic than Trochu and the Parisians fighting and winning a battle of despair; but can they win it? and if they lose, when will France be great again?

'Reform, in its true sense, the correction of what is wrong and the development of what is good, degenerates in the minds of increasing numbers into revolution, or change for the sake of change. Steamers, and locomotives, and electric telegraphs are accepted as the gods of the modern pantheon, and the money power is worshipped as the Jupiter of modern times.'

The *Westminster Gazette* writes:—'By orders emanating from the Socialist and Red Republican Committee, we are told that the prisons are literally filled with magistrates, priests, and the most honourable merchants. Almost every private house has been searched for the purpose of obtaining arms; the churches have been robbed of all the silver and gold they contain. Even the convents are not respected; every cell has been visited and everything of the least value carried away.'

It is the abnegation of religion which accounts for much of this perplexity. Were it supreme in the convictions of all, sovereignty would be fatherhood, loyalty love, and service and even sacrifice a delight. It would kindle upon earth a festal glory, and bind into sisterhood alienated peoples; allay animosities as they rise, and raise the temperature of love in each heart to that of heaven.

Why then state the darker features of our age?

It is to vindicate the truth of God's holy word by displaying its prescient words translated daily into living facts; to show to the nations of the earth that a higher than human presence is in the thick of events; and to induce us to look forward more earnestly and prayerfully to that great hereafter on which the surf of human passions never breaks and revolution never thunders. It is to prove to men that God in history is also God in prophecy. The calendars of nations are commentaries on the prophetic Scriptures.

The truth is, kings and statesmen have learnt a useful lesson since 1848. They will not again, if they can help it, allow themselves to be swept away by the deluge of revolution. If the storm must break, then they will ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm. This is what the Italian King—this is what the Spanish statesman is doing now. Victor Emmanuel has sent his own troops to Rome, while Mazzini languishes in Gaeta. Prim continues his negotiations for a sovereign in spite of the splendid declamation of republican Castelar, and meanwhile he himself holds the reins of government firmly in hand. Napoleon attempted to divert the storm, to direct the tempest from France upon Germany, but he failed. King William alone seems strong enough at present to suppress it; yet even he, when the laurels of victory have begun to fade with age, may find it difficult to master the movement for a United Germany, free, indivisible, and republican. And how are we in England to meet the tide of revolution? As we have been meeting it hitherto—by

wise concessions to legitimate popular demands; by associating, so far as we can, all classes in the government of the country—for where all have a share in it, none will wish to overthrow it. This we have done, and therefore it comes to pass that, not in the spirit of pharisaical pride, not with any feeling of selfish congratulation, but with sincere and yet humble gratitude, we may, using the words of the laureate, contrast 'the red fool fury of the Seine' with

> 'The land of settled government—
> The land of just and old renown,
> Where Freedom slowly broadens down
> From precedent to precedent.'

Cæsar, Napoleon III., and William of Prussia, are not the sculptors, but the chisels in the hands of the Divine Sculptor. Events are translated texts. Phenomena are prophecies fulfilled. Yet God is love and man is responsible.

Every nation in Europe feels the heaving of the earth, and sees the waves that come from the great deeps of revolution breaking on its shores, and there is no king greater than Canute able to say with successful effect, 'Hitherto, and no further.'

It is obvious that higher forces are in the depths of this revolution; as Christians let us pray that in judgment God would remember mercy and stay His rough wind in the day of His wrath, and as readers of God's holy Word let us recognise in all the fulfilment of ancient inspired and never obsolete prophecies.

Danger, suspense, and the excitement of the

struggle, do not allow Frenchmen to feel as yet the full weight of the disaster which this war has brought upon them. But, when peace has been made and the events of the present year have passed into history, they will begin to realize in all its completeness the calamity that has befallen them. Stunned by sudden defeat, and with nerves overstrained, they now seem to feel nothing, and a gloomy recklessness alternates with a wild and spasmodic gaiety in the demeanour of the town population. A time will come when reflection will return with security, and then what feelings will crowd on the mind of the patriotic and educated Frenchman! He will have before him the spectacle of his country occupied, her army destroyed, Paris invested, or perhaps taken, and immense loans contracted, not to be spent for the national advantage, but to purchase the departure of the conqueror. This, according to present appearances, is the least that can happen; what worse the future may bring forth none can tell. But as sentiment has as large a place as actual loss in the bitter remembrances of a nation, we cannot conceive anything sinking deeper into the public mind than the position of Paris at the present moment. On every side the enemy is encamped—in the pleasant woods which were so lately the haunt of holiday-makers, on the banks of the rivers where the oars of the *canotiers* were continually plashing, in the villages and towns which the Parisians know so well, and which to the greater part of them represent the furthest limit of travel. It is just because

the Parisian does not wander far from the city where he is so pleasantly settled that his attachment to it is so strong. For a long time he could not conceive that it would be invested, and when this was put beyond a doubt his first thought was that foreign nations must come to the rescue. Paris is not taken, possibly it may never be taken, but yet what has been already done is enough to mortify the national pride, which has so long identified itself with the greatness and splendour of the capital. In the history of the occupation one incident will stand out. It is the establishment of the Crown Prince's headquarters at Versailles, in the Palace that has been dedicated to 'All the Glories of France.' This, even more than Woerth, or Gravelotte, or the catastrophe at Sedan, will bring home to the people the greatness of their disaster. There is a dramatic retribution in it, which cannot but strike the nation which suffers it and the bystanders who look on.

France chose her own time, made her own pretext, and advanced with her own plan of campaign. Yet in less than two months she has been so prostrated that the Crown Prince holds his military court in the grandest and most famous palace of France; his conquering army is massed in the immense courtyard of the chateau, and there the princely victor takes his station, at the base of the statue of Louis XIV., to recompense the heroes of Woerth and Sedan for victories won over the French army.

The palace which Louis XIV. built is now occu-

pied by a German prince; the Alsatian city of which he robbed Germany is now in German hands again, with almost an army of prisoners. The time when the magnificence of Versailles was planned was one of unparalleled disaster to the neighbours of the Grand Monarque, and then were sown the seeds of that fatal ambition which has brought on Europe so many burdens, and on France herself such tremendous disasters.

They that scoffed at the students of prophecy who foresaw the approaching hurricanes and gave notice of their nearness, now feel, if they dare not express, the folly of their satire, and own indirectly 'God's word is true.'

We live in times of fearful significance. The loosening of the avalanche in Paris may loosen thrones, and rock palaces, and multiply discrowned kings over all the earth. There are times among the Alps when the guides forbid conversation to those who climb with them, lest a word should by its echoes loosen the avalanche that may sweep them to destruction.

As patriots we must love our country, and pray for its security, prosperity, and peace. But our true repose must be on the Rock of Ages. Our expectations should now cluster round a throne that never can be shaken down.

This world of ours is on the eve of tremendous catastrophes, great changes, and it may be for us no common suffering. Let your hearts and treasures be in heaven.

VI.

THE DOOM OF THE PAPACY.

It is during the action of the seventh vial that 'Great Babylon comes into remembrance before God to give unto her the cup of the wine of the fierceness of His wrath.'

Rev. xviii. 1–8 gives a detailed and graphic history of her destruction, constituting a Divine commentary on the words employed in the record of the judgments meted out to her under the action of the last vial. The facts that are recorded in this lecture constitute a full and exact evidence of the fulfilment of these words 'whom God will consume with the spirit of His mouth and destroy with the brightness of His coming.'

It is impossible to escape the evidence that, during the whole pontificate of Pius IX., the Papacy has continued to part with its ancient prestige, to incur the censure and contempt of once-subject nations, and to be less and less a power over the ten kingdoms of decem-regal Europe. 'The seven thunders' that once struck terror into royal palaces, and into grand ancestral and noble halls, now die

away in echoes scarcely noticed by some and greatly derided by others. The Pope begins to be regarded as an anachronism, and to be endured not as an irresistible force, but a decaying institution. The Papacy is dying down to the roots left to itself, and under the last vial it will be subjected to a terrible ordeal, and scourged, and stricken, and reduced as a power in the world. From the day on which, amid thunder and lightning, as if the very elements rebuked the blasphemous pretension, she proclaimed her supreme ecclesiastic infallible, she has not ceased to suffer in estate, in influence, in power, with cumulative speed and force. Montalembert declared his conviction that 'Paganism is winning; that the continent of Europe is on the eve of a burst of irreligion—or hatred to religion—such as the first revolution did not produce.' In France religion is a Sunday propriety, and no more. In Italy it is practically atheism, and in both countries the priest is detested, or ignored, or endured as a necessity these nations have failed to shake off.

The *Westminster Gazette*, one of the organs of the Papacy in London, thus writes, 'All Catholic nations are falling. As nations they have deserted the principles of Catholicism, and they perish by the revolution. Catholic nations changed their front in the face of an enemy, and have been outflanked. They have all endorsed the idea or principle which constituted their highest unity—which gave strength or purpose to national life—to play with the revolution—to act the part of a go-between in the conflict.

But these nations have lost the strength of Catholicism without identifying themselves with the revolution. This is how we account for the present state of the Catholic nations. This is why we look with apprehension at the future.'

Austria has parted with the Papacy and become a tolerant nation. Napoleon is no longer able to befriend the Pope; and republican France has abandoned her charge and left him to his fate. Victor Emmanuel, to whose care Napoleon III. committed him, the Pope rejected, as being an excommunicated king. Spain has perpetrated the uncanonical and wicked deed of proclaiming liberty of worship there, and so leaves herself open to pains and penalties which she appears to pay little attention to. Rome's recent decree in the Œcumenical Council has detached from her the most learned of her episcopacy and the more thoughtful of her members. Her fate is truly near and rapid.

The London *Spectator* writes to show what hatred now tracks the priesthood: —

'We have often reminded our readers of the fact that a city riot in Belgium always includes an attack on priests and monasteries, and the curious state of affairs in the Department of Charente is a present illustration of the state of feeling. The priests there are being protected by lancers from the hands of their flocks, who, were the soldiers withdrawn, would tear them in pieces. The prefect's idea is that the people are passing through one of those paroxysms of credulity which occasionally seize

whole nations; witness the witchcraft mania in so many countries; that they are deluded with a report that tithes are to be re-established. That may be the fact, probably is; but wild outbursts of that sort always embody some latent sentiment, some deeply-rooted fear. The man who wants to kill his pastor, —be it remembered, an indispensable pastor under the Roman system,—because the pastor may by possibility be going to tax him, who resists troops in his thirst for his curé's blood, is not in love with the priesthood. During the sixteen years of the empire, the Ultramontane yoke has been pressed as sharply down as that of every other form of authority, and without disparaging, far less denying, the theory that France has in places become more religious, we cannot but doubt whether there is not also a genuine hatred of priests as meddlesome officials of the arbitrary sort, or, as the peasants themselves phrase it, as the "black gendarmerie."'

The correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* thus writes in September, 1870:—

'Before going home I thought I would call on a friend in orders, curé of one of the metropolitan churches, and learn his opinion on the state of things. I had not seen him for more than a month, and I am not exaggerating in saying that during this troubled period he had thinned so as to seem a different man. Usually hale and cheery, his present manner was truly pitiable. Of course his alarms were chiefly about the Church, and on this subject he spoke with something very nearly akin to despon-

dency. A republic in France, he affirmed, would soon bring about republicanism in Spain and Italy, and overthrow of the Papal See, the expulsion of the Jesuits from France, and the complete severance of the Church from the State. "It means six or seven years, at the least, of untold tribulation to us priests," he said with a sigh; "and I am not sure that it would not be better in the interests of religion that the Prussians should take Paris and restore the fallen dynasty. Republicanism will be death to us." I confess to having felt some apprehension for the good man at this remark; for, if it be once suspected among the people that the clergy are withholding their sympathies from the third Republic, as they did from the first and second, the Church may indeed fare badly.'

This priest rightly appreciated the situation, and expressed the general feeling of the sacerdotal body.

'The *Tablet* complains, and doubtless with truth, that at Lyons, Marseilles, and wherever the "Reds" gain power, Jesuits and Dominican novices are forced into the army. At Paris they are at once sent upon the ramparts. Priests are insulted and threatened in the public streets, and hold their lives in fear. The religious orders are forced to fly, and some of them have already taken refuge in England. What is worse even, and more painful still to relate, is, that the statues of the Blessed Virgin in public places have been profaned in ways too horrible to relate, and the Romish idols can no more protect

themselves than Dagon could. What follows in the *Tablet's* lamentations must, however, we think, be taken with a little reserve:—

'We learn these facts from sources of undoubted veracity; and our information adds, that in some places altars have actually been erected in honour of the devil. At Manns it has been ascertained that consecrated hosts have been carried away by women from the communion rails, for the purposes of profanation; and the same have been offered by men in military uniform to Satan. Such things are unutterably harrowing to tell of, but it would be wrong to conceal them, they aid us so effectually to estimate the true character of the movement that is now spreading and taking such a strong hold of France. 'By their fruits ye shall know them."'

Secession from the Papacy has been increasing daily since the decree of Infallibility was passed.

'The *Algemeine Zeitung* publishes some extracts from the *Synopsis Animadversionum*, or statement of opinions *pro* and *con*, of the bishops of the Œcumenical Council relative to the doctrine of Papal infallibility. Among these is an argument against the dogma by an English bishop, (supposed to be Bishop Ullathorne). "When," he says, "it was proposed to emancipate the English Catholics, their bishops and theologians were publicly asked in Parliament whether they held that the Pope could give decisions on matters of faith and morals, which would be binding on nations, without the

concurrence of the Church. To this," the bishop proceeds, "all the bishops, (including two predecessors of his Eminence the Cardinal of Dublin) and theologians answered that such was not the Catholic belief. Their reply is printed in the Parliamentary reports; and in consequence of this reply the English Parliament allowed the Catholics to participate in the rights enjoyed by other citizens. But who could persuade the Protestants that the Catholics have not acted against their honour and conscience, if the latter, when they sought to obtain civil rights, declared that the doctrine of Papal Infallibility was not an article of Catholic belief, and after they had gained their object withdrew from this public declaration and asserted the very opposite?" Another English bishop states that, "six months ago several English Protestants were converted to Catholicism, but as soon as the inconsiderate pastoral of the Archbishop of Westminster appeared they at once returned into the bosom of the Protestant Church."'

Father Hyacinthe has published a letter on the new dogma, in order to furnish an answer to the inquiry, 'Whether Catholics are bound by the definition of the Council.' He says: 'I protest against the pretended dogma of Papal Infallibility, as it is defined in the decree of the Roman Council. It is because I am a Catholic, and desire to remain one, that I refuse to admit, as obligatory on those of the faith, a doctrine unknown to the whole of ecclesiastical antiquity, disputed even in the present day

by numerous and eminent theologians, and which implies, not a regular development, but a radical change in the constitution of the Church, and the unalterable rule of her faith. It is because I am a Christian and desire to remain one, that I protest from my soul against the almost divine honours decreed to a man who is presented to our faith—I had almost said to our worship—as a being uniting in his person both a dominion, which is repugnant to the spirit of the Gospel, of which he is the minister, and an infallibility which is repugnant to the clay of which he is moulded like us all.'

The *Tablet*, the organ of Archbishop Manning, thus fairly puts the issue:—

'Either the Church, which dares to affirm, under pain of anathema, the doctrinal infallibility of her chief pastor, is simply a blasphemous teacher animated by Satan, or is, as she claims to be, the very mouth-piece of the Holy Ghost.'

The Church of Rome is now rent in twain. Her own dogmatism has done it. She has, as a church, committed suicide, and as a temporal power received a blow from which there is no recovery. The Pope's signature to the dogma of his personal infallibility was the signature of his death-warrant. He has by the Council introduced a disruptive element, the grave results of which already crop up faster than one could have expected. If to that we add the revolution thundering around him,—the dethronement of his great and powerful supporter, Napoleon III., and the inauguration of a republic that does not believe in

him; and finally, the notice which has been served on him, and executed and obeyed, to give up his regal and secular powers, and become the chief minister of a sect, with the Vatican for a manse, and St. Peter's for a church, and the Leonine district for a glebe, we shall find a rapidity and succession of blows that irresistibly remind us of the predicted apocalyptic judgment, 'Her plagues shall come in one day.'

I quote from the *Times* of Sept. 12, 1870, the testimony of the press:—'We have come to the end of M. Rouher's famous "Never." The Italians have entered the Papal States, and are not likely to be stopped at the gates of Rome. The Pope will have to be satisfied with "the Vatican and a garden," and thus will terminate the temporal power. There is evidently nothing unattainable to modern progress. Not only do impossible things come to pass, but they hardly strike us as at all portentous, and we accept them as commonplace occurrences which we had been looking forward to as inevitable and which have, indeed, long been overdue. Events are like mountains; they dwarf one another by their comparative height. "Mighty Helvellyn" at Courmayeur would dwindle down to a mole-hill; and it is not otherwise with the great changes intended as landmarks in history. It seems as if men were incapable of divided attention. The great human epic proceeds in obedience to the classical laws of the Three Unities. There is always one great subject filling the stage of the world, and minor events can

at the utmost only hope to be noticed as accessories. It is not without some effort that we can withdraw our attention from the Meuse and the Seine, and turn round to see what is happening on the Tiber. The Temporal Power is falling, yet the demolition of an edifice which has weathered the storms of ten centuries is looked upon only as the puny consequence of an infinitely greater catastrophe. It is only eight months ago that Rome, as an embodiment of the Papacy, had attracted the eyes of Christendom. Out of date, as it was, the Œcumenical Council raised a variety of vague, but eager expectations. There was a problem, to the solution of which no one could be indifferent — how much vitality might there still be in the Church of Rome? But as to the conditions of the Roman State no shadow of a doubt could arise. The Papacy as a Sovereignty had ceased to be a reality. The only reason pleaded for maintaining a priestly sceptre was that it was indispensable to the independence of the crozier. It was not true that the Spiritual could not exist without the Temporal; but it was undeniable that the Temporal had no longer an existence of its own.

'Between the Pope and some of his subjects there has been war from the beginning. No time can be quoted in which Bologna and Perugia did not fret against their lot as Papal cities. In the earliest period of French invasions, at the close of the last century, Romagna was among the first members of the Cis-Alpine republic. Immediately

after the Restoration of 1814 the Papal Apennines became the nest of Italian Carbonarism. In 1831 and the following years all the provinces, almost to the walls of Rome, were again and again lost, and the Papal sway could only be re-asserted by the Austrian occupation of Bologna and the French expedition to Ancona. Since then—that is, for 40 years—the Papal State has never been without foreign troops. Pius IX. himself preached a crusade against the intruders; but the result was not only the return of the Austrians to Bologna, but the necessity for a permanent French garrison at Rome. The occupation of Rome by the French in 1849 coincided with the rise of French Imperial ascendancy throughout Europe. France took charge of the Pope; she made herself answerable for his safety; but she deemed herself sufficient for the task; she would brook neither rivals nor assistants in the discharge of her office as Protectress of the Holy Place. Thenceforth Rome became French, bound to the destinies of France, dependent on her for the very breath of existence. The Pope did not like this undivided alliance. He was not partial to his French protector; he regretted his more staunch Austrian friend. He would, at least, have played off one patron against the other; but that could no longer be. He belonged to France; he must kiss the French rod, or he would be abandoned to the tender mercies of his subjects. For here was, after all, the whole difficulty of his position. The Pope could not trust himself to his people. Between him-

self and them he must always have an overwhelming power. That power is the reed which is now breaking under his weight.

'Of all persons with whom the Emperor Napoleon had to deal the Pope was the one with whom he was least a free agent. He allowed the Pope to succumb while he affected eagerness to hold him up. He bade him not to regret what was lost, as he would thus be better able to hold what remained. Between his love for Italy and his duty to the Pope the Emperor continued to the last the most irresolute of beings. Not that he had any tenderness for Rome; he had been at war with her since his boyhood. Not that he expected gratitude or deference; for all he ever got in return for his sacrifices were sneers and insults. But, somehow, the traditions of Valence and Fontainebleau filled him with a kind of superstitious terror. He never thought of the Pope without being reminded of the invisible legion of 100,000 combatants his uncle always recommended men to imagine at the old man's elbow. The Emperor was, besides, under irresistible domestic influences. He could not break with the Pope. Rouher's "never" must needs last throughout his master's reign.

'But that reign was unexpectedly drawing to a close. On the eve of a war with Prussia, Napoleon would not purchase Italy's alliance on the condition of a "settlement of the Roman question in an Italian national sense." He would not sell the Pope even for 100,000 Italian auxiliaries. Perhaps at the out-

set he flattered himself that he could dispense with such aid; but Woerth came, then Metz and Sedan, and the Italian offer was, it is said, renewed. But by this time the Emperor was under a cloud. The sceptre of France had fallen into the hands of the Empress, and the answer at the Tuileries was "Rather the Prussians at Paris than the Italians at Rome." Both events were to be realized. Sedan capitulated; the mob broke into the Tuileries; the Italian Government was free to act—it was forced to act. The beginning of the war removed from Rome the material force of France; its end destroyed her moral influence. The Pope's subjects could now count the Pope's soldiers. They could plan an insurrection, give it method and scope: they could speak out their minds to the Italian Government, and dictate their own terms. On the King and his Ministers it depended whether the cry should be for Victor Emmanuel or Garibaldi. The Italian Government was only half-hearted in this business. The ghost of the fallen Napoleon still haunted them. They had no great trust in republican Liberalism; in the sense of justice of French rulers, no matter of what party, no matter in what extremities. They were not without some shrinking dread of Prussia. They had learnt from M. Guizot that there are Protestants to whom the Temporal Power is as sacred as to those who profess themselves before all things Catholics. Moreover, they dreaded a coalition of Catholic States, and all the goodwill of Austria was hardly sufficient to re-assure them.

'The progress of events, however, was stronger than all their misgivings. Dangers arose for the Holy See from its defenders as well as from its opponents. There were fights between French and German Zouaves, desertion and mutiny among the Antibes Legionaires, defections among the native troops. Insurrection was planned in Rome; it broke out in the provinces. It was for the Pope's own sake that the Italians went forth to dethrone him; and it was with a view to acquaint His Holiness with the nature of their errand that Count Ponza di San Martino was sent to negotiate with Cardinal Antonelli, and General Raffaele Cadorna was instructed to back him with 40,000 men. There is little doubt as to the Pope hearing reason. *The alternative for him lies between being no King in Rome or no King at all.* Under any other circumstances, he might choose between martyrdom and exile. But he is old and ailing, and he would fain see Peter's years, and the monument of the Infallibility Dogma has not yet reached half its intended height. He will protest, of course; where was there ever a Pope chary of protests and interdicts? But he will accept the Vatican in the end; and, perhaps, on his return from his summer residence at Castel Gandolfo, where he is about to seek a temporary refuge, he will have had time to consider his altered situation, to become reconciled to it, and he may, if required, be ready to crown Victor Emmanuel, and again to call down from Heaven those "blessings on Italy"

by which he signalized the beginning of what men have fondly hailed as an enlightened and beneficent Pontificate.'

In a former work I have described at length the end of this great apostasy, and therefore I do not dwell on the nature of the predicted destruction nearly consummated.

'Who is to save the Pope from his friends? It has long been denied that Rome belongs either to the Italians or to the Romans themselves; but it is now clear, that it is not even the Pope's city. It is the city of the Papal Zouaves. The foreign troops declare they will hold Rome against the Italians and against their King; they will hold it against the Pope and his Government. It is possible that, without risking a collision either on the walls or in the streets of the town, they may limit their defence to the castle and to the little suburb which, according to the terms offered by the Italian Government, is to be left to the Pontiff as an independent sovereignty. But there ought to be no misunderstanding on that subject. The "full jurisdiction and sovereignty of the Pope over the Leonine City" cannot rest on any other power than that which the Italian Government may deem it expedient to lend to the Pope in case of need. The independence of the Holy Father can no longer rest on an armed force, and, least of all, on a foreign force. If he remains at Rome, if he reconciles himself with those who are still his own people, and on whom he once

called down from heaven its special blessings, it can only be on the terms of unlimited mutual confidence and reliance.'—*Times*, Sept. 20.

The *Times*, of Sept. 22, 1870, thus records the fall of the Papacy, and the transference of the 'sacred' city to a secular ruler: — "Only yesterday Italy was at the gates of Rome; to-day Italy is in Rome. A few grains of sand have run down in the hour-glass, and there is an end to the Temporal Power of the Pope. Scarcely any blow was struck. The Italian troops under General Cadorna knocked at the gates of the Vatican. The foreign Zouaves made some show of shutting them in their faces, but they desisted at a signal from the Pope himself—the Pope, who knew better how to read the signs of the times. Thus has Italy taken possession of her capital. Such, and no other, was the end to be. Papal sovereignty has long since ceased to be a substance; it passed away like a shadow—a mere relic of that old-world edifice which had long crumbled into dust—a ruin which no amount of propping and buttressing could keep together. The long-doomed fabric had twice before been overturned, but it had been involved in the ruin of much that had a right to live, and it recovered, with it, a precarious existence. In former epochs, besides—in 1798 and 1814—there was something violent in its fall; it was brought about successively by anarchy and despotism; but now judgment is passed upon it by the vote of a unanimous nation, and the sentence is executed in the name of order and freedom. The Pope, as a King,

was a public enemy in Italy. Zealous converts might assert that the Pope ruled in Rome by the will of two hundred millions of Catholics. But twenty-five millions of these Catholics loudly and emphatically protested against this pretension. Italy has long been a divided country. The Italians are still, unfortunately, on many points a discordant people. But they never differed as to their views on two points. "Out with the foreigner!" was one cry; "Down with the Pope-King!" was the other. Pontifical sovereignty and foreign bondage had at all times been identified in the long suffering peninsula. With the last foreign soldier, the last Sovereign-Pontiff disappears from the scene of the world.

'The last Pope-King has also been the last Pope-patriot. Pius IX. had heard of such Pontiffs—of Alexanders and Innocents heading Lombard Leagues, of Juliuses raising the cry, "Away with the Barbarians!" Pius IX. began like these; like these he ended. Pius IX. at his accession had tears and blessings for Italy; he was a portent in his generation—a "liberal Pope." But he was the Minister of a God of peace, and he could not fight with his people against Austria; though he could fight with Austria and with France against his people. So long as "Chassepots could do wonders," he showed little horror of bloodshed. But now, when his Zouaves could no longer make head against numbers, he was reminded of the colour of his Pontifical flag. Be it so. The Italians have conquered their Pope. Henceforth there is peace between them, and there may even be good-

will. Whatever zealous Ultramontane Catholics may say to the contrary, there is room in Rome for Pope Pius besides King Victor Emmanuel; and the Pope need not be the King's subject. Zealous Ultramontane Catholics have singular "axioms" about Temporal Sovereignty being indispensable to the free exercise of spiritual supremacy. The Pope claims the earth as his kingdom; but out of so many millions of Catholics Pius IX. had only six hundred thousand Romans over whom he could exercise any other sway than that of unarmed persuasion. Why can he not rule the Romans with the same spiritual sceptre which controls the rest of the Catholic world? Zealous Ultramontane Catholics are quite sure it was the Pope who made Rome,—that without the Pope the Queen of the ancient world would long have been like another Babylon or Nineveh; that Rome cannot become Italian without being "un-Romed." Far different views are entertained south of the Alps. Romans and Italians believe that all of Rome that could perish has been killed by the Pope; that his curse has been upon the soil, upon the air, upon the very soul of the place. There are many pious, earnest believers in Italy. There is immense faith, unlimited self-denial in their meek submission to the Church. They accept Immaculate Conceptions, Infallibilities, abstruse dogmas, puzzling "axioms," with a wonderful readiness. The Temporal Power alone has always stuck in their throat. Even their simple theology could not understand how the Vicar of Christ should find it so

difficult to apply to himself the plain maxim, "My kingdom is not of this world." The Italians never could accept a "Pope-King." The very phrase was never heard in Rome before foreign Zouaves gave it utterance; with the surrender of the Zouaves it becomes for ever obsolete.

'Her plagues come in one day,—death, and mourning, and famine; and she shall be utterly burned with fire.' Prophecy distinctly alludes to the final destruction of Rome by fire, and eminent travellers who have visited that city assert that the elements of such a conflagration are ready and prepared in Rome. Gibbon makes the following remarks:—'A regular series was prepared [in the minds of Christians] of all the moral and physical evils which can afflict a flourishing nation; intestine discord, and the invasion of the fiercest barbarians from the unknown regions of the North; pestilence and famine, comets and eclipses, earthquakes and inundations. All these were only so many preparatory and alarming signs of the great catastrophe of Rome, when the company of the Scipios and Cæsars should be consumed by a flame of heaven, and the city of the seven hills, with her palaces, her temples, and her triumphal arches, should be burned in a vast lake of fire and brimstone.' 'It is not Ætna, the Lipari volcanic islands, Vesuvius, that alone offer visible indications of the physical adaptedness of Italy for such a catastrophe. The great Apennine mountain-chain is mainly volcanic in its character, and the country of Rome more especially is as

strikingly so almost as that of Sodom itself.' Ferber the geologist, in his *Tour in Italy*, says:—'The road from Rome to Ostia is all volcanic ashes till within two miles of Ostia.' 'From Rome to Tivoli I went on fields and hills of volcanic ashes or *tufa*.' 'A volcanic hill in an amphitheatrical form includes a part of the plain over Albana, and a flat country of volcanic ashes and hills to Rome. The ground about Rome is generally of that nature,' pp. 189, 191, 200, 234. Canon Townsend, in his *Tour in Italy*, says, 'I beheld everywhere—in Rome, near Rome, and through the whole region from Rome to Naples—the most astounding proofs not merely of the possibility, but the probability, that the whole region of Central Italy will one day be destroyed by such a catastrophe—by earthquakes or volcanoes. The soil of Rome is *tufa*, with a volcanic subterranean action going on. At Naples, the boiling sulphur is to be seen bubbling near the surface of the earth. When I drew a stick along the ground, the sulphurous smoke followed the indentation; and it would never surprise me to hear of the utter destruction of the southern peninsula of Italy. The entire country and district is volcanic. It is saturated with beds of sulphur and the substrata of destruction. It seems as certainly prepared for the flames as the wood and coal on the hearth are prepared for the taper which shall kindle the fire to consume them. The Divine hand alone seems to me to hold the element of fire in check by a miracle as great as that which protected the cities of the

plain, till the righteous Lot had made his escape to the mountains.' 'She shall be utterly burned with fire!'

It has been said that the descriptions given of her riches, especially the words 'merchandise of gold, and silver, and precious stones,' indicate and identify a commercial city. The language is borrowed from cities possessed of splendour, having great wealth and mighty influence over all the earth, and is thus figuratively applied to Rome. If we read the history of the middle ages before Babylon began to be consumed, for, according to the best interpretations of prophecy, her consumption began in 1793, and has been going on since, or the history of Rome when Leo X. was in the Vatican, and the pomp and splendour of the world were hers, and the great, wealthy, and powerful on the earth were at her bidding, we shall see that this description is not merely figurative, but absolutely and literally exact history.

When John speaks of the merchants of the earth 'made rich by her,' we naturally enquire what has been her merchandise? The Church of Rome has earned more wealth by the sale of indulgences, and relics, and bones, and consecrated rags, than the merchants of England acquire by their honest and industrious traffic. We find gems, and jewels, and precious stones, and gold and silver, still preserved in the churches; and if we could have visited these before Napoleon swept them, we should have seen the wealth of the world upon her altars and her shrines covered and made splendid by the

embroidery of the East and the West. It is not just to determine what she was by what she now is, because she has been undergoing a steady consumption. There is no more prospect, according to my conviction, of her getting absolute dominion in Europe than there is of Mahomedanism doing so. The hour of her strength is gone; her judgments, not her supremacy, are on the increase.

Cardinal Cullen writes:—'The spirit of revolution is triumphant in almost every country in Europe, *and has destroyed the power of the Catholic States. There is no friendly power now capable of supporting the head of the Church* or *of maintaining the doctrines and practices of our holy religion.* Austria was the last able to do so, and Austria is now overthrown. The condition, then, of the Pope is this, that his territory has been reduced to a very small spot in Italy. *Nearly everything has been taken from him. The Emperor of the French very kindly held the hands of the Pope whilst his enemies were stripping him of the patrimony of St. Peter;* and, now having reduced the Holy Father to a state of temporal weakness and all the Catholic powers willing to assist him being either revolutionized or weakened, the Emperor of the French abandons Rome, and leaves the people to the mercy of the Italian revolutionists, to the mercy of men who avow the deadliest hatred to the Pope and to religion, and who will not hesitate, on the first opportunity, notwithstanding the convention, to seize upon Rome and destroy the Pope's authority.

It is very probable that within six months this crisis may come, and his Holiness be reduced to such a condition that he may not know where to turn his steps.'

The *Times* wrote in August, 1866:—

'After the departure of the French troops, the Papacy must fall if left to itself. Under such circumstances, the first thought that presented itself to the advisers of Pius IX. is said to have been flight; but that scheme founders at once against the strong resolution of the old Pontiff himself. If there is no room for both the Pope and the Temporal Power in Rome, his Holiness begins to inquire, Can there be none for the Pope without the Power? His hope now is abdication—renunciation of the government of the city and the patrimony into the hands of the French Emperor, in whose favour the old dignity of Roman Patrician or Vicar of the Church should be reconstituted—as Cardinal di Pietro and the French faction in the Vatican Palace suggest; or reconciliation of King Victor Emmanuel, and cession to him of the Sovereign Power on terms compatible with the lustre and dignity of the Holy See, as many of the Italian Cardinals, with, perhaps, Antonelli at their head, are said to propose. There is little doubt, we are told, as to the course his own good Italian heart would incline him to. There are unmistakable symptoms, we are assured, of a revival in his breast of that old flame of patriotism which won him the hearts, not only of his own, but of all Catholic countries, when, on coming to

the throne in 1847, he called down Heaven's blessing on Italy. The mustering of the Italians to arms against Austria, the Prussian victories, the cession of Venetia, all the rapid and portentous changes of the last few weeks have so powerfully affected his mind as to induce him to discountenance language hostile to the Italian cause in the Roman journals, and upbraid some of the hangers-on of the ex-King of Naples for their unnatural sympathy with their country's foes. Should the Pope and Vegezzi have but one hour's interview, the difference between Italy and Rome could be settled. The Italians are determined to have Rome, but they are no longer bent on placing their capital among its ruins. The admission of all the Roman subjects to the common rights of Italian citizenship, a municipal self-government in the city under the nominal presidency of the King, the absolute secularization of all the administration—such are the concessions with which the Pope could purchase the goodwill of the Italians. Great as Rome is, it is not large enough to harbour within its walls the King and the Pope; nor is there any need that it should be. The working capital may still be at Florence, but the old metropolis may also be resorted to for great and rare solemnities, such as the coronation of the King by the hand of the Pontiff, or the solemn opening of the first Italian parliament, a ceremony which the Pope may yet attend, and in which he may repeat his patriotic ejaculation, "*Bendite, O Sommo Iddio, l'Italia!*"'

The Pope's portrait of his own condition was produced in his allocution of October, 1866 :—

"That same Government, in contempt of ecclesiastical censures, and without paying the least regard to our most just complaints and those of our venerable brethren, the bishops of Italy, has sanctioned similar laws, totally contrary to the Catholic Church, to its doctrine and its rights, and condemned by us; and it has not hesitated to promulgate a law respecting civil marriage, as it is called —a law quite contrary not only to Catholic doctrine, but likewise to the well-being of civil society. Such a law tramples under foot the dignity and sacredness of marriage. It destroys it as an institution, and encourages a concubinage that is perfectly scandalous. In fact, a marriage cannot take place among the faithful without there being at the same time a sacrament. It belongs, therefore, exclusively to the Church to decide on everything concerning the sacrament of marriage.

'Moreover, that Government—injuring in an evident manner the condition of those who make public professions of religious vows, which have always had, and always will have, force in God's Church, and not recognizing the very great advantage of the Regular Orders which, founded by men of holiness, and approved by the Holy Apostolic See, have in an especial manner deserved the thanks of the Christian public, civil and literary, by so many glorious labours and so many pious and useful works —has not feared to sanction a law suppressing

throughout its entire territory all religious corporations of both sexes; it has appropriated all their property, and a great deal of other property belonging to the Church, and has ordered it to be divided. Moreover, you must comprehend with what grief we are seized now that we see that Government, with a passion that is increasing every day, constantly attacking the Catholic Church, its wholesome laws, and all its sacred ministers; when we see, alas! venerable bishops, and the most virtuous clergy, both secular and regular, and other most excellent Catholic citizens, sent into exile by that Government, without the least regard for religion, justice, or humanity, or thrown into prison, or condemned to forced residence, molested in the most unworthy manner; dioceses deprived of their pastors, to the great detriment of souls; virgins devoted to God taken away from their convents and reduced to beggary; God's temples violated; diocesan schools closed against the members of the clergy; the education of Catholic youths taken out of the pale of Christian discipline and confided to the professors of errors and iniquities, and the patrimony of the Church usurped and sold.'

The '*Tablet*,' Dr. Manning's organ writes, 'There is, alas! no room for doubt that a heavy calamity has befallen the Holy Church of Rome and the Apostolic See. Whether the details given be exact or no, the main fact is too certainly true, that the last remnant of his temporal power and independent position as a European potentate are, for the time being, wrested

from the Holy Father by the violence of wicked men. The troops of Vittorio-Emmanuele have entered Rome. What they have done there, or what they will do, remains to be told. How they will behave; whether their previous professions of respect and moderation in their robbery will in any degree bind them, or whether they will perpetrate violence and outrage; whether the Pope will be an honoured prisoner in their hands, or a captive consigned over to the last indignities; whether churches will be respected, or whether they will be plundered, and convents sacked, and monks and nuns, after being robbed of their property, turned out to starve in the streets, as they have already been in the provinces previously usurped by Italy; whether the priesthood and the Sacred College will be protected, or whether they will be insulted, exiled, and murdered as they were under the brief rule of Mazzini and Garibaldi —all this remains as yet in the uncertain future, and forms the subject for trembling anxiety in the Catholic world. We hope for the best; but anxious misgivings cannot be altogether allayed when we recollect what manner of men they are who have done these things, and under what influence and impulses they act, in whose power and keeping the metropolis of Christendom and the person of the Supreme Pontiff now are. What is the origin of this movement? It is ostensibly political, but in reality it is more religious than political: Italy contains three classes of men. There are first, Infidels; secondly, bad Catholics; thirdly, good Catholics.

It cannot be doubted that the two first in the aggregate vastly outnumber the last, if not numerically, yet in power, energy, and resolution. The infidels have converted and educated the bad Catholics up to the reception of certain opinions and principles of their own. One of these is, that it is essential for the welfare of Italy that Rome become, what she never at any time was as yet, Italy's capital; and that the temporal power be abolished; and the Pope become really (if not nominally) a subject, not a prince. The infidels promise deliverance from certain pressing evils, and hold out many important benefits to Italy from the possession of Rome. The bad Catholics, having no hold on true principles and but a tepid respect and love for the sovereign head of their religion, are deluded by these arguments; they have accepted this infidel doctrine, and so they join in the cry of "Roma Capitale!" and the union of the two classes exercises such a pressure on the King's Government that it has been compelled to yield in the hope of saving its own life. So it has sent its troops to invade and capture Rome. The infidels are not deluded; they know what they are about; their motive is not so much political as religious, or rather anti-religious; it is hatred to the Catholic religion, which they could not hope to overthrow so long as its earthly head possessed political independence. The poor tepid Catholics believed them when they pretended that the seizure of Rome would very much benefit the Catholic religion. The English newspapers pretend to believe

it too; so great is their concern for the welfare of the Catholic Church, which they tell us will flourish more than ever when the Pope is a helpless prisoner in the Leonine city. Tepid liberal Catholics have believed them. Perhaps these Catholic liberals, who, after all, believe in their religion and do not want to see it or the Pope seriously injured, are about to be awakened from their dream and shaken rudely out of their reverie.'

The Bishop of Orleans, a man acknowledged to be a gifted and eloquent divine, and the sternest opponent the dogma of Infallibility in the Œcumenical Council in 1870, recognises the perils and hopeless prospects of the Pope, and states them in detail in vigorous and truthful records.

'I feel impelled to collect my thoughts, and invite you to meditate with me on these misfortunes and other disasters that have either visited us or are impending. When I consider what is going on in the world just now, I cannot help remarking that the very words used by our Lord are strangely applicable to our times, and their attendant scourges. Our Lord speaks somewhere in the Gospel of those times when talk of strife and revolution shall be rife (*cum audieritis prœlia et seditiones*), when we shall hear of wars and rumours of wars (*bella et opiniones bellorum*), of earthquakes, pestilence and famine (*et terræ motus magni erunt per loca, et pestilentiæ et fames*). How can we help being struck with these warnings whatever we may witness or suffer at the present day, not that mine is one of those faltering

minds that are easily swayed by fear, and indiscreetly propagate panic around them. But I see evil growing and attaining unexampled proportions, and if Fénélon, in the middle of the 17th century, was able to discern the approach of the French Revolution, and exclaim, "*Adesse festinant tempora*," surely when I see the rising tide I may be allowed to feel some emotion. I say it deliberately. I have passed through very evil days, but I have never beheld such threatening appearances as now surround us on every side. I have in these latter times heard an outburst of irreligion such as I have not heard before. . . . The most giddy and unreflecting amongst us can surely not avoid casting a glance on the calamities that fill us with consternation. But a little time ago war was desolating two great countries. Did we not apprehend it ourselves? and at the present time, in despite of treaties of peace, are we not beset by rumours of war? Do ye not see on every side peoples resorting, *without delay*, to formidable armaments, to engines of destruction unknown to the past—so that the most murderous inventions succeed each other with feverish emulation, and advance simultaneously with the progress of mankind? And whilst the calamities of war were pouncing down upon two powerful nations, a still more terrible scourge—pestilence, the cholera—was, nay still is, pursuing its mysterious path of havoc through the principal countries in Europe. It has penetrated into France, and filled our most populous cities with mourning. At this very time it is still hovering around us, as the lion in Scripture—*circuit quærens*

quem devoret. But a short time ago a fearful earthquake filled with ruins Guadaloupe, one of our most flourishing colonies. We had barely terminated the collection which the Government had asked us to make to relieve the sufferers from this great disaster, when another became necessary for the relief of our Algerian colony, laid waste by clouds of locusts; and, amongst ourselves, in the centre of France, after an earthquake had shaken the soil, our rivers overflow and spread ruin and devastation over the land. But what totters under us far more than the soil on which we stand, is the whole fabric of society—the inundation of social evils is far more terrible than that of our rivers. Impious and revolutionary doctrines no longer burrow under ground; they have burst their dykes, under the impulse of I know not what mysterious power; they do their work with an openness and confident assurance of success that has never yet been witnessed. Social scourges go hand in hand with physical calamities. Can we wonder at it when we behold the state of souls and consciences above that elegant and fearful corruption of manners, of which the press gives us, every now and then, an insight; below, the most threatening passions but ill-repressed; the most subversive errors everywhere making way; war against God, against the Church, more universal, more radical, more bitter than ever. Yes, this is what terrifies me, and makes me dread for the close of this century the most fearful calamities.'

So writes one who was once the most fanatical ally of the Pope—the most powerful champion of

the Papacy, and in all respects but one the most ultramontane of Romish prelates. The situation must be dark and menacing indeed to draw out of such a source so sorrowful a description of nations, who have received the teaching of the Roman Catholic Church. It is somewhat gratifying to Protestant students of the Prophetic Record to find the following concession in a paper, bitter, and even fierce, in its invectives on them and their labours.

'The theological interpretation of Roman affairs is full of surprises. At first sight nothing looks more curiously neat than the Protestant view of recent events, regarded as the consequence of the Pope's great sin in declaring himself infallible. The text of the impious dogma was read by the flashing light of the most terrible thunderstorm which has of late years visited Rome. It had scarcely been promulgated when the most awful war of modern times began to desolate Europe. On one side was the greatest Protestant power of the Continent leading to the field several armies of the countrymen and disciples of Luther. On the other was the most energetic, if not the most devout, of Catholic princes, who through his whole reign had kept at bay the Italian wolves who were ravening round the Holy See. The Protestant is triumphantly victorious; the Catholic is not only disastrously beaten, but has lost his liberty and his throne—nay, the very general who was most conspicuously responsible for Catholic misfortunes was the same man who drove back the Republican invaders of the last fragment

of Papal territory, and who, by the "wonders" which he then attributed to the new gun employed against them, became the author of a military creed that has proved the ruin of France. And now comes the last scene in this drama of judgment. Just when the devout woman, who did so much to keep the eldest son of the Church in the proper mental attitude, takes refuge with her disinherited child in the country which is the bulwark of orthodox Protestantism, the secularly minded and rapacious Italians begin their march on Romē, the remnant of the Pope's civil subjects welcomes them with acclamations and sympathetic insurrections. On the theory that great temporal calamities are the supernatural consequences of supremely wicked acts, there could scarcely be a more marvellously plain example of effect following the cause. Yet we are told that Roman Catholic theologians are quite equal to the occasion. They cannot, of course, deny that terrible misfortunes have happened, and are happening, to the Catholic Church and the Holy See. They acknowledge the trials which God in His mysterious providence has prepared for His people and their spiritual head. But they see the mark of the Divine protecting hand in the opportuneness of the decree on Infallibility. A few weeks more of discussion, and it would have been too late. The French bishops would have been frightened out of their senses by the advent of a Republic, whose organs already speak of the "deification of the Pope" as the most profoundly immoral act of recent times. The Italians

would have looked with terror to the personal presence of the King of Italy and his armies in Rome. The Germans, emboldened by the victories of a German power, would not have confined their opposition to secession without voting. It was by clear Divine protection and help that the decree which is to regenerate the Church and the world was passed before the Pope had to shut himself up in the Vatican or the castle of St. Angelo, and the bishops had fled from Rome a distracted and disorganized mob.

'However that may be, the temporal power of the Pope is in all probability about to disappear finally from the world. Whatever the "conservative and tutelary action of Italy" may be, which the Italian Ministers may hope that the Holy Father will accept, it can have no sort of resemblance to the system of government under which the inhabitants of Rome, and of the little territory surrounding it, have now lived for ten years and upwards. The petty Roman State has not attracted much notice during that period, but still it is well known that the completest application has there been made of the theory which, according as it is looked at from one side or the other, either separates ecclesiastics entirely from the world, or places the world entirely at their feet. Secular principles have been banished from law, secular ideas from literature; there has been an absolute monopoly of office by clergymen; nothing has been left to the laity but the sword. The first newspaper, the first jury, the first order of a prefect, will be the beginning of a

system so different as almost to belong to another world. By procuring the late decree from the Council which he brought together, he has all but burned his ships. It is hard to see how, after having once advanced such pretensions, he can assume that air of gentle protesting resignation which is essential to his accepting, as a fact, the sovereignty of the King of Italy at Rome, or how he can do otherwise than keep a continuing cry against the policemen below his window, or the lay judges in the next street.

'He will tell the kings of the earth, I am infallible. I proclaim Rome to be mine and not yours, and, as the vice-regent of heaven, and as the voice of God, I summon Christendom to begin a crusade against the spoiler of the See and patrimony of Peter.

'Even if there were again a Catholic prince strong enough to restore him to Rome, there are a host of new difficulties to be surmounted springing from the recent proceedings of the Council. No Catholic emperor or king has ever pretended that the Pope's was a satisfactory government; but it has always been affirmed that, if his Holiness were left alone and freed from peril of conspiracy, he would amend it. It is impossible now to pretend this. Expressly in the Syllabus, and impliedly in the assumption of the infallibility, the principles of Roman civil government were declared to be absolutely true and just. Nor will the prince who puts back the Pope be simply unable to promise a reform of his government. He will be unable even to argue that an exceptional government is required for the Pope's

subjects in the interest of the Catholic world. This exceptional government is now proclaimed the model for all civil communities, and the restoring prince will have to condemn the principles of his own rule. To such a pass has infallibility been reduced by staking everything on the perpetual luck of the great gambler at Paris.

'The restoration of the Pope appears not only improbable, but almost impossible; whoever undertakes to rehabilitate Pius IX. and to reinstate him, or even his successor, in sovereign power in Rome will clearly understand that he is giving force to the Syllabus and facilitating the practical application of its proscriptive intolerance and anti-social dogmas. Nor will he fail to remember that he will set again on his throne, one whose word can dissolve the allegiance of subjects, dethrone kings, and reverse and annul all the advantages and gains of modern civilization, and all this as infallibly as if God were to pronounce the sentence from heaven.'

It is confirmatory of one's own convictions to find in the columns of the *Record* a most admirable letter on the leader in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, signed S., and reported to be from the able pen of a nobleman distinguished for the possession of what is not common, a powerful intellect, and a regenerated heart.

'SIR,—It is very pleasant to read the leading article of the *Pall Mall Gazette* of the 14th of this month. That article, if put in theological language, might be ascribed to Dr. Cumming, or Dean M'Neile, or any other writer on the Romish Apostasy.

'Liberality is the order of the day; and we have, let the Editor say what he will, the novel admission that a student of Scripture may understand and expound the state of public affairs as clearly and truly as a student of politics. A few more such tributes and the Apocalypse will come into fashion; penny readings in it will be announced; and it may arise even to the dignity of an item in competitive examination.

'The Temporal Power has come to its end, and the issue is accepted with the assent, if not the consent, of all kings and people. M. Jules Favre, following the traditions of the last Republic, and influenced by the remnants of the Imperial Foreign Office, may talk, weakly and idly, about his adherence to the September Convention. It is as childish as the naming of a contumacious M.P. "What would happen if you did name him?" "The Lord only knows," said Speaker Onslow.

'The Papal power has been assailed, abridged, suspended, extinguished, at various times. But in all preceding periods it has had to a great extent the support of sovereigns and the sympathy of peoples. It goes out now without a sigh or a lamentation. No ruler, no republic, no nation, has a word in its favour. Russia is far from displeased, Austria is silent, Bavaria assents, and so does Spain; all Germany thinks it capital, and France is helpless.

'Was it ever so before? Never! The striking part of the present catastrophe lies in the fact that the deed is done by the Pope's own hand. His

political oppressions and his spiritual assumptions had become intolerable even to Roman Catholics, and supremely ridiculous to the world at large. His authority over and against his own subjects, maintained by foreign armies, he himself sitting in the Vatican, and erecting into articles of faith the Immaculate Conception and other interesting dogmas, denouncing all progress, all freedom of thought and action, concocting anathemas, methodising syllabuses, and capping the whole of the Frankenstein of infallibility, "So that he as God sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God." All this was beyond the digestion of mankind, who rejected it with the nausea of those who have had too much of a good thing.

'Yet despite this folly, arrogance, and blasphemy, he ruled joyous and silent, under the eagle of the Imperial legions. The Emperor lent his strength to the Pope, and the Pope lent his superstitions to the Emperor. The blind led the blind, and both at the same moment fell into the ditch.

'Here, then, comes the fulfilment of Cavour's policy. "The Romish question," said he, "must be solved by moral means." It is so solved. It is solved by the ambition, folly, and insanity of his Holiness, by the manifold and satisfactory proofs he has given that his reign is an abuse and an absurdity; and by the conviction of all the world that the King of Italy has done no more than assert, like a verdict in lunacy, that the Pope requires care and treatment, and that he is wholly incompetent to

manage his own affairs. But what considerations arise! Even M. Guizot, the great Protestant premier of Louis Philippe, must hesitate to repeat his astounding dictum, that the temporal power was sacred in the eyes of every Protestant. Soon after that declaration he and his master fell. The Republic, under Cavaignac, took up the same cause, and fell also. It was sustained by the Presidency which passed into the Empire. Under all the changes the temporal power was secure. "The iniquity of the Amorites was not full." Had it fallen in 1848, it would have fallen with the hope of restoration; for all sympathy was not then extinct. It would have yielded to violence, to Garibaldi and his coadjutors. The abominations of ancient days would not have been remembered. Its intolerable despotism, political and spiritual, would have been denied. It was necessary, for the public conviction, that the Pope should die by his own act. He signed the death-warrant of his power in signing the proclamation of his godship; but he signed the death-warrant of the Imperial power, under whose protection he had concocted and asserted his unrivalled blasphemy.

'The spiritual power alone remains. It may, possibly, exist for some time to come. It may perish in an instant. The temporal power was given to man to destroy. The spiritual power will be destroyed by none but our Lord Himself.'

Protestantism, so far as it is in opposition to the Papacy, has now allied to it the advocates of social

peace, national freedom, toleration, and civilisation. These the Pope will continue to denounce, but the place he will occupy as a chief bishop of the Roman Catholic Church will render him unable to impart the requisite force to his decrees. In past times the 'seven thunders' failed to provoke a response as often as the Pope was residing a fugitive or an exile from Rome, and it will be so again. The Pope will be the chief minister of a sect, and no more. 'The gates of hell' may have failed to prevail against the Papacy, but the gates of heaven appear to have succeeded.

The Emperor of the French, the Pope's last and most steadfast defender, is a captive in a Prussian and Protestant place of confinement. His Empress, who probably rekindled his zeal for the Pope as often as it began to cool, is a fugitive and exile in Protestant England. The Queen of Spain, the favourite *protégée* of the Pope, is dethroned. Austria, his guardian for many years, has thrown off the Concordat and established in her empire liberty of worship. Victor Emmanuel has enacted laws that conflict with the Pope's, and is still excommunicated. The two great Protestant powers, Prussia and England, are the former supreme on land, and the latter on the ocean. Surely no impartial spectator of Europe in 1870 can fail to see that its Papal nations are coming under judgment, and that God has arisen to shake terribly the earth.

Convents and nunneries have been long suppressed in Spain. Of 8000 nuns in Tuscany ten

years ago, not more than 2000 remain. In Italy the priest and the confessional are detested. The 'kings of the earth 'hate her, and make her desolate.' Rome now leaps for joy because she has got rid of the intolerable tyranny and sacerdotal espionage under which she has so long groaned. It is justly stated by the *Standard*: —

'We do not doubt that the final consequences of the dethronement will be disastrous, if not fatal, to the ecclesiastical pretensions of the Holy See. The loss of the temporal sovereignty can hardly fail to affect the spiritual authority; and neither the subject of an Italian king, nor the exile-pretender to the bishopric of Rome, will be able to claim that unquestioned and undivided allegiance which has heretofore been paid to the Pope while seated on the throne of the Vatican. There can be no doubt that the fall of the temporal power will ultimately very much expedite that cataclysm of the Roman system, which, having been long deferred, has been steadily approaching.'

The *Times*, Sept. 15, 1870: 'France gave the Pope rope. The Roman question was to be solved by moral means, and the Pope opposed a stubborn resistance. His government and his council undid him. The Pope was last winter at home to the whole Roman Catholic world. A near view of the working of the Papal government was in the eyes of the Roman Catholics of both continents the fullest justification of the Italians' enmity against it. The Pope was judged, and his days

were numbered. It little matters by what fortuitous combination the final catastrophe was brought about. Had there been no war, and no revolution, the progress of events and the change of persons would have led to the same results. PIUS IX. WAS DOOMED TO BE THE LAST POPE-KING.'

'"*Roma e nostra.*" Such was the telegram which I received yesterday. What a host of national aspirations and prayers are condensed in those three words, and how great the moral and religious revolution which will be effected by the event they suggest,—the downfall of the temporal power of the Pope! As yet we have not received the details of the occupation of the city, and I shall, therefore, take a glance at the progress of the Italian arms. The troops crossed the frontier on the morning of the 12th inst., and were masters of Rome on the 20th inst. Eight days have sufficed to reduce a kingdom and defeat a foreign army,—if that can be called a defeat where there was no resistance. Had there been a devoted, fanatical attachment to the Papal government, we should surely have heard of a blow being struck somewhere, of a little guerilla fighting, perhaps of street barricades. Men who were in the habit of shouting "*Viva Pio Nono Infallibile!*" might have been expected to rush on martyrdom for his sake. Nothing, however, of the kind has happened; every town and village has received the invaders with joy; tricoloured flags have waved, and demonstrations have been made, and addresses despatched, to Victor Emmanuel, "*Re*

d'Italia Unita." There is not one single instance in which the inhabitants have raised a single finger in defence of the Pope; while it is certain that in Viterbo they pursued and took the Zouaves prisoners. It is equally true of the troops, up to the walls of Rome, that, with the exception of Civita Castellana, not a man fired a shot against the soldiers of Italy. It would have been madness to do so, but then the foreign mercenaries of His Holiness have been labouring under a degree of fanaticism, little short of madness, and every one believed that they would have made a stand, and have shed their blood for the holy cause. More prudent counsels, however, prevailed, and Irishmen, Belgians, French, and Germans, laid down their arms. The resistance at Civita Castellana, hopeless as it was, was just enough to save the honour of the handful of men who were shut up in the castle, and lasted only two hours. Six or seven of the Italian soldiers were wounded,—none seriously,—and not a life was lost. The clerical journals do not attempt to dispute the facts, and only remark on the indifference with which the people gazed on the soldiers as they marched through. I have already said that in several places it took some little time to get up the steam, and no wonder, for the priests have taught the ignorant masses to look upon the Pope as God upon earth, and on any opposition to his authority as sure to be followed by excommunication.'

It is one of the most striking proofs of the interest excited by the great Continental struggle that

we look on with so little expression of interest at the final collapse of the temporal power of the Popes. The blows struck in France were, it seems, so tremendous, that their mere wind has sufficed to topple over the throne which has been hitherto propped up with such infinite pains and expense; and the cannon of Metz have sounded so loudly that we have had no ears for the crash that has ensued in Rome. The long drama has reached its catastrophe, and it scarcely draws a decent amount of attention.

'If the Queen is to have a rival he had better be a weak one. So long as the policy of the Papal power is that which is indicated in the Syllabus or in the recent votes of the Œcumenical Council, we shall probably look on with great equanimity if he is forced to pay a little more attention to the wishes of a secular ruler and shorn of some of his present prestige. Of course the Pope may in future take a more rational view of things in general. Roman Catholics are, in fact, invited to rejoice over the change because it will probably make the Papacy less obstinate in adhering to views which they regard as divinely revealed. If that result should follow, it would be a cause for satisfaction,—though hardly for the satisfaction of the persons addressed. But the probability does not appear to us to be great. People who have been more or less martyrs to a certain set of doctrines do not generally love them the less. The Church of Rome is bound down by a logical necessity to adhere to every principle once enunciated. The Pope will therefore be in the po-

sition of constantly putting forth claims to interference with secular matters which are more than ever incompatible with the facts. He is bound by the strongest motives, if he would preserve a proper consistency, to be at constant war with the society which has dethroned him in spite of his anathemas. The principal effect, therefore, of the change will be to identify the Papacy more distinctly than before with the party which is irreconcilable with modern civilisation, and denounces what is called progress as a mischievous delusion. In joining the great company of expelled sovereigns, he will probably adopt something of their obstinacy, and his partisans, like the adherents of other pretenders, will continue to meet facts by a still loftier proclamation of divine right. In short, we should expect that the Church which has such a head will become more obstinate than before in its opposition to modern ideas, though rather less able to oppose them successfully. As, on the whole, we believe in those ideas, we consider the change to be a matter for congratulation, though certainly not for congratulating the Church of Rome.'

'Not a few pious people at home have expected, and even prophesied, that the final declaration of Papal infallibility would find heaven prepared for the sacrilege. They would not have been surprised at an earthquake, or whatever else might happen. The presentiment, indeed, cannot be said to have proved void, though the seers have so far failed to discern the exact character of the coming portent,

and even of the crime it was to accompany. In the very brief interval between the decision of the Vatican Council and the formal promulgation, war has been declared between the chief Catholic and chief Protestant powers of this continent. In the midst of thunder, lightning, and rain, our correspondent informs us, Pius IX. has proclaimed himself the only infallible teacher, pastor, and guide. His courtiers had promised him the best offices of heaven on the auspicious occasion. The Council Hall was so planned that at the very day and hour of the intended triumph, when the assembled Fathers were themselves buried in the shadows of that vast pile, a sudden gleam of celestial glory was to surround the Papal throne. But this was not to be; and, as the event proves, the inauguration of the new king has been marked with the prophet's "thunder and rain in wheat harvest," instead of heaven's best smiles. Everything else has failed in like manner.'—*The Times.*

No emperor, king, or democracy, can denude the Pontiff of infallibility. It survives, such as it is. Every Roman Catholic is bound to accept this attribute as divine. In the strength of it, the Pope may still summon millions of the Romish Church throughout the world to rally round him, and die or deliver him from his alleged betrayers. So summoned, they are bound to obey. All Europe may possibly, and that soon, be involved in a war in comparison of which the battles of 1870 will seem as child's play. Every fanatic Dominican, Fran-

ciscan, Redemptorist, Jesuit, and every thorough Roman Catholic layman, would feel divinely bound to obey a summons to rally round the Pope, sustained as it would be by the order of infallible authority. Infallibility, as Archbishop Manning defines it, is the inspiration of the Holy Ghost.

'The Popes will have less chance in future of enforcing their views or of treating as equals with the sovereigns of Europe. The Pope, as the subject of the King of Italy or the Queen of England, will lose some part of his independence, and it will be much easier, whenever it is convenient, to treat him as a cipher or a pretender. He will no longer be the subject of political complications, and guarantees, and military interventions, and may be left entirely on one side in most questions of European policy. He will sink from the position of a potentate exercising certain recognised rights to that of a tolerably impotent adviser. An Œcumenical Council might still be a body with great claims upon the reverence of the Catholics, but when no longer meeting on neutral soil, and under the presidency of an independent ruler, it will be one step nearer to the Social Science Association, or to that mysterious body the Pan-Anglican Synod.'

'The Italians were anxious that the Papacy should appear to die a natural death,—a death of inanition and decrepitude,—such a death as it would long since have succumbed to had not political expediency and Ultramontane fanaticism galvanised it into a factitious existence. The Italians have ac-

complished their revolution at Rome, as they have done in many other parts of their Peninsula, by shouting and singing, by illuminations and torch-light processions, by adding one more holiday to the many that lighten the toil of their year. There is nothing more marvellous than the political instinct of that people. To those who walked along the streets of Rome on that memorable September day it seemed as if light had dawned upon the meanest capacity of that long down-trodden population,—as if the meanest Trasteverine had been awakened to the consciousness of what his grand city had been, and what it was destined again to be. They had been told they would soon be asked whether they wished that Rome should be one with Italy, and, as if by magic, every man, woman, and child anticipated the *Plébiscite* by wearing their affirmative vote on their heads or breasts,—a badge of reasserted nationality.'—*The Times.*

'It has only been conquered militarily; but the material, intellectual, and moral conquest will have to follow, and it will test and task all the faculties of the gifted people who have at last secured its possession. Already we hear of schemes intended to "pour in upon the liberated city all the progressive and enlightened influences which constitutional Italy can command, to neutralise socially, through the presence in the historic capital of whatever is best, most genial, most generous from all the other Italian provinces, the force of those clerical and despotic traditions so long supreme in Rome."

No doubt Rome needs cleansing, schooling, chastening; it requires a new soil, a vital air, a living population, all the elements of freedom, all the guarantees of order, all the restraints of salutary discipline.'

The fall of Rome is really a tremendous event. It is only the gigantic war and slaughter covering the plains of Europe with the slain that diminish the interest we feel or the importance we attach to this catastrophe. The temporal power, wielded so long, often by wicked, and oftener by incompetent popes, has rarely been expended in raising up the down-trodden, in creating an enlightened civilisation, or in purifying a priesthood proverbially profligate and impious, or in widening the area of freedom or in elevating the mass of the people from a state of unrivalled degradation. It has enforced with the sword the decrees of the Vatican, upheld by force dogmas against which the conscience of man revolts and the Word of God protests. It has connived at immorality subservient to its purposes, and ministered to an intellectual and moral degradation of its subjects inevitable from the infliction of its tyranny and pretensions. Rome has been the model city of filth, beggary, and brigandage—retrograding rather than stationary in this direction. It is the exact product of the principles laid down in the Syllabus, in the Decretals and Bulls and Canon Law—the very type of what other cities and great nations under the shadow of the same superstition and of the sceptre of her sacerdotal rulers the wide world has

long seen—the experiment of what ambition, carnal weapons, and mundane interests, can create when combined with absolute and regal power in a Roman priest.

The Pope's power to condemn and execute at discretion those Romans who indicate any rising amount of enlightenment or any passion for freedom is gone for ever. The tiara has become a mediæval toy. The Pope-king is superseded by Victor Emmanuel, and the proscriptive statutes of the priest lose all efficacy and action in the presence of a constitutional civil ruler.

In the words of the Apocalypse, 'In one day is she made desolate.'

A popular evening paper — *The Echo* — justly writes:—'While the question of Papal residence in the "Leonine city" is being discussed, together with the other proffered bases of a definitive solution, the potentate whose troops so recently held a tight grip on both the Leonine quarter and all else in Rome, is now a prisoner at Wilhelmshöhe. The statesman whose influence at the Tuileries was most persistently directed towards the repression of Italian aspirations—M. Rouher—who said 'Never' to the aspirations of Italy, is now a refugee in London; and General de Failly, who but three years back was on the eve of his mission against the Garibaldian outbreak of 1867, and was preparing for his brilliant chassepot experiment at Mentana, when the French weapon was reported by him to have "done wonders," is now himself a wounded captive. "Here is a pur

of Fortune's, sir," with a vengeance; or rather it is a solemn act in the progress of one of the most tremendous dramas ever played out upon the stage of history.'

Socially, Archbishop Manning and the Pope are equal; they retain their principles, but they are denuded of the power that has so often and so cruelly carried them out in practice. They have no Zouaves or Antibes Legion ready to execute their mandates.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* takes a very sensible estimate of the Pope's condition:—

'A jury, a reasonably free press, and a good police, will furnish him with lessons which not even Catholics will be sorry to have him learn. But the truth is, the priests and the converts do not see how all this can be made to harmonise with the newest view of the Catholic Church of a society organised on principles which differ entirely from the principles governing ordinary life, and despotically ruled by an infallible chief, placed in the midst of a model State of his own making. Their theory has been brought face to face with insurmountable difficulties, and so they persuade themselves that the whole Catholic world is in mourning.

'In a letter written to the *Times*, Sir George Bowyer almost invited an intervention of the Protestant Powers, on the ground that it had been the immemorial policy of all States to maintain the Pope in a condition of independence. Here, too, there was a conspicuous omission of all reference to

recent changes in the Pope and the Church. We are not speaking of those gradual changes which seem now to be all but consummated, such as the nearly complete conversion of the clergy into a race of human beings having nothing in common with laymen; but of the sudden assumption of powers which in general opinion are wholly novel. Was it ever a principle of European policy that an Infallible Pope should be independent? So long as the limits of the spiritual authority of the Pontiff on one side and of the Church and tradition on the other were vaguely and faintly defined, so long as the Pope was not the infallible organ but the governor of the Church, it was very natural that all the powers of the Western world should desire his independence. He has considerable direct patronage and still more considerable rights of interference with the ecclesiastical patronage of sovereigns; the greatest annoyance and jealousy might have arisen from the exercise of these administrative functions subject to foreign dictation. But a wholly different set of motives have now come into play. The Pope has got himself declared an infallible authority on a hundred matters which affect the conduct and even the allegiance of subjects. Not only on morals and politics but on international law has he asked sovereigns to bow to his award: and he has obtained plenary power to renew his interferences as often as he pleases. It is impossible to say that his freedom will be fettered at all by these late events; but, if it is, there is no reason to suppose that secular rulers

will seriously regret anything which furnishes an excuse for tacitly refusing to accept his doctrines on civil government. And, like many of their subjects, they may not regret his being compelled to endure the spectacle of institutions which they cannot get rid of.'

But it must not be forgotten that the end of the Pope-king is not the end of his power. He has armed himself with a divine attribute. Ceasing to sit as King, he will now 'sit as God.' His judgments, no longer enforced by secular and carnal weapons, will still be received by millions as the inspirations of Deity, and they will obey his behests with a fanaticism and a fury that will yet embroil nations and perplex governments, and kindle animosities far and wide. Should he proclaim a crusade against modern civilization and promise heaven to each crusader that perishes in the 'holy war,' hundreds of thousands will no doubt accept what they regard as a message from the throne of God. Should he take it into his head to depose sovereigns, his deposition will, in the judgment of Roman Catholics, carry all the weight and force of an act of the Almighty.

Infallibility without even temporal power will still do tremendous mischief. We are not yet done with the Pope. The extinction of his secular sovereignty is a terrible blow to him, but, in the hands of the Jesuits, his infallibility may do greater wonders on earth than the chassepot did at Mentana. It will be worked with unremittent zeal, and in an age of electric telegraphs and universal newspapers its

mandates can be sent in secresy or openly, as may be judged most expedient, over all the earth, and so distract governments, disturb firesides, inflame political animosities, and create a democracy burning with fanaticism, and powerful enough to deluge continents with blood. The militia of Ignatius Loyola will be called out, and they will do in secresy or silence what the Dominicans and Franciscans and other orders will try openly—disintegrate and embroil Christian churches—undermine loyalty to sovereigns and respect for their laws, and take ample revenge on those who have stripped the Pope of his sovereignty and made him as other men. Of this we may be sure, a desperate effort will be made to give the Pope an indirect power more than compensatory for the loss he has sustained. The Pope will become stronger as the King grows weaker. Discrowned he is, but not yet destroyed.

Were his religion such as is delineated in the Bible, his loss of temporal power would prove an immense gain to spiritual religion, and thereby a richer blessing to the nations of the earth. But his religion is unalterably intolerant, ambitious, and propagandist; and those weapons, of which his arsenal is full, are the most holy, which make way most successfully, and at any price, among his blinded and fanatical followers. The ambition which satisfied itself in governing a city will be succeeded by a thirst for spiritual supremacy over all that recognise his infallibility; and in proportion as it is gratified by success will it work against kings and rulers who

have aided his dethronement, in order to make them feel that they have developed his power as Pope, in proportion as they have destroyed his jurisdiction as a king.

Never, it appears to me, was it more dutiful than now to explain and expose the anti-national, anti-social, and anti-scriptural nature of the Papal religion. Only in this way, and by this urgent action, will it be possible to checkmate and intercept the influence of the Romish religion. In this way alone will be struck out light that will reveal the darkness of this restless superstition, and warn peoples against its proselytism, and destroy its otherwise successful efforts to corrupt, disturb, and convulse.

This may be done without violence, vituperation, or bitterness. We may be uncompromising without uncharitableness, and earnest without passion. In words too much ignored, 'the weapons of our warfare are not carnal but mighty.' The Pope may excommunicate kings and fulminate against them the most fearful curses in his possession, but argument, and evidence, and Scripture, he can no more beat back than Canute could repel the tides of the sea.

'Truth crushed to earth will rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error wounded writhes with pain,
And dies amid her worshippers.'

The redeemed in heaven are represented in the Apocalypse rejoicing at the doom of the great apostasy.

'Rejoice over him, thou heaven, and ye holy apostles and prophets, for God hath avenged you on him.' The next stroke will be yet more overwhelming. In anticipation, as well as at the sight, of the fall of Rome, the very citizens the Pope regarded as models of all virtues hailed the victorious troops of Victor Emmanuel and exhibited universal joy. The *Record* thus writes:—

'"The Pope's subjects are few but contented," says the *Tablet*. In the Italian correspondence of almost every English contemporary this week the *Tablet* will observe statements widely differing from his own. "There is not a town or village in the ex-Pontifical States which is not beflagged, and in which the people do not rejoice in their newly-acquired liberties." So writes a *Times* correspondent, who adds, "Their servitude was degrading and intolerable; for none can know but those who have witnessed it how irritating and galling is a despotism when exercised under the penetrating eye of a priesthood, such as existed in Naples before 1860, and such as has existed in the Pontifical States till within the last week." A *Telegraph* correspondent writes from Rome as follows:—

'"No writer could convey even a faint idea of the enthusiastic demonstration I witnessed last evening in the Corso. The whole of the city, from the farthest streets of the Trastevere quarters down to Monte Mario, was in a blaze of light. Tricolour flags, and the green, white, and red lamps, could be counted by hundreds of thousands. Amid all the

surrounding brightness, however, one portion of the city lay enveloped in darkness. In the Leonine City, the home of the Pope was gloomy while the rest of Rome was ablaze with light—morosely silent amid the loud jubilations of the liberated people."

'To the same effect writes the correspondent of the *Daily News*, in a singularly interesting letter describing the occupation of Rome. "What a glorious day!" he says. "History will record the overthrow, on the 20th September, of a despotic Government which was a scandal to Europe. I never saw such enthusiasm in the whole course of my life; old men with tears in their eyes jumping about and waving their hats and their handkerchiefs; the windows crammed with ladies waving tricolour flags and ribbons, and deafening cries of exultation." The Pope's "contented" subjects began "to pour in from every quarter with tricolour flags in their hands," shouting for the King of Italy and for the army, while hundreds of exiles, with tears of joy in their eyes, exulted at the idea of entering again into Rome:—

"'But a still finer spectacle was awaiting me. The Squadriglieri [semi-military bands of peasantry, brigands, and released criminals], for fear of being massacred by the people, had fortified themselves in the square of the Capitol. They had made a barricade of mattresses, from which they could well fire without being touched, and they had posted two pieces of artillery against the esplanade Piazza d'Ara Cœli. The bottom of the esplanade was occupied by Bersa-

glieri. The Squadriglieri fired three times on them, doing no harm. I was looking up the deserted esplanade, thinking every moment that a brisk fire might be opened against us, when of a sudden I heard shrieks at the top. I saw the barricade fall down, and a mass of people waving hats and flags. I ran up with an imposing wave of people. The scene looked as though it had been all arranged for a dramatic effect. A regiment of infantry had arrived in the square by back streets, had surprised the Squadriglieri, and had made them all prisoners. The General commanding one of the brigades was besieged by men, women, and children, kissing his hands, and the very legs of his horse, and crying; 'Long live our liberators!' Some fifty men ran up the staircase and broke the door open. After a few minutes they were covering the steeple, and were hoisting the Italian flag on the tower of the Capitol. That event, foretold by Count Cavour, and which inspired every act of the Italians during eleven years, was now fulfilled, and I was fortunate enough to see it. The bells began pealing, the military band playing the Royal March, and thousands of voices crying 'Long live Victor Emmanuel in the Capitol!'"

'"*Roma e nostra.*" This is the voice of a now united Italy, and Rome rejoices, for she is free.'

The Roman correspondent of the *Times*, writing on the 20th, describes the entry of the Italians into Rome. On marching into the city, he says, 'A grand and impressive spectacle met our eyes. On the one hand, crowds of men

and women belonging to the Roman people of all classes and ages, with their classical heads, Grecian profiles, and marble white complexions, were for a moment forgetting their accustomed placid expression, their dignified gait, and majestic bearing, in a frantic burst of enthusiastic applause, clapping their hands, embracing the national flag, surrounding the Italian soldiers who had taken up their position just under those wonderful and gigantic Horses of Phidias on Monte Cavello. On the other, prisoners taken at the gates slowly defiling with their bright dresses, spotless and somewhat theatrical uniforms, who formed a striking contrast with the soiled and dusty garments and tanned countenances of our Italians; not a straw, not a speck of dust to be seen on their dress, and alas! for their glory, not a drop of blood visible on the hands of these valiant warriors who had so shortly before sworn to die rather than surrender. I observed two officers belonging to the Antibes Legion chatting complacently for some time with the Lieutenant-Colonel of the 41st, just in front of that superb amphitheatre which opens on to St. Peter's and the Leonine city from the peristyle of the Palace of the Guardia Mobile. Men on horseback bearing tricoloured flags with all sorts of patriotic inscriptions, young men and women, with that noble type of countenance which distinguishes the Romans, and affords so striking a contrast to the eye of the traveller arriving from Florence, and involuntarily leads to comparison with the puny, undignified Tuscan race, are crowding round the Italian soldiers. Loud cries

of "*Roma Capitale!*" "*Viva la Libertà!*" "*Viva l'Italia!*" are to be heard on all sides, while a group of youths shout "*Jamais, Jamais!*" in ironical remembrance of the memorable words of M. Rouher. The portion of the Italian troops in which most Roman emigrants are to be found, and which had accordingly been especially selected for the occasion, are busy embracing old friends who have just recognised them, and altogether the scene is one of universal rejoicing.

'About half-past two P.M. we were able to reach the Corso and Piazza Colonna, and here all the houses were bright with flags of all possible shapes, dimensions, and materials, and almost all bearing the arms of the House of Savoy. It was not difficult to see that they had been prepared beforehand. Here it was, in the very heart of the city that we found the most lively enthusiasm, if, indeed, the term enthusiasm can properly be applied to the feeling of cordial rejoicing and intense relief which was unmistakably marked in every face. The whole population sang the Bersaglieri hymn, citizens preceding and following the troops, for Piedmontese discipline forbids any fraternisation which may tempt the soldier to fall out of rank as long as he is under arms. Meanwhile the bulk of the Pontifical troops had retired to the opposite bank of the Tiber, and still held the Vatican and Castel S. Angelo. It was not until four P.M. that this body of soldiers, mustering about 8000 men, consented to capitulate, in obeyance to the commands of his Holiness Pius IX., who by that time

was either really moved, or, at any rate, had succeeded in having his orders complied with. The capitulation was then signed by Count Carpegna and the Marquis de Mestre.

'It is not, however, the women alone who display the national colours wherever it is possible to place them, for there is not a man to be seen without the tricoloured cockade in his hat, and the tricoloured riband in his button-hole. There is a flag on every carriage, and even the horses have their red-green-white streamers. The bust of Victor Emmanuel is to be seen everywhere crowned with fresh laurels, and his portrait greets you in every shop-window. In short, the people are quite beside themselves, and do not know what to invent to display their loyalty and enthusiasm. Nearly all those who take part in the procession seem tradespeople in easy circumstances, and well dressed. All have huge "*Si's*" ("Yes") on their hats in anticipation of the *Plébiscite*.'

This is a tremendous revolution. It strikes at the root of Romanism. It is a blow at once fatal and irrevocable. The *Plébiscite* has dispersed the Pope's opinions of his flock, and proved by a majority of votes, crushing and final, that the Pope's dethronement is his people's joy. They rejoice over the catastrophe. 'Babylon is fallen, fallen, fallen. Rejoice over her thou heaven, and ye holy apostles and prophets.'

VII.

'THE SEA AND THE WAVES ROARING.'

LUKE, XXI. 25.

WE have in these words another sign preceding and heralding, as the Redeemer declares, the close of our present mundane economy. These are not the words of the uninspired. They are the words of the Divine Prophet, the Son of Man. They must be fulfilled. Do recent or present phenomena exhaust or fulfil this inspired prophecy? Such is a fair and even dutiful investigation. If nothing abnormal has occurred in the condition of the sea, or in the action of its waters, to justify our conclusion that the predicted and premonitory sign of the close of our present dispensation has been rendered into facts, we must have erred in our judgment, and the sign still waits for its manifestation.

All I dare venture to attempt is to place under the prediction the recorded phenomena, and leave the reader to form his opinion. We may not prophesy, nor dare we try to do so. But it is our duty to read and compare inspired and written prophecies

if we would fulfil the sacred duty of studying prophecy in the light of history.

Mr. Taylor, the excellent writer I have already quoted, enumerates many proofs of the fulfilment of this sign. He says:—'It is not claimed that the so-called "tidal waves" are anything new. They accompany all maritime and submarine earthquakes. But the increase of terrestrial disturbances as predicted by Jesus, was to mark the last age above every age before it, and the ocean-tossings of course would accompany these disturbances. And in the ratio in which earthquakes on land increase, in the same ratio it is seen that the ocean is fearfully turbulent, the same causes operating to produce both.

'In 1861, on the island of Sumatra, great waves dashed high upon the shore, destroying many lives. More especially since the period of the Great Reformation, do historians of such phenomena register the occurrence of these angry agitations of the ocean in great earthquakes. Prof. Dana calls them "great and powerful waves, which sometimes travel for thousands of miles." Or, as W. H. Chaney, in a New York journal, more fully explains them:—"The great ocean of fire becomes agitated, sending its tidal wave from continent to continent. The briny deep receives the shock, and a tidal wave of water responds to the tidal wave of fire." It is doubtless the vertical shock which causes these,—the floor of the ocean is suddenly lifted, and the waters go rolling, rushing, and "roaring," to one side of the sea-

basin. The maritime inhabitants tremble at their coming. The experience engendered is FEAR. Thus our Lord predicted the result, "men's hearts failing them for *fear*." (Luke, xxi. 26.)

'It is possible that this prediction yet remains to be accomplished on a grander and more terrible scale; but present facts and the language of eye-witnesses strangely answer to the words of Jesus. Recent tidal waves are styled "appalling;" they are said to create "fear, dread, alarm, trembling, and terror: there was extreme panic; consternation of men and animals; the air was resonant with shrieks; we stood as if paralyzed; there was intense excitement, for people could not tell what was going to happen; if all the dead had started from their graves before us, we could not have been more terrified." Thus do men describe these watery horrors that devour human beings, great cities, and massive ships of war. "One of the most interesting of earthquake phenomena," says Mr. Ponton, "is the great sea-wave which rolls in upon the land with such destructive effects."

'A writer in *Harper's Magazine* for March, 1869, speaks of these as "that most horrible of phenomena—the tidal wave," and says: "How many struggling mortals has it swept back into the deep! What countless ships has it crushed against the shores! What mighty cities has it plundered of life and wealth, strewing their fine streets with the ocean sand, and peopling their palaces with sea-monsters! In fact, the terrors of the earthquake

are redoubled on the sea-shore, when we remember that its work of destruction is only half completed until the ocean has come up to share in its dreadful deeds."

'Since the mid-summer of 1867, all the waters of the globe have been disturbed by the earthquake forces beneath them. A clergyman at Concord, N.H., has registered over twenty of these surging waves in as many different localities. Our own records make an equal number. These tossings of the sea would sometimes continue for a whole day. The *New York Tribune* asserts that they have accompanied all the most serious earthquake disturbances. Both the great ocean waters of the Atlantic and Pacific have been agitated in their whole extent. We mention in particular the tidal waves at St. Thomas and all the neighbouring islands, which were full fifty feet in height, there being three in succession; the great wave at Grenada Island, Dec. 10th, 1867; that on the whole coast of South America in Aug., 1868, in Peru there being eleven waves in rapid succession; at the Sandwich Islands, April 2nd, 1868, and subsequently at the Island of Juan Fernandez, at Japan, in New Zealand, and in New South Wales, during 1868; in Lower California, and in Kamtchatka, Aug. 15th; at Chili, Sept. 14th; in the Caribbean Sea, April 7th; on the Mexican coast in November; in Peru, Oct. 13th; in the Baltic Sea in October; at Arica, Dec. 13th; in the Pacific Ocean in the same month; and at the Sandwich Islands, Oct. 4th.

'The waters of the lakes in California and in Oregon have also been troubled. One lake in Oregon was utterly dried up. The shores of Texas have been swept by terrible seas, and China has similarly suffered. The great lakes of the United States suddenly rose and fell, and tidal waves have been observed in the harbours of Boston and New York. On the 13th of August, Callao was all dashed away by the sea. The sea rose sixty feet at Hawaii, April 1st to the 13th, and two villages were utterly destroyed. The shores of all the numerous islands of Polynesia and Australia must have been swept, and more or less submerged, by the seas that rolled westward from the coasts of Peru in August, and by those from Hawaii in April. The first-named waves dashed all night on doomed Hawaii, creating great alarm among the people. The great sea rolling out from South America in August, reached even the shores of Kamtchatka, ten thousand miles away. Never were these waves so numerous and so universal, as during the past two years.

'The ocean's "roar" on these occasions is exceedingly frightful. Men describe it in the strongest language. It is styled "astounding,"—"with great violence,"—"a strange noise, dull and prolonged,"—"the thundering approach of a heavy sea,"—"an appalling sound,"—"roaring with a terrific noise,"—"standing up like a white masoned wall, erect and straight as if made after a rule,"—"hissing, seething, and casting up clouds of spray mingled with

sulphurous fumes,"—"coming with a noise resembling thunder,"—"the roar of the terrible incoming sea,"—"the unusual roar of the sea,"—"the mighty grasp of the sea,"—"the sea was terribly agitated,"—"the sea suddenly overflowed the city,"—"the sea rushed in and receded with great violence,"—"immense tidal waves which swept away full one-half of the town,"—"five times did such a wave rise,"—"the sea had, to use the expression, shrugged up to an immense height; we could not measure it,"—"the sea rose sixty feet, and everything was submerged,"—"a tidal wave sixty feet high rose over the tops of the cocoa-trees a quarter of a mile inland, sweeping human beings, houses, and everything movable before it." "At Lower California, August 15th, the sea rose in great waves sixty feet above high-water mark, and then fell sixty feet below low-water mark," making a variation of one hundred and twenty feet! The immeasurable brine writhing with a new and unheard-of agony!"

At Arica, the British Vice-Consul was an eye-witness. He exclaims, 'Gracious God, what a sight! I saw all the vessels in the bay carried out irresistibly to sea (anchors and chains were as packthread), probably with a speed of ten miles an hour. In a few minutes the great outward current stopped, stemmed by a mighty rising wave, I should judge. about fifty feet high, which came in with an awful rush, carrying all before it in its terrible majesty, bringing the whole of the shipping with it, sometimes turning in circles, as if striving to elude their

fate.' At Lima, a writer says, 'I saw the whole surface of the sea rise, as if a mountain-side, actually standing up. Another shock, accompanied with a fearful roar, now took place. I called to my companions to run for their lives on to the Pampa. Too late! With a horrid crash the sea was on us, and at one sweep—one terrible sweep—dashed what was Iquique on to the Pampa. I lost my companions, and in an instant was fighting with the dark water. The mighty wave surged and roared and leaped. The cries of human beings and animals were dreadful.'

Thus do the overflowing floods devour. It is impossible to conceive a more striking fulfilment of the words of the Saviour. It would seem highly probable that the Psalmist David foresaw and described these tossings of the great oceans as being the appointed signs and heralds of the last advent of the Lord, when he prophetically exclaims, 'Let *the sea roar* and the fulness thereof; the world and they that dwell therein. Let the *floods clap their hands:* let the hills be joyful together before the Lord; for *he cometh to judge the earth:* with righteousness shall he judge the world, and the people with equity.'

'The speed of these sea-flows from continent to continent is no less remarkable. From the shores of South America they travelled to California, northward, four thousand miles, in a little over fourteen hours. Towards the south-west, in the direction of New Zealand, they passed from the coast-line of

Peru over six thousand miles in twenty-nine hours. The waves from Hawaii crossed the ocean to California, a distance of three thousand miles, in five hours, and the rolling waters, driven from Peru by the great earthquake, traversed the distance to the Sandwich Islands, full five thousand miles away, in the incredible period of four hours; which facts, it will be seen, give a speed of from six hundred to twelve hundred miles per hour! The *Scientific American*, quoting a San Francisco paper, says, "These facts convey a very impressive idea of the tremendous power required to disturb *the whole body of an ocean* for a distance of from three to five thousand miles, by a movement distinct from its ordinary tidal swing."

'In one single cyclone, at Nassau, in 1867, there were six hundred vessels destroyed and injured, and twelve hundred houses blown down, with loss of many lives. In Labrador, in October that year, a dreadful hurricane caused a loss of thirty-seven persons, thirty vessels, and nearly a million of property.

'In the Isle of France, in March 1868, by an awful hurricane forty-seven vessels were destroyed, and fifty thousand people left houseless; the damage to property being untold. Northern Italy experienced such floods in September of the same year as had not occurred previously for one hundred and sixty years. It rained for thirty days almost in succession. Great floods in Switzerland destroyed property estimated at $2,000,000. In May, a hail-

storm in Texas occasioned damage to the amount of more than half a million dollars. Devastating wind-storms occurred in all the countries in South America, which were rocked with the late great earthquake, and their violence was without a parallel.

'The record of disasters to shipping and steam-vessels on the great lakes and seas and oceans, will show how fearfully the heavens have been shaken. The disasters to vessels of all descriptions on the great lakes of North America in 1861, was two hundred and seventy-five; in 1862, it was three hundred; in 1863, three hundred and fifty; in 1864, three hundred and seventy-nine; in 1865, five hundred; in 1866, six hundred and twenty-one; in 1867, it was nine hundred and thirty-one; and in 1868, the figures leaped up to the astonishing number of twelve hundred and ninety-seven, which is nearly five times as many as in 1861. On the occasion, the record of loss is still more appalling. In 1857, the marine losses of vessels to the United States was about five hundred. In 1858, 1859, and 1860, the average loss was three hundred and fifty-three annually. For the seven years following, to the end of 1867, the annual loss was nearly five hundred and ten vessels, while the total number of such losses in a period of eleven consecutive years, from 1858 down to the fall of 1868, swelled up in round numbers to five thousand vessels, whose united value amounted to two hundred millions of dollars

These facts are quoted from *Harper's Magazine* for March, 1869.

'The same authority also says,—"In one month of 1861, in which thirty-eight vessels were wrecked, the loss of life was put down at two hundred, and 'very heavy.' If the average for each week is put down at only thirty lives, it can be shown that during the last ten years, fourteen thousand six hundred and forty-nine persons have been lost in American vessels, or about fifteen hundred a-year. Think of five drowned bodies being cast daily upon the sand of our coast!" Again we are told,—"The average of vessels lost, or partly lost, it will be seen, is over thirty-five each a-month, or one a-day; in money the average loss is nearly one million five hundred thousand dollars a-month, or fifty thousand per day. Enormous as this may seem, it is but an insignificant portion of the total casualties of the whole world."

'Great Britain lost by stranding and wrecks, in 1858, eight hundred and sixty-nine vessels; and in 1859, there were ten hundred and sixty-seven vessels lost. 'In the last-named year, the *Weekly Register of Board of Trade* said, that the lives lost by these wrecks were the largest number ever recorded on the British coast in one year, it being sixteen hundred and forty-five persons. In the first week in December, 1863, there were fourteen hundred vessels of all descriptions and nations wrecked in the Mediterranean Sea. From 1858 to

1866, the total casualties of all countries amounted to eleven thousand seven hundred and eleven vessels, of which number twenty-five hundred and thirteen were totally wrecked. The year 1867 swelled the total casualties at sea for all nations, to twelve thousand five hundred and thirteen vessels. Of this sum no less than twenty-eight hundred and seventy-three were totally lost, while the loss of life and property was doubtless correspondingly great. Of these vessels twenty per cent went to pieces on the English coast, the gales on that shore being of the most violent description. The Paris *Bureau Veritas* registers the loss of sailing vessels for but six of the great nations, to be three thousand and forty-five, with one hundred and forty-five steamers, for the single year 1867.

'Doubtless in all these enormous losses, a part of the increase is due to the greater number of vessels afloat on all waters, but it seems impossible to assume that this accounts for the whole increasing annual ratio of disasters, especially since the introduction by modern science of numerous improvements in the art and means of navigation, which greatly tends to reduce the proportion of maritime casualties. The true reason will be found in the increased severity and frequency of the cyclones and gales that for twenty-five years past have swept the ocean with a fury hitherto unknown. The year 1868 went out with earthquakes in the bed of the Atlantic, and its vast waters foaming with storms, " which," says the *New York Tribune* of Jan. 13th,

"never before in the history of the ocean mail service, so seriously interrupted communication." And again, February 24th, the same paper says, "Those who sail on the ocean bear testimony to its having been one of the most continuous seasons of gales and tempests ever recorded." Capt. J. A. Morland, of the Cunard steamer *China*, affirms that he "had been navigating the Atlantic ocean for the past twenty-seven years, and he never during the whole course of his service experienced such severe storms." And thus our Lord said it would be near the close of this dispensation.

'In our brief records we have not spoken of the terrible cyclone in India in 1861, which destroyed full sixty thousand people; of the unparalleled floods of California in 1862, when hundreds of persons were drowned, and it was estimated that property to the gigantic sum of fifty million dollars was destroyed, and of which it was emphatically declared by well-informed persons, that history furnished no record of such a deluge since the days of Noah; nor of the great winds and floods in the waters of the Gulf of Mexico adjacent to Texas and Louisiana in 1864, when the sea rose twenty feet, and ninety persons were drowned. Indeed we have not enumerated one-half the wreck and ruin occasioned by earthquake, flood, tempest, and fire. The earth has been unsafe to dwell on, and the air has been filled with hurtling missiles. Each of the past two years contributed a shower of aerolites or burning stones falling in myriads into

our atmosphere; the summer of 1868 saw a great aerolite of five or six tons' weight fall in Tennessee; and an enormous bolide or burning stone appearing in mid air over the city of Warsaw in Poland, and bursting and scattering in ten thousand fragments all over the earth. This awful implement of destruction is estimated to have been over a mile in diameter! God in mercy restrained it in its descent upon a great city. To crown this mass of fearful sights and great signs, in 1867 a star in the constellation *Corona* appeared to be on fire, and amid the wondering gaze of men of science seemed to disappear in the flames—a world on fire and consumed in the far-off heavens!

"It is impossible not to see God's hand in all these extraordinary wonders, these calamities and marvellous events every year transpiring right before our eyes. Truly it may be said, "The *floods* have lifted up, O Lord, the *floods* have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves;" but the Christian may exclaim, "The Lord on high is mightier than *the noise of many waters*, yea, than the *mighty waves of the sea*."* Man's only wisdom and safety in a world so evidently marked out for ruin as ours, is in following a path of holiness and a careful service of the omnipotent God. With His everlasting arms underneath, the dear Church of Christ may confidently say, "Therefore will we not fear, though *the earth* be removed, and though *the mountains* be carried into the midst of the sea;

* Psalm xciii. 4.

though the waters thereof *roar* and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof."

These recorded phenomena, collected from various reliable sources, go far to illustrate, if not to exhaust, the words of the prediction, 'The sea and the waves roaring.'

In this ceaselessly exciting age, and amid the multiplicity of its interests and events breaking upon us every day, we are prone to overlook those impressive coincidences. It is therefore wise and well to recall them to our minds, that we may not only appreciate 'the sure word of prophecy,' but also lift up our hearts above the floods, and feel that our 'redemption draweth nigh.'

Most truly does the *Times* write, in August 11, 1870: 'Our people want a stronger sense of mutual dependence. They want quickening. They want raising to something higher than food and clothing, regular wages, improving prospects, grand inventions, great improvements, sanitary reforms, and even art and design. A vast amount of the philanthropy and amusing literature of the age is already palling on the more masculine minds among the working classes. High up there is a great want of new fields of enterprise, and higher calls to duty. There are volcanic fires everywhere under our feet. It may be that impending events are destined to heat and weld us into a stronger and higher unity. But what may be to-morrow should be prepared for to-day. All England, Ireland, and Scotland, should

prepare for the worst as it may now seem to us; and for this preparation the best and only model we need study is the example of the two great nations now in the fell act and mutual grip of war.'

A day will break on the torn earth and the roaring sea full of calm, and beauty, and repose. In the sense of storm and division, its angry waters will be laid. At present its stormy waves roll over the dead of terrible battles and of gigantic wrecks. The six hundred who formed the gallant crew of England's grandest iron-clad lie deep down in its silent caves, and every hurricane that sweeps over its waste of waters commits new victims to its keeping.

But one day the trumpet shall sound, and 'the sea shall give up the dead that are in it,' and out of that huge cemetery of long generations of mankind millions will rise, and rush, under an impulse they cannot if they would resist, to the Judge Eternal, whose is the sea, and the dry land, and the vision of the poet shall become the sight of mankind.

'The ocean looketh up to heaven,
As 'twere a living thing;
The homage of its waves is given
In ceaseless worshipping.

'They kneel upon the sloping sand,
As bends the human knee;
A beautiful and tireless band,
The priesthood of the sea.'

VIII.

MEN'S HEARTS FAILING THEM FOR FEAR.

EARTHQUAKES in rapid succession rocking the earth; great waves rising to the height of sixty feet, sweeping over the surface of the sea, and casting ships and great ocean steamers on the rocks and dry land; tornadoes that overwhelm the noblest naval creations—indicate a disturbed condition of our world, and reasonably awe the hearts and deeply impress the souls of the least credulous of our race, and awake those premonitions of judgment which the cares of this world have overlaid.

When finance becomes perplexed, and commerce receives a shock, there is awakened a wide-spread feeling of anxious uncertainty, and men's hearts fear great fiscal and monetary catastrophes. But when the very earth they live on, and the foundations of cathedral and palace rock, and the lofty towers and spires that have survived the tempests of four hundred years tilt and threaten to fall, people feel 'the foundations are destroyed, and the bases of all things disturbed, and terror at what they see, and fear of

yet worse things coming on the earth, take possession of their hearts. They are at their wits' end.'

It is in such moments also that they see their own sins in their true light, and their lives as they never read them before; and conscience, quickened into active life, begins to reason of temperance, and righteousness, and judgment to come. They now discover that their life is bound up in the present; their hearts full of the things and thoughts of this life, and their supposed regard for eternal things unreal and visionary; and their hearts faint and languish as they feel their only anchorage-ground disappearing from their hold.

Modern society has to a terrible extent been absorbed in sensuous tastes and sensual pleasures—in divine words, 'in the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, and the love of the present world.' Imbedded in material enjoyment, the soul loses all relish for eternal interests.

The earthquake that shatters such a state is a missionary from God. Signs in the sun, and moon, and stars, that break up the unconcern and lethargy of the human heart, constitute a beneficent apocalypse. Men who have failed to hear God in the still small voice, hear Him in the thunderstorm, and feel Him in the throes of the earthquake, and very naturally judge that these are but premonitory symptoms of yet greater calamities coming on the earth. The earthquake is one of the outriders of the Eternal. The voice sounds in many a heart, 'Prepare to meet thy God.'

The *New York Sun*, for Nov. 19th, 1868, expresses this sense of fear:—'Such a universal pother in the bowels of this planet was never known before in human experience. . . . . Certain it is that a great rebellion has taken place for some cause or other, and that the earth has been shaken from centre to circumference. So far from there being any decrease of vigour in the igneous energies, they are more active than ever. What is the meaning of all this?'

The *Scientific American*, October, 1868, wrote:—'Everything indicates unusual atmospheric disturbances. Overhead and under foot the elements are warring with terrific energy. The recent eruption of Vesuvius, the earthquakes in the West Indies and the Sandwich Islands, the meteoric falls of 1866 and 1867, the alleged shifting of the Gulf Stream nearer to the eastern continent, and above all the accounts just received of the disastrous earthquake in southern Peru and Ecuador, exceeded in destructive effect by only two similar events on record, constitute a series of remarkable occurrences, which may not perhaps be rashly regarded as *the commencement of an epoch of permanent physical and climatic change* to which the earth is destined. Some will see in these events *the fulfilment of prophecy*, and the indications of moral and political changes not less momentous.'

'The same scientific authority, January 1st, 1869, in an article entitled, 'The Eventful Year of our Lord 1868,' observes, 'The year 1868 will henceforth

be known as *the earthquake year*. History has not on its records a period of such universal terrestrial convulsion as the one just left behind us, and scarcely one of greater disaster from this cause. These terrible visitations are gradually *changing the physical aspect of our globe*. . . . .

The *New York Times*, Nov. 17, 1868, asks:—'What is to be the end of these earthquake shocks and subterranean rumblings, of which accounts are reaching us from all parts of America and Europe? . . . . If they do not show *that the world is coming to an end*, they certainly show that it is being shaken by some force possessed of a power sufficiently tremendous to shatter its solid structure in a way altogether beyond human calculation. But puny man is helpless before it.'

'And when we read,' writes Mr. Taylor, 'of a coming earthquake so widespread, and awful, and ruinous, as to have no precedent in the history of man, when holy Scripture everywhere sets forth that God will, in an hour when mortals little dream, visit an evil world as He visited "Ariel," "with thunder and with earthquake, and great noise, with storm and tempest, and the flame of devouring fire," when, we are taught in the most perfect book of science ever written, that a day will come when "the windows shall be opened from on high, and the foundations of the earth shall shake;" and the astonished beholder may cry out with the prophet, "The earth is entirely broken to pieces; the earth is rent to fragments; the earth is greatly shaken; the earth

reels like a drunken man; it moves hither and thither like a (traveller's) hammock; its transgression is heavy upon it, and it has fallen to rise no more," until "The earth and all the inhabitants thereof are dissolved" by Him who declares, "I bear up the pillars of it,"—it is high time for impenitent men of all classes, high and low, to repent of their sins, and without a single day's delay seek that holiness without which no man shall see the Lord.

"And when men like Humboldt admit the earth to be in a constant tremor by reason of the furious and fiery forces at its heart; when scientists, with the keen sagacity of Thorpe, demonstrate by proven theories that the crust of the earth, by reason of immense masses becoming detached and falling into the burning lake below, is growing thinner at a rapid rate; when philosophers like Ponton give actual proof of the annual increase in the frequency of earthquakes, in particular of what are termed "great earthquakes;" and when stubborn facts give fourteen or fifteen of this latter class as occurring in two years, with two hundred different earthquakes in fourteen months, and an average of two thousand shocks felt each year; and when eminent Christian geologists, like the late Dr. Edward Hitchcock, testify that "All geologists agree that the elements of the earth's final conflagration are contained within its bosom, or upon its surface: at present these elments are so bound down by counteracting agencies that all is quiet and security. But let the fiat of the Almighty go forth for their libera-

tion, and the scenes of the Last Day, as described in the Bible, will commence; the ploughshare of ruin will be driven onward until this fair world is all engulphed, and no trace of organic life remains:" we insist that with such utterances and facts blazoned forth at noonday, we, who have made the prophetic word our careful study for a period of a quarter of a century, and do see the light that is now shining, shall not stay for the dreamy indifference of a sleeping church, nor be hindered by a mocking world, but send out with affectionate solemnity a world-wide voice of entreaty and warning, and cry, "The Judge is at the door! Prepare to meet Him!"

'*Harper's Magazine*, for March, 1869, asserts that "no danger so affrights the mind as that of the impending earthquake; no thought is so terrific as that of the firm land shaking and crumbling beneath us." Darwin says:—"A powerful earthquake at once destroys the oldest associations; the world, the very emblem of all that is solid, has moved beneath our feet like a crust over a fluid: one second of time has conveyed to the mind a strange idea of insecurity, which hours of reflection would never have created."

'Humboldt attests the general fear. "To man," he writes, "the earthquake conveys the idea of some universal and unlimited danger. We may flee from the crater of a volcano in active eruption, or from a locality threatened by the approach of a lava stream; but in an earthquake, direct our flight whithersoever we will, we still feel as though we trode upon the

very focus of destruction! Every sound—the faintest motion in the air—arrests our attention, and we no longer trust the ground on which we stand." And this horror is heightened by the thought of what might occur as expressed by a graphic writer, who, in describing the great earthquake at San Francisco, says:—'They come without warning. Their work of destruction is done in an instant. Buildings go down with a crash. They may come at midnight, or at any hour of the day, and men are powerless. A whirlwind may destroy more lives; disease may sweep men into the grave; fire may lay the city in ashes; but none of these disasters fill men with such terror as that produced by an earthquake. Men can stand with cool nerves amid the leaden rain and iron hail of the battle-field and see their comrades torn to pieces by their side with composure, but when an earth-wave rolls beneath their feet their hearts are like water. We think of the earth as the only solid, substantial, and abiding thing,—all else is changing;—when in fact it is only an eggshell with a yoke of liquid fire seething within. What if there were to be a great rift in the crust, and the ocean let in upon the fiery mass? The generation of steam and gases would blow this great terrestrial bombshell into millions of fragments in a twinkling!"

Bishop Heber writes:—

'The Lord will come, *the earth shall quake*,
The hills their fixed seats forsake.

'In the sun and moon and stars,
Signs and wonders there shall be;
Earth shall quake with inward wars,
Nations with perplexity.

'Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,
Tossed with stronger tempests rise;
Darker storms the mountains sweep,
Fiercer lightnings rend the skies.

'Evil thoughts shall shake the proud,
Racking doubt and restless fear;
And amid the thunder-cloud
Shall the Judge of man appear.

'But though from that awful face,
Heaven shall fade, and earth shall fly;
Fear ye not, his chosen race,
Your redemption draweth nigh.'

One feels that in fire or storms at sea — in great political convulsions, he can do something. His reminiscence of his lordship over the earth comes before him fresh and strong. But in the earthquake his strength is utterly paralyzed; and the man who often said and always felt 'no God' in other conditions, recognises in the surging earthquake and the falling buildings a higher presence, and owns 'it is the finger of God.' And he fears, and faints, and looks for yet worse things coming on the earth. These words embody the impression made on the minds and hearts of people finding themselves amid the rocking of an earthquake.

We understand a ship going down in full sail, or the ironclad *Captain* sinking as a stone in the

depths of the ocean, or a house falling from the frailty of its walls or the giving way of the foundation. But we feel something approaching the supernatural when we see the houses and the streets oscillate and tremble, and the earth open, and a kingdom rock from its foundations.

A few years ago we felt one Sunday the action of an earthquake, and in the public press we read what impression it made on the people.

The *Times*, in its comments on this phenomenon, stated:—'There runs under us a large crack in the earth's crust,—who knows how deep or how wide? A few depository strata have fallen in and joined the edges of the abyss, and here and there the masses below have been thrown out by the closer packing of the earth's contents, and who knows what enormous voids—what large quantities of imprisoned gas—what seas of molten metal, there may be only a few miles below this fair surface? But if a small earthquake, even an imperceptible one, why not an earthquake to destroy a metropolis?'

We can conduct away the lightning from our houses—we can do much to ward off or mitigate the pestilence. When our crops fail we can apply to foreign ports and receive abundance, and we can mitigate by insurance losses by fire. But the earthquake is taken out of our hands. No insurance against it is valid, or indeed possible. The desolation in its strength and area is too vast. The *Times*, referring to the same phenomenon, said, 'Earthquakes speak to the superstitious generations

that demand a sign; and will only be taught by portents they are the thunderings and gatherings of Sinai.'

It is particularly important to notice that the prophetic announcement of the feelings of mankind in the midst of the heavings of the last great convulsion, 'men's hearts failing them for fear and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth,' is justified by what accompanied the earthquake in England. The same journal observed, 'Many felt it who will never forget the feeling, and many even heard it who will carry the awful sound in the ear to their dying day. Almost everywhere, strange to say, it suggested "the thief in the night."'

The naturalist regards an earthquake as one of the fixed phenomena of nature. He classes it with showers, and sunshine, and thunder. He does not hear in its subterranean voices the echoes of Sinai—nor in its desolation and rending of hills and rocks the footsteps of Deity.

The atheist urges, it has always been so and ever will be. He sees no shadow of Deity sweep over heaven or earth. Amid the sublime scenes of Sinai, the sufferings of Calvary, or the tongues of Pentecost, as everywhere else, his words would be "No God."

Superstition regards the earthquake as the avenger come to destroy. When the catastrophe is greatest he infers criminality must be greatest also. It may not be so. To the Christian's ear it may sound as the warning cry in the parable, 'Behold

the Bridegroom cometh,' and he will arise and trim his lamp, and go out to meet him.

The Christian alone here, as everywhere, recognises the hand of God. He sees his Lord in the mission of the sunbeams—in the descending rains—in the opening flowers—and in the ripening fruit—in the comet, as it moves along its eccentric orbit—in the pestilence that walketh in darkness—in the war that convulses a continent—and in the earthquake that shakes down the hills. The earthquake emphatically reveals God in the background. It is one of long-forgotten forces in the arsenal of the Most High, held in reserve for the last day. The close of each of our great prophetic periods 1792, 1822, and 1867, has been ushered in by earthquakes, and, as already stated, the impression produced on those who felt these vibrations beneath their feet, was precisely that indicated as the result of the last great earthquake, men's hearts failing for fear.

IX.

THE EVE OF JUDGMENT.

OUR Blessed Lord tells us that the evening of this dispensation will be covered with clouds similar in kind, but denser, darker, and more ominous of retribution than that which closed the first economy with the flood. Moral evil will have reached its intensest development. Sinners will be daringly sinful. Unexpected by the mass of mankind, but not unforetold by the ambassadors of Christ, the judgment of heaven, long accumulated and long restrained, will descend on the last generation of mankind. It is a vain but too common delusion to expect that any existing activities, Christian, missionary, or political, will inaugurate everlasting peace. Peace-making in its existing sense in peace societies is waste of time. An empire without an emperor—a kingdom without a king, are not so vain as peace without the Prince of Peace.

Light follows sunset, and peace the reign and return of Him who made peace between God and men by His blood, and will make peace by His presence among the kingdoms and societies of this world.

The late Dr. Lord, of America, very happily states the case:—

'There is nothing in the disordered nature and constitution of man; nothing in the organizations of social life, which are but the aggregation and embodiment of depraved individuals; nothing in the law of life and continuance impressed by the Creator equally upon individuals and collective bodies; nothing in the prophecies of Scripture which have been fulfilled in the past history of the nations; nothing in the present state of the world, Pagan, Jewish, or Christian; nothing in unfulfilled prophecy if interpreted in consistency and harmony with the past; nothing in the doctrinal theology of the Bible, or any ethical science built upon it; there is nothing in all or any of these which justifies the belief of a self-restoring power of man, or the progressive development of society into a perfect state, or any purpose of God to produce by His word and Spirit in connexion with natural civilization, a universal perfect state before the dissolution of the present order of things, and the second coming of Christ. But, contrarily, it is evident, that the universal perfect state which is promised in the Holy Scriptures in which righteous men shall possess the earth, God has provided for by a particular and express supernatural covenant, which is independent and exclusive of all natural civilizations, and has its successive fulfilments in all ages, only as they are successively overthrown.'

Were this the mere conjecture of man, it would

be of little weight. But it is so often and so fully stated in the inspired record that one wonders at the popular misconception. Every prophecy, whether from the lips of our Redeemer, or from the epistles of St. Paul, or from the Seer of Patmos, equally indicate that our present dispensation will see a yet greater darkness, and more tremendous calamities; and that from above will descend, with the return of the Prince of Peace, the sunshine, and peace, and joy that do not end.

The world in the days of Noah is thus described: —'And it came to pass that the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose. And the Lord said, My spirit shall not always strive with man, for that he also is flesh. There were giants in the earth in those days. And God saw the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually. And it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart. The earth also was corrupt before God, and the earth was filled with violence. And God looked upon the earth, and, behold, it was corrupt; for all flesh had corrupted his way upon the earth.'

This is a portrait drawn by no inaccurate pen, but by a historian inspired by the Spirit of God. The last generation on earth will be a reproduction of this.

In the days before the flood the heart of man was 'deceitful above all things, and desperately

wicked.' It will be so on the eve of judgment. Is the natural heart improved? There is no evidence of it. Sins no less flagrant come out of the unsanctified and unregenerated heart this very year. We may be more civilised, but not more sanctified; we have more knowledge, but no more grace. Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, appetites, and desires only, until sanctified by the Holy Spirit.

Education without religion does not make man's heart one whit holier. Education without religion does man so far good—that it tends to civilise. But it does not sanctify—the element of vital religion is required to accomplish this; because mere secular education is not enough, we do not assert it is in itself evil: it may improve man as an inhabitant of this world, but it cannot fit him for being an inhabitant of a higher. If we carry filings of steel from a muddy street to a lovely garden, there is an improvement in their condition; but if we hold a magnet over them, we give them another direction; the former is horizontal, and on the plane of the earth; the latter is vertical, and raises them towards heaven.

Secular education lifts man from degradation into social civilization, and so far it is a change for the better; but grace touches him with its magnetic attraction, and draws him, not from one part of the earth to another, but from the earth to heaven, from grace to glory.

The heart of man is not one whit changed in its

inherent nature from what it was in the days of Noah, and immediately before the flood. In the days of Noah the earth was filled with violence—that is, war, conflict, revolt, dispute. Is it more exempt now? It was predicted by the great advocates of the Peace Society, some years ago, that war had at last become an obsolete thing, that our shot would be made into rails, our cannon into locomotives, our muskets sold as old iron, and our ships as fire-wood; and that a mere skeleton of a guard was all that was wanted on the shores of England. Had it been recollected that, as it was in the days of Noah, 'so shall it be when the Son of Man cometh,' they would have paused before they thus prophesied. At this moment all Europe is one vast volcano. What has recently occurred on the Rhine is evidence that Europe, notwithstanding the benevolent attempts of statesmen to avert it, is plunging more and more into devastating war. There may be a lull in the conflict, a break in the war-cloud. But prophecy assures us there will be no enduring peace till the Prince of Peace returns. Notwithstanding eloquent prophecies of peace, the nations passionately delight in war. Until the Prince of Peace sways His sceptre over a transformed world, there may be 'Peace, peace,' but not the peace that keeps the heart and mind continually.

In the days before the flood, not only was the earth filled with violence, but out of all the vast population there were eight persons only that obeyed God's word, and worshipped the true God. It is not

our duty to pronounce judgment, but to pray; yet is it not the fact that if we take Christendom at large we dare not say the majority consists of Christians? It is still true that 'broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat;' and 'narrow is the way that leadeth to life, and few there be that find it.' As 'it was in the days of Noah,' the overwhelming majority were opposed to the truth, and enamoured of a lie—so, previous to Christ's second advent in the cloud from which leaps the lightning in its splendour, ushering in the Lord of Glory, the great multitude will be found without God, without Christ, and without hope in the world.

Another feature in the days of Noah was intense worldliness. They were eating, drinking, marrying, and giving in marriage. There was no sin in any of these acts. It was right to eat and drink, if they did so in moderation; it was lawful to marry then as it is lawful now; but they did not remember the grand law that gives consistency beauty, 'Let them that marry be as though they married not; and they that weep as though they wept not; and they that rejoice as though they rejoiced not; and they that use the world as not abusing it, knowing that the fashion of it speedily passeth away.' Wherein lay the sin of the antediluvians in eating, drinking, marrying, and giving in marriage? It was their excessive love of the lawful which corrupted them, more than their indulgence in the sinful. It is sin to love to excess what is lawful, as well as to practise that which is

forbidden; and there is probably more peril in the excessive love of the lawful than there is in the forbidden practice of the sinful. Men lose their souls by being absorbed in practices that are in themselves unexceptionable, as well as in practices that are positively forbidden and sinful.

The world then was their only temple, indulgence of the appetites their delight, the gratification of the flesh their enjoyment. They were the slaves of appetite, the servants of the world. This world was their all, and they made the most of it—'Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die.'

But on the supposition that there is a world beyond it, where the deeds of the present have their echoes in the retributions of the future, their conduct was perilous in the extreme. It will be so toward the end of this dispensation. Men will eat, and drink, and marry, and give in marriage, and think nothing of present duties or future consequences. They will live not only in the world, where God has placed them, but they will be of the world, where Christians ought not to be. The great reason was, they were atheists, and they lived without God.

I cannot conceive a rational being retaining common sense coming to the conclusion that there is no God who made and governs this present world. This conclusion is so absurd, that the man who arrives at it seems only fit to be the inmate of a lunatic asylum. The Psalmist's statement that fools say 'no God,' does not mean that in David's

days they were so foolish as to conclude logically 'There is no God.' 'The fool hath said in his heart' not 'There is no God,' but 'I wish there was no God.' He cannot avoid the logical conclusion that there is a God; but he wishes to continue in his sins, and therefore tries to believe there is no God to see or call him to account. The spirit of atheism may rule where there is no deliberate denial of the being of God. The man who explains every phenomenon without God, who sees nature's laws, but cannot see above and beyond them nature's Lawgiver, who accounts for every occurrence, prosperous or adverse, painful or pleasant, without God, may theoretically be no atheist, but practically he is so. He is an atheist who looks on everything, and thinks of everything practically on the hypothesis that there is no God. He enters on to-morrow's duties, not feeling 'if the Lord will, or if the Lord will not,' he goes on to-morrow's business calculating upon all he can do, and all he will do, not recognising the possibly disturbing element, there is a God; such a man is not theoretically an atheist, but practically he is one. He is, as the Apostle describes him, 'without God.' 'Atheist' does not mean a person opposed to God, but a person without God. An antitheist is one opposed to God. Voltaire was an antitheist; that is, one who deliberately and avowedly opposed and hated God; who swore in his blasphemy that he would dethrone Him; whose letters closed with the promise that he would erase Christ's name from the earth. He was not an

atheist only, but an antitheist, full of conscious enmity to God, and determined at all hazards, and whatever might be the issue, to resist Him. But many who profess to be Christians are yet in their practical life without God, because they omit Him and His will and sovereignty in their calculations. Some persons are atheists when mercies are showered upon them, and recognise God only when judgment overtakes them. I see God in sunshine, if possible more emphatically than in clouds. I see Him in the golden harvest more clearly than I see Him in the waves and waters of misfortune. I desire to see God in prosperity, and myself and my sins and unworthiness in adversity. Man's tendency is too great to see God when trouble overtakes him, forgetting that his sin alone is to blame, and to see himself only when prosperity shines on him. The earnest Christian sees God in all that is beneficent, and beautiful, and happy; and his own sins, and wickedness, and guilt, in evils and judgments such as occasionally light on him. The associations of the antediluvians were essentially depraved. 'The sons of God married the daughters of men'—an expression which denotes that the pious mingled with the depraved, without discrimination. The Apostle lays down what they ought to have done—that they that marry are to marry in the Lord. The antediluvians thought such prescription was good enough for transcendentalists, but not for practical and every-day life. And too many think now that it may be very beautiful for a higher dispensation, but that we

must admit other and more sublunary, even mercenary, elements into our conduct now. 'Whether we eat or drink, we are to do all to the glory of God,' is the Christian maxim then. It was thought good enough for monks, and nuns, and hermits; but not for the business men of this world. Christianity, nevertheless, ought to be the cement of every association. Exhaust it from a nation, and it falls to pieces; let marriage be separated from Christianity as its basis, and it will be what it is among Socialists—a bargain, a piece of convenience, to be broken as soon as the one party is dissatisfied with the other; for held as ceasing to be seen in heaven, it soon comes to be broken upon earth.

There was in the antediluvian world entire disbelief of Noah's prophecy of the judgments that should burst upon the earth. When Noah predicted, yet a hundred and twenty days the flood shall come, how did they receive it? Just as men will receive those who prophesy the advent of Christ. 'Knowing this first,' says Peter, confirmatory of the passage we are now commenting upon, 'that there shall come in the last day scoffers, walking after their own lusts, and saying, Where is the promise of his coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation. For this they willingly are ignorant of, that by the word of God the heavens were of old, and the earth standing out of the water and in the water: whereby the world that then was, being overflowed with water, perished: but the

heavens and the earth which are now, by the same word are kept in store, reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men. But, beloved, be not ignorant of this one thing, that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. The Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some men count slackness: but is long-suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up. Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness, looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God, wherein the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat? Nevertheless we, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.'

Those that lived in the days of Noah despised Noah's prophecy of a coming flood. Their conclusion was, There is not water enough in the basin of the ocean to rise to the great height to which it will be requisite it should rise in order to destroy the world. But just as scientific men had decided that Noah's prophecy was the mere crotchet of an old man who had lost his mind, the fountains of the great deep burst open, and the windows of heaven poured

down, and the earth that then was perished. To argue, therefore, that the laws of nature prevent the fulfilment of God's word, is to assert that the law is greater than the Lawgiver, and the thing He created greater than the Creator Himself. Those who perished in that great and awful judgment had offers of escape. The venerable preacher of righteousness stood upon the steps of the ark he had built by the prescriptions of his God, and told them that every one that would believe God's testimony by his lips, and come into that ark, should be saved from the deluge that would soon sweep and depopulate the earth. They were, in the language of Scripture, disobedient then, and their souls are in the prison of hell now. 'As it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be also in the days of the Son of Man.' When told of the future awful baptism, not of flood, but of fire, and invited to escape, not by the ark of a temporal deliverance, but by Christ, the great Deliverer, thousands will despise the prophecy, deride the prophet, and turn aside, one to his farm and another to his merchandise, and care for none of these things.

'Christ shall be revealed from heaven, taking vengeance in flaming fire on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ: who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power; when he shall come to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired in all them that believe.'

The Spirit at last ceased to strive with man any more. When the Holy Spirit ceases to bless the preaching of the Gospel, it fails to have effect. When He ceases to imprint upon the heart the truths that are addressed to the ear, all preaching and hearing is vain. And just before the close,—before the lightning cloud shall come, in which Christ shall be seen as in heaven with power and great glory, God's Holy Spirit will cease to strive; the day of grace will be finished, the day of judgment will have begun; the order will go forth, Cut it down, it only cumbers the ground that is now about to be blessed and sanctified with His presence, and be the bright dwelling-place of all that believe.

The summary of all that shall be in the last days is found in 2 Tim. iii. 1–5: 'This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, truce-breakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those who are good, traitors, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof.'

Such is the dominant sign of the times preceding the coming of the Son of Man. It will be as in the days of Noah.

Christianity is not to be a progressive development from what it is now into millennial glory. The idea of many excellent Christians,—excellent in all that constitues the vitality of the truth, but I

think deceived and mistaken in this,—is that by the aid of missions, the distribution of the Bible, the pouring out of the Holy Spirit, this present dispensation shall have its piety so deepened that the millennium shall be its coronal, a millennium the creation of elements now in action: and not a new age and dispensation. The Bible assures us that the last days of this dispensation shall be worse than the first; that 'when the Son of Man cometh shall He find faith upon the earth?'—that as it was in the days of Noah, just before the judgment of water came, so shall it be in our days just before the judgment of fire; men living without God, marrying and giving in marriage, eating, drinking, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God. I do not believe that the millennium is the completement of the present age or generated by it, but a descent from above and commencement of a new one. This present dispensation is the ministration of the Spirit. In it the Holy Spirit elects a people out of this world and consecrates them a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a peculiar people. In the next dispensation Christ, the King, the true Shechinah, the glory of God will personally be revealed and personally reign, and all will be righteous, and none depraved. The lion shall lie down with the lamb, and there shall be no more tears, nor death, nor weeping, nor sorrow, nor crying. It will be the beautiful morning dawn, and earnest of the everlasting heaven that spreads over all the universe. This earth shall experience a re-genesis,

grander than its genesis, and continue to be the heaven of God's people. No hostile foot shall ever tread its holy soil. No sound of war shall be heard within it. All things shall be made new.

The ancient patriarch came down from the returning spectacle of a world dismantled and overthrown, to dwell in a world still groaning and waiting to be delivered. But ours will be everlasting refreshment and rest, on scenes that shall never be disturbed. On the bosom of that renovated earth, no dark shadow ominous of evil shall ever fall. There it will be always day. A dark and dismal night will precede the rise of the Sun of Righteousness. Covetousness will rule in innumerable hearts; perjury will lift up its face in courts of law; corruption shall seat itself in high places; blasphemy will be on many tongues, and bribes in many hands, and thousands will be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness, and cares of the world.

May we be found waiting, looking, hoping.

X.

PRECURSORS OF JUDGMENT.

We are told in the words of the Great Prophet of the Church, Matt. xxiv. 37: 'But as the days of Noah were, so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be. For as in the days that were before the flood they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noah entered into the ark, and knew not that the flood came and took all away, so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be.' 'Likewise, as it was in the days of Lot, they did eat, they drank, and they bought, they sold, they planted, they builded. But the same day that Lot went out of Sodom it rained fire and brimstone from heaven, destroying them all. Even thus shall it be in the day when the Son of Man is revealed.' Mankind will be absorbed in national interests, making haste to be rich. Avarice, ambition, and irreligion, will do much in one class. Treason, revolution, and insubordination, revel among others. Atheism and infidelity will have eloquent abettors. The Church of Christ, that ought to be the directress of peoples, the model of mankind, the light of the

world, and the salt of the earth, is the scene of superstition, the battle-field of sectarian rivalries, and in many of its divisions the preacher of another gospel. Even in the birth-places and cradles of an elevated Protestantism the decadence of much of their early faith and fervour is too manifest. In a *Times'* review of a correspondent's work on 'Religious Thought in Germany,' July 22, 1870, the following too true account of German scepticism and Protestant apostasy is given:—'These letters attracted much attention both in this country and in Germany when they appeared in our columns, and many of our readers will no doubt be glad to possess them in a collected form. They do not profess to be more than a sketch, but they will be admitted to be a very interesting and discriminating sketch, of the religious condition of Germany, both Protestant and Catholic. With regard to the Protestant portion of the population, the conclusion of our Berlin Correspondent is that "three-fourths of educated men in Germany are estranged from the dogmatic teaching of the Christian creed—estranged from it to the extent of disbelieving the sincerity of many of the clergy. Only a small fraction of the nation attends divine service; of the educated, more especially, those met with in church on a Sunday are few and far between." We are told, in short, that no one "who knows modern Germany will call it a Christian land, either in the sense Rome gives to the term or in the meaning Luther attached to it." This is a melancholy picture of the country which

endured the horrors of the Thirty Years' War in defence of its faith; and the accuracy of the picture was earnestly disputed at the time in our columns and as earnestly defended. The author has reprinted these letters in an appendix to his volume, and his defenders appear to us to have by far the best of the argument. His assailants, in fact, reason from premisses which are either inconsistent with the facts of the case or which are tantamount to a surrender of the whole question in dispute. One of them, for instance, thought he had upset the author's account on the decline of the Christian Faith in Germany by asserting that "earnest preachers in Germany have usually as many and as enthusiastic followers as similarly-minded men have in England;" and by way of confirmation he cited the names of two eminent preachers in Dresden, whose "sermons are constantly attended by congregations averaging over 2000." But the answer is obvious. An eminent orator will always draw a crowd, let the theme of his discourse be what it may. Mr. Bright never spoke in the House of Commons without filling the Conservative benches to overflowing; but he would be a rash reasoner who would conclude from that fact that Mr. Bright's doctrines were acceptable to the Conservative party. Equally illogical is it to quote the large congregations of the German pastors in Dresden in proof of the vitality of the Christian faith in Protestant Germany.

'Our correspondent had said that "three-fourths of all educated men in Germany are estranged from

the dogmatic teaching of the Christian creed;" and by "the Christian creed" he meant, as he afterwards explained, the Christianity professed either by the Church of Rome or taught by Luther. He exemplified his meaning still further by the following passage:—

'"In whatever section of society you may happen to move there is the undeniable fact that the dogmatism of St. Athanasius and the Statutes of the Council of Nice have entirely ceased to be a living power. Scholars have begun to denominate Christianity an Asiatic religion, and the public, proud of their vaunted European enlightenment, accept the degrading name."

'Mr. Ernest de Bunsen "thanked our correspondent for his very correct statement," yet undertook "to confute his arguments by opposing facts to facts." We are perplexed. Our correspondent at Berlin asserts that the Christian faith, as defined at Nice and taught by Luther, is rapidly on the wane in Germany. "True," replies Mr. Ernest de Bunsen, "in Germany those who call themselves Lutherans form a minority far more insignificant than the extreme High Church or Ritualistic party in England." True, also, that the Nicene Creed has "entirely ceased to be a living power." "That kind of Christianity is, indeed, denied in the land of the Reformation by very many, though not quite three-fourths, of its inhabitants." But Mr. de Bunsen believes that a better "kind of Christianity" is embraced in its stead. That, of course, is a matter

of opinion. But the "kind of Christianity" for which the Reformers contended, and which our Berlin correspondent had in his mind, held the Divinity of Christ as its central doctrine; and that doctrine, by the admission of Mr. de Bunsen, is now repudiated by nearly three-fourths of the Protestant population of Germany. Nor does the Rationalism of Germany stop even at the rejection of Christ's Divinity. Among a large proportion of the educated classes every vestige of theism, properly so called, has evaporated in a vain effort to construct a religion on the basis of morality alone; as if the history of mankind did not abundantly show that morality is impossible without a belief in a supreme and providential Ruler of the universe. But what we are specially concerned with now is the correctness of our correspondent's view of the state of religious thought in Germany, and it may suffice to add here that the accuracy of his observations has been universally admitted in Germany.'

It is unnecessary to refer to the spread of the same unbelief in our own country in spite of her unrivalled privileges, her great and successful struggles, her noble religious literature, her Protestant confessions and articles, and all her great and long-continued privileges—constituting, as they do, a responsibility heavy and solemn before God.

In the religious world, as it is called, while there is evidence of zeal, and liberality, and missionary action, it would be unjust to ignore, there is also deepening apathy, indifference, and even contempt

of religion. 'The love of many shall wax cold' is a prophecy that finds its counterpart in every denomination. Fervour such as once burned in the Church of Christ has become formalism. The line of demarcation between the Church and the world is done away or shaded down. At length it becomes difficult to find the Church, unless it be as an amalgam with the world. The wings of faith are clipped, and the heart of love beats feebly, and the once live coal from the altar has become a cold cinder.

Such is the surrounding chill that few see or believe there is so great and so extensive a loss and lowering of temperature. We become morally acclimated to a social atmosphere which we feel at first alike ungenial and intolerable. We are acted on by the surrounding condition, and in turn we act on and aggravate it. We become one with, and in, a fallen world. We may be christened, we may retain the forms and carry out the usages of religion. But its life is not in us—its living power has departed, and what remains serves merely to keep the delusion that it is and will be well with us. We have a name just sufficient to live by, but no interest in or apprehension of the only Name we can be saved by. Rich and increased in goods, we fancy we have need of nothing, and know not, much less feel, that we are poor, blind, and naked, and have need of all things. They will cry 'Peace!' till the storm-cloud bursts in consuming judgment.

A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* describes a

village, situated on the slope of a great mountain, of which the strata shelve in the direction of the place. Huge crags, directly overhanging the village, and massy enough to sweep the whole of it into the torrent below, have become separated from the main body of the mountain in the course of ages by great fissures, and now scarce adhere to it. When they give way, the village must perish; it is only a question of time, and the catastrophe may happen any day. For years past engineers have been sent to measure the width of the fissures, and report them constantly increasing. The villagers, for more than one generation, have been aware of their danger; subscriptions have been once or twice opened to enable them to remove; yet they live on in their doomed dwellings, from year to year, fortified against the ultimate certainty and daily probability of destruction by the common sentiment, 'Things may last their time and longer.'

So thousands remain in apathy and unconcern, and if stirred at all by the exposition of predicted judgments, they cry louder than before, 'Where is the promise of His coming, for, since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of creation?' and too late they discover their disastrous and irretrievable mistake.

This insecure condition will be increased by the teaching of men who, deceived themselves, successfully contribute to the deception of others. Paul, in the Acts of the Apostles, and Peter, in his second Epistle, and above all, Jesus, the Divine

Prophet and Teacher, assure us that false teachers will abound and acquire popularity and power in the last times, and deceive and lull to sleep thousands upon thousands.

We are taught by the Divine Prophet that 'false Christs and false prophets shall rise, and shall show signs and wonders, to seduce, if it were possible, even the elect.' It seems, from this verse alone, a clear duty to study unfulfilled as well as fulfilled prophecy. If we are not to study prophecy that is unfulfilled, why is such prophecy given? What would be the use of being convinced that the Bible is true, when all these things shall have come to pass and the present economy shall have passed away and given place to a pure and perfect age? The future is described for our perusal in the present. John begins the Apocalypse, 'Blessed is he that readeth, and they that understand the words of the prophecy of this book.' The Protestant rule of faith is not fulfilled prophecy only, but prophecy fulfilled and unfulfilled. The whole Bible is given by inspiration of God and is profitable. Only we must distinguish between prophesying and interpreting written prophecy. The first is the prerogative of a prophet, and the latter is the duty of every reader of God's Holy Word. The future, it is true, is not so clearly delineated as the past. If it were, human responsibility would cease.

If I saw clearly to-day what would be the results of to-morrow, present duty would be too much merged in the expectation of future events. At the

same time the future is so delineated, that I can see a dim and shadowy outline of what will be to comfort me; and yet it is so shaded that it does not affect my sense of personal responsibility. It is a stepping-stone in the majestic current to come that enables me to see the rolling eddies of the stream and the direction it will follow.'

One of these solemn warnings of prophecy is, 'There shall come false Christs and false prophets who shall deceive many.' This specific prediction disposes of the objection often made to Christianity — if God introduced this true religion, why has he suffered the intrusion of so many false ones? Why, it is asked, do we find Mahometanism, a dark and overshadowing despotism in the East, and Romanism a cold, thick, and freezing cloud, in the West? We answer, If these had not appeared, the objection to Christianity had been very powerful indeed; but the fact that they have appeared is just the fulfilment of what Christ has foretold: for he has warned us of these things. It is a great law in this world of ours that all good has its shadow. Excellence has always its imitation; genius its mimicry; Christ, Antichrist; Christianity, Popery. Truth coming into a fallen world can be treated and disposed of by fallen men in two ways — either it must be resisted and put out or it must be counterfeited, imitated, and perverted. Satan tried the first process, the extinction of the truth, by faggot and fire; this failed; his last, and his masterpiece, is the attempted destruction of the truth by the

imitation and mimicry of it; and this has been successful in every age; and just on the eve of the appearance of our Lord it will be more successful than ever; for false Christs and false prophets will come, so that they shall deceive many.

At the siege of Jerusalem, one Dosythius, a Samaritan, appeared, and said he was Christ; Simon Magus also pretended to be the Son of God: but these were dim types on a small scale of the delusive and deceptive mimicries that will appear as the end draws near. As the night closes in, the birds of night spread their wings, and make their appearance in greater number, and as the twilight of this dispensation deepens, false Christs and false prophets shall appear and deceive many, even, if possible, the very elect. The Great False Christ has already appeared —the *antichristus*, one that takes the place of Christ and assumes the prerogatives of Christ, sitting in the temple of God, showing himself as if he were God, proclaiming 'I am infallible.' One can see starting from different points of the compass evil and ominous shadows that may become consolidated into intenser and more awful prophets of evil. We read in many of the German and American divines, that Christianity is obsolete, and that they expect the future Christ still to come. Such is the language of Emerson and others of that school. What blasphemy! and yet what evidence of the growth of the deceptive ones predicted in the text, the false Christs and the false prophets who shall deceive many. What is Mormonism, but just one of the horrid deceptions

springing from the stagnant marshes of human corruption in the last days; and how painful it is that this horrid delusion is not confined to one state far off across the Atlantic, but is creeping into English parishes, deluding thousands to their ruin in this life and in the life to come!

But it is possible to have a false Christ and yet not to renounce the name of Christians or accept a palpable pretender in his room. Whatever you place in the room of Christ,—not in the creed that you repeat, but in the theology of your heart, that is practically and personally to you a false Christ, or one in the room of Christ. If you take the Church for your Saviour, as thousands do, you are worshipping a false Christ. If you put fasting or feasting, the Sacrament of Baptism, or the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, your goodness or your virtues or anything you are, or have done, as the ground of your acceptance before God, you clothe a human thing with divine attributes, and you have taken another Christ, another Saviour, and thereby another Gospel. In the realm of spiritual things—by which are not meant ecclesiastical things—Christ is the only King to rule, the only Prophet to teach, the only Priest that died for us, and that ever liveth to make intercession for us. Let us beware, lest under the guise of humility we are trusting to a false Christ; lest under the assumed name of High Churchmanship, we are losing sight of Him who is Lord and Head of the Church, Jesus Christ. It matters not that it be a divine or a true thing, if we

put it in Christ's place, we make it our Saviour, and we are numbered with those who are seduced to believe a lie. But not only are false Christs to appear, but also false prophets. Such false Saviours will also have their false preachers and ministers. A prophet here does not mean one who predicts future events, but a teacher or preacher. We do not say that every communicant is capable of discriminating between what is the truth and what is not, but we do say that every true Christian is capable of pronouncing whether a sermon be the Gospel or not; "For ye have an unction of the Holy One, and ye know all things." These false prophets may be gifted with extraordinary eloquence; but that only makes them the more dangerous, and the more fitted to seduce; not more scriptural.

These false teachers may be men of the most blameless lives. There is not always a corrupt life with a corrupt creed, just as there is not always a holy life with a true creed. Tertullian, who introduced mischievous errors into the early ante-Nicene Church, was one of the most exemplary men of his age; and the late gifted Edward Irving was one of the most upright and consistent men who ever lived. There is no doubt, however, that with many errors he held vital truth firmly in his heart to the last, and that he died in the knowledge, as he has now entered into the enjoyment, of Christ, and him crowned. Thus Satan may make use of great moral excellence, and may thus seduce many. But more

than that, these false prophets, we are told, shall show signs and wonders.

Some of these may be the mere products of skill, perverted by the wickedness of man to proselyte to tenets that are evil. They may be mere legerdemain, so successfully done that men may be induced to believe that it is supernatural, or a miracle from God. The great mass of Romish miracles have been of this stamp; but at the same time I have no doubt that some of the deeds done by the Church of Rome have been supernatural, or rather infranatural. And her last days will be her most splendid and most successful ones. If Satan be permitted to actuate the human mind, surely it is not saying too much, when we assert that he may be able to do physical and supernatural wonders.

But if I were to see a man perform miracles in order to convince me that the worship of the Virgin Mary is lawful, I should not in the least be moved. I should be grieved that Satan should have such power, whilst I should rejoice that it is but for a little season, and that soon he will be cast into chains, while Christ shall reign from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth. What are called 'spirit-rappings' are by worthless men had recourse to for nefarious ends. But as if to show the real nature of the system, they have had recalled the spirits of Voltaire and Rousseau declaring that they are in glory everlasting. Satan is in these

just as in any other wickedness. Thus we may expect that false Christs and false prophets will arise and will deceive many. Great perversities follow great perfection, and deepest shadows the intensest lights.

But there is one class exempt; and if we belong to that class, neither life nor death shall be able to separate us from the love of God that is in Christ Jesus. 'I give unto them,' says the Saviour, 'eternal life; and none shall pluck them out of my hand.' But who are these? First, they are chosen in Christ. Why are they selected? The answer is, 'Even so, Father: thus it seemed good in thy sight.' When were they chosen? Before the foundation of the world. Therefore they are not chosen because they are holy, but that they may be holy. When man selects a friend it is because there is something beautiful or attractive; but when God chooses a lost sinner, He chooses him in spite of all that is deformed and depraved, in order to reconstitute him a son of God and an heir of everlasting glory, while the only evidence of election in heaven is holiness of character on earth. If we are elect, we regard God as a Father. But many people feel as if God were an exactive tyrant and taskmaster. They pray to Him, and praise Him in terror; they open the Bible as an awful book; they think of religion as a very sepulchral thing. But these cannot be Christians, or they are very weak ones. Christianity is a joyous inspiration. God is our Father; all Christians are our brethren; and heaven is our happy

home beyond the skies, the meeting-place of all beloved on earth.

This happy band shall never be deceived. They shall glory only in the cross of Christ; they shall hold fast the Bible alone as their rule of faith, and they will look upon that as the best church that tells them most plainly the only way to heaven. So believing, so trusting, so hoping, nothing shall separate them from the love of God.

Our only safety under God is within the Bible. Ask not what men say of it, but what it says of them. Search the Scriptures; and there God will enable us to read our title to the skies, wherein we shall see all the splendours of heaven no longer alternating with the shadows of hell.

XI.

SIGNS IN THE SUN.

OUR Blessed Redeemer tells us 'there shall be signs in the sun and in the moon and in the stars.'—Luke, xxi. 25. These will occur under the seventh vial. These no doubt will be set down by some as merely accidental. But the sun has occupied a place in recent observations and discussions confessedly unknown in former times.

The *Athenæum*, an able literary organ, with very little bias in the direction the writer here takes, very lately observed:—'Never surely has the sun been so much looked at as now. In Europe, America, India, and the Cape, in any place where there are telescopes and spectroscopes, and astronomers to use them, there the sun is closely watched. Father Secchi, of the Observatory at Rome, is publishing every day a picture of the sun, in which all the visible spots, and all the prominences, with their changes, are represented.'

Galignani writes:—'The sun's disc is at present riddled with holes, one of which is of very considerable size. It is a deep cavity in the photo-

sphere, so wide that the whole terrestrial globe would find room in it without touching the edge. There is another spot, which, though much smaller, yet has one diameter as large as that of our earth.'

Professor Winloch, of Harvard University, reported that he had 'seen a volcano in active eruption in the moon, in December, 1868.' 'It is,' he adds, 'the first evidence of actually observed changes going on at the surface of the moon.'

Mr. Frederick Brodie, of Molesey Gore, Uckfield, thus writes to the *Times*, in 1870:—'The outbreak of disturbing causes in the solar photosphere is very remarkable. The solar surface is being dotted over with spots, so called. There is one such spot now coming across the solar disc, presenting the most remarkable appearance I have seen as yet, and also the most extensive. The penumbra is an irregular oblong square in shape, and contains some twenty umbræ, of various sizes. The greatest length of this penumbra is 65,970 miles, the greatest width of it 43,300 miles, or nearly fifteen times the area of the earth's surface. The number in figures being 2,856,501,000 miles square.' Another correspondent writes:—'The spots now passing over the face of the sun may be seen by the naked eye just before sunset.'

Mr. Norman Lockyer, delivering a course of Royal Institution Lectures on the Sun, alluded to this: 'In his introductory remarks he spoke of the little knowledge of the sun we possessed before the

invention of the telescope, and referred to the opinion of Pythagoras and his disciples that it is the centre of the universe, which was opposed by Aristotle and Ptolemy and their modern disciples till it was affirmed and proved by Copernicus. The sun was described as a star 853,380 miles in diameter, and about 91,000,000 miles from the earth, and by no means a large star compared with others, since, when its light and distance are considered, Sirius is found to be equal in bulk to more than three thousand suns. By its heat and light, radiated in all directions, the sun builds up the vegetable world, and, without its action, in former times, we should have had no coal, which is the remains of ancient vegetation; and, therefore, indirectly, the heavy work of the world is done by the sun. Mr. Lockyer then proceeded to consider and illustrate, by magnified photographs, illuminated by the electric light, the salient phenomena of the sun as observed by the telescope. First, he commented on the phenomena of the sun-spots and their motion in what is called the photosphere, the half shade in the spot called the penumbra, the darker shade called the umbra, inside which is the nucleus. He next adverted to the bright spots near the edge of the sun termed faculæ —its most brilliant parts, and the mottled or corrugated appearance of its whole surface, with luminous masses, termed by various observers "rice-grains," "granules," and so on, including the minute details sometimes observed in the penumbra of spots, which have been well named "willow

leaves" by Mr. Nasmyth; and he also noticed the "pores" observed by Sir John Herschel.'

Nor are signs in the stars wanting. A very extraordinary phenomenon was noted by astronomical observers in May last—the sudden appearance of a new star, of considerable brightness, in the constellation *Corona Borealis*. A popular account of it, furnished by Mr. Edward Dunkin, of the Royal Observatory, to the *Leisure Hour*, states:—

'Its increase of magnitude must have been extremely rapid, for on the 9th of May an observer, who was occupied on that day in scrutinizing that portion of the heavens, felt certain that no object comparable to it was visible. On the 12th, three days afterwards, the star shone with the brilliancy of one of the second magnitude, or equal to the three well-known stars in the belt of *Orion*. The important results obtained from the observation of this truly extraordinary astronomical object are sufficient reasons for our giving a brief and popular account of its short history, which we are sure will be duly appreciated by the scientific readers of the *Leisure Hour*.

'Such, then, is a brief account of the analysis of the light emitted from this temporary, but brilliant visitor to our sky; showing, with little doubt, that, from some unknown cause to us, it must have been the subject of a terrible catastrophe at a period perhaps distant; for it must be borne in mind that, owing to its immense distance from us, we may be only witnessing the calamity of a past age. From

the sudden blazing forth of this star, and then its rapid fading away, Mr. Huggins and Dr. Miller have suggested that, in consequence of a great internal convulsion, probably a large quantity of hydrogen and other gases were emitted from it; "the hydrogen, by its combination with some other element, giving out the light represented by the bright lines, and at the same time heating to the point of vivid incandescence the solid matter of the photosphere. As the hydrogen becomes exhausted, all the phenomena diminish in intensity, and the star rapidly 'wanes.'" That hydrogen gas in a state of combustion was present is very probable; for, by comparing simultaneously the bright lines of the stellar spectrum with those of hydrogen produced by the induction spark, taken through the vapour of water, it was found that two of the lines sensibly coincided. During a discussion on this star, at a meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society, on June 8, the Astronomer Royal expressed his firm belief that this wonderful object was actually in flames.

'The previous history of this burning star is very slight. Sir John Herschel, in mapping the stars in this region, some years since, appears to have inserted one which cannot be found at present. It does not, however, agree precisely in position with the present object. But, after all, though it has been only lately shining equal to a star of the second magnitude, it is really not a new one, but is identified as the same as a very minute object of the ninth or tenth magnitude, observed by M. Argelander, of

Bonn, on the 18th of May, and on the 31st of March, 1855, its exact position, which accords with that determined from recent observation, being inserted in one of his published catalogues.

'If we were inclined to speculate on this unique astronomical phenomenon, or on the probable consequences arising from such a sudden outburst of fiery gas, what an extensive subject for contemplation is opened to us! Astronomically we have known this minute star for years without suspicion; it has been classified with others of similar magnitude; it has only been one of many millions of such: while now it will be remembered by all future generations as one of the most extraordinary among the most celebrated stars of the universe. Or let our speculations be carried a little further, and let us reasonably suppose this small and hitherto nearly invisible object to be an immense globe like our own sun, surrounded probably with planets and satellites depending upon their centre for light and heat. What would be the effect of this sudden conflagration on them? It makes one almost shudder at the idea of a system of worlds being annihilated at once without warning. But such must doubtless be the fact. We, however, in this quiet world of ours can scarcely, perhaps, realise such a catastrophe; but were our sun, which is only a star analogous to those in the heavens around us, to be suddenly ignited in a similar manner to this distant and unknown sun, all its attendant planets and satellites, the earth included, would be destroyed.'

'SPOTS ON THE SUN.—(To the Editor of the *Times*.)—SIR,—There is now a dark spot of enormous dimensions situated on the W.N.W. portion of the sun's disc. It can be seen very distinctly without the assistance of a telescope if the eye is protected by a piece of ordinary coloured glass. Last evening the sun, immediately previous to setting, was enveloped in a mist of sufficient density to allow of the spot being clearly observed with the naked eye. On examining this spot to-day with a Newtonian reflecting telescope of $10\frac{1}{4}$in. aperture, I found that it was composed of a very large and irregular penumbra, which surrounded four umbræ of great dimensions. The spot appeared to be almost divided near its centre, and was well defined when observed with a magnifying power of 100. In addition to the large single spot referred to, several groups of smaller spots are visible on various portions of the disc. Very near to the W. edge two groups are visible. In the S.E. quadrant an irregular scattered group of rather small spots may be discerned, while in the N.E. quadrant there are several small spots situated in or near clusters of bright streaks and spots. Near the centre of the disc, in the N. hemisphere, there is a train of about six minute dark spots.

'It was on August 24 that the first indication of the approaching activity of the solar surface was remarked. On this date, Mr. T. G. E. Elger, of Bedford, observed three immense groups in the northern hemisphere extending from the east limb to the centre of the disk. The largest group on

being measured, was found to equal 3′ 10″ × 1′ 49″. On August 28 there were four enormous groups visible. Many of the individual spots were of great dimensions, and could be distinctly seen with the unassisted eye. In fact, Mr. Elger states that at noon on the latter date the spots presented "the appearance of a dusky belt parallel to the Sun's equator." At this time they were certainly more numerous, if not as large as the immense groups which appeared in March and April last.

'The large spot now visible will probably pass off the western edge in a few days, but may be expected to reappear on the eastern limb in about a fortnight. I am, sir, your obedient servant, WILLIAM F. DENNING, *Hon. Sec.*, Observing Astronomical Society. *Bristol, Sept.* 28.

I fear the writer of the following statement will charge me with entertaining 'a popular superstition.' But it may not be uninteresting as a record of signs to give his words:—

'Two extraordinary meteors, lately seen in Great Britain, may serve to revive the popular superstition that terrestrial wars are always accompanied by celestial portents. But Great Britain is not at war, unless it be with the Chinese. Our star at present is one of peace, and if the stars fight in their courses the phenomenon belongs to Continental Europe rather than to these insular abodes. August is a month famous for the appearance of what are called "shooting-stars." But the usual nights are those of the 9th, 10th, and

11th, whereas the two visitors now referred to came on the 15th and 20th. These were also "bright, particular stars," unaccompanied by the common herd. They shone out suddenly on the front of heaven, one with a brilliance exceeding that of *Venus* at her brightest, and the other with a splendour which gained for it the epithet of a "glorious apparition."

The first and least brilliant was remarkable for the style in which it died away, and ultimately disappeared. It was seen in Scotland and the north of England. A clergyman at Broughton-in-Furness, and the Duke of Argyll at Inverary, both describe it as appearing in the N.N.W., but the altitude in degrees, as seen from Lancashire, was only half the altitude as seen from Inverary. The sky was cloudless, and the after-glow of a clear sunset—the time being from nine to half-past—would serve to diminish the luminous effect of the meteor. There was first the appearance of a large star, and then the apparent explosion of the body. The *Lancashire Observer* says, "A tail of about five degrees in length depended from it to the earth, but gradually rose to the westward till it was horizontal." This tail remained in view for several minutes, and at last "slowly faded away." The Duke of Argyll styles the phenomenon as that of "a remarkable meteor," its great peculiarity being "the appearance presented by the luminous vapour, which was the product of its explosion." This vapour was brighter than the tail of any comet, and after being at first of

a linear shape, became curled up into the form of a horse-shoe. It then drifted away in a south-west direction, as if under the influence of the north-east wind, which was then blowing. From first to last the brilliant vapour was visible for more than a quarter of an hour. Another Scotch observer, also in the county of Argyll, describes the phenomenon as appearing in the N.N.W. at an angle of about 30 degrees above the horizon, and "descending at an acute angle from left to right, with a luminous train in its wake." This luminous train was afterwards drawn up into the form of an ellipse, and after being visible for "seven or eight minutes," faded away.

'These three several accounts relate to the meteor of the 15th inst.

'We now come to the second of the two meteors. This was seen on Saturday last, and almost precisely at the same hour as that of the previous Monday, the time notified being 9.20 or 9.25 P.M. The brilliancy of the meteor was such as to cast an effulgence resembling "a flood of day," a sudden blaze illuminating the country far around. Such was the phenomenon in the vicinity of Woodstock, where the meteor appeared to drop perpendicularly from a point somewhat eastward of the zenith. It is described in this instance as a ball of white light, about half the apparent size of the full moon, and moving slowly. In its descent it burst, but "without scattering any sparks."

'There is a good deal in reference to these bodies

which yet requires explanation, and it is much to be desired that intelligent persons, capable of giving a tolerably correct account of what they see, should publish their observations of meteoric phenomena. Accurate scientific observations are, of course, peculiarly valuable; but the more remarkable of our meteors generally appear in a very unceremonious manner, whereby it often happens that scientific men are not prepared for the emergency, and must needs make the best use they can of less learned witnesses.'

Such are celestial signs in the sun, the moon, and stars, and firmament. Whatever they mean, or however explained, they are such as the prophecies relating to the last days inspired, and therefore true—very clearly indicate.

The *North British Review* thus comments on what it is pleased to call the 'doom of our world:' 'What this change is to be we do not even conjecture; but we see in the heavens themselves some traces of the destructive elements, and some indications of their power. The fragments of broken planets, the descent of meteoric stones upon the globe, the wheeling comets welding their loose materials at the solar surface, the volcanic eruptions on our satellite, the appearance of new stars and disappearance of others, are all foreshadows of that impending convulsion to which the entire system of the world is doomed. Thus placed on a planet which is to be burned up, and under heavens that are to pass away—thus treading as it were on

the cemeteries of former worlds, and dwelling in the mausoleums of other planets—let us learn lessons of humility and wisdom.'

Such are some evidences of the actual fulfilment of the prophecy of the Son of God suggesting at least the solemn personal inquiry, Are we ready?

XII.

THE NORTHERN HAIL.

'And there fell upon men a great hail out of heaven, every stone about the weight of a talent: and men blasphemed God because of the plague of the hail; for the plague thereof was exceeding great.'—REV. xvi. 21.

IN these investigations we have traced the significance of symbols, and figures, and emblems. Let us also see what this 'hail' means. Job is addressed by God (xxxviii. 22), 'Hast thou seen the treasures of hail which I have reserved against the time of trouble?'

Psalm lxxviii. 47: 'He destroyed their vines with hail.'

Isaiah, xxviii. 17: 'The hail shall sweep away the refuges of lies.'

Haggai, ii. 17: 'I smote you with hail.'

Revelations, viii. 7: 'Third of the land,' *i.e.* the continental provinces of the western division of the Roman Empire were smitten with hail. The Radagaisus from the north, with hordes of Vandals, Swedes, and Burgundians, burst on Italy like a 'thunder-cloud,' to use the words of Gibbon.

Gibbon also adds, 'This passage of the Rhine by the Vandals may be considered as the fall of the Roman Empire.'

In the seventh vial there are unprecedented physical convulsions in the elements, but these are only symbolical of greater still in the moral world.

It is also remarkable to notice in the history of the war of this year the frequency of such phrases as 'hail-storm of bullets,' 'leaden hail.'

We read in Ezekiel (chapter xxxviii.), that the prince of Rosh, Meshech and Tubal, is 'to come like a storm' 'from the place out of the north parts.'

God says, 'I will rain on him great hailstones.'

Gesenius writes, 'The Russians were called by Byzantine writers in the tenth century, "*οἱ* Ῥῶς."

In Bagster's *Treasury Bible*, 'By Rosh is meant the Russians, descendants of the ancient inhabitants on the river Araxes, or Rosh.' In a map in Baxter's Bible the whole northern part of Europe is described as peopled by Tubal, Meshech, and Magog. Josephus says, 'The Scythians were called Magog by the Greeks.' Caucasus is compounded of Gog and Chasan, which means Gog's fortified place.

Elliott, vol. iv. p. 12, fifth edition of *Horæ Apocalypticæ*, observes, 'Also the conjecture is suggested by Ezekiel's prediction that the king of the north, who is to be prominent in the last great conflict against Messiah, having come up from the north like a tempest-cloud with chariots and horses, may very possibly be the Russian power—the terms

Ros, Meshech, Tubal, answering too well to Rus, Moscow, Tobolsk, not to suggest a thought to this effect.'

Bishop Lowth, 'Rosh, taken as a proper name in Greek, signifies the inhabitants of Scythia, from whence the Russians derive their name.'

It does then seem more than a probably correct interpretation to recognise in the 'hail of the weight of a talent' the flow of Russian armies southward, to complicate still more, and extend still further, 'that great war.'

Russia was arrested only for a few years in 1856. We shall see in our investigations how far she seems interested in the terrible struggle of 1870, and what line of action she pursues in consequence of its event.

Magog was the son of Japheth, from whom the Scythians are supposed to be derived. Tubal was the fifth son, and Meshech the sixth son of Japheth. Russia recognised her mission in 1854, and made one powerful but unsuccessful effort. She then moved her forces towards Constantinople, and so far eastward toward Judea. God, in the words of Ezekiel, put the 'hook in her jaws,' and she fell back worsted, but not destroyed. Since that time she has accumulated her strength for another and ultimately successful attack. 'The sick man' was not then 'sick unto death,' and the policy of taking care of the invalid was the passion of Europe. Palestine was not then ready for the return of her people. But in a day not named God says, 'I will bring

thee forth after many days, and I will cause thee to come up from the north parts, and will bring thee upon the mountains of Israel. Thou shalt fall upon the mountains of Israel, thou, and all thy bands, and the people that is with thee.' (Ezek. xxxix. 2, 4.)

To prove that this inveterate ambition of the Muscovite runs in the channels of prophecy unconsciously on his part, I extract from the *Daily News*, A.D. 1855, the following interesting and illustrative account:—

'According to the *Univers*, from which these details are copied, there exists not far from Moscow a place rejoicing in the euphonious title of Voskreseenskeë. The interpretation of this outlandish term is "the New Jerusalem:" in other words, it is a counterfeit of the Holy City. One of its chief places of attraction is a mock tomb, called the Saviour's Sepulchre, to which crowds of the pious continually flock for the purpose of offering prayers for the deliverance of the *real* tomb. They are taught also to supplicate heaven for the extermination of those who guard the "holy places," and to invoke a like curse upon such as have betrayed the Christian cause by becoming their allies. It appears that this imaginary Jerusalem consists of a vast temple, the site of which corresponds with that of Palestine, save in the absence of a bright sky and a glowing sun. The resemblance in the natural position is rendered perfect by immense artificial works, so as to remove the illusion almost beyond the power

of discovery. On one side of the structure is a brook, upon the banks of which are inscriptions announcing that the pilgrim has reached Kedron, while on the other side is an eminence, called the Mount of Olives; then on passing a spacious crenellated enclosure, the beholder sees before him a grand edifice, in imitation of the one erected over the holy sepulchre, having an immense cupola, and all the accessories belonging to its famous prototype. The effect is said to be quite bewildering.

'This impression increases after having penetrated into the interior, where all the details of the true temple are minutely copied, where the sanctums, the altars, the tombs—in all their dimensions —and where the painting and the ornaments are all of the same kind as those at Jerusalem. In the inner sanctuary, too, there are the seven lamps kept continually burning, and so complete is the deception that there is an equal degree of emotion excited among the ignorant peasantry, as in the sacred grotto itself. Such is the Muscovite Jerusalem. The invention of this extraordinary sham is attributed to Alexis, father of Peter the Great.

'And now as to the motive for so strange a creation. Among the objects found on the wounded Russians at Inkerman was a Slavonic book, well besmeared and smoke-scented, and purporting to be a guide to the above-mentioned fabric. This work discloses a secret which the ingenuity of western speculators has failed to worm out. It shows that the Czars have had another pole of attraction be-

sides Constantinople; they have fixed their greedy gaze upon the fallen city of the Hebrew. In order to gain possession of the Ottoman capital they have appealed to the cupidity of their subjects; they have pointed to the sunny south as their heritage; they have depicted it as the 'land of milk and honey' which they are destined to seize and inherit. But their day-dreams have not been content with so rich an inheritance as that. They have also aspired to plant their eagles upon the Hill of Zion, to see their vultures hovering with outstretched wings over the desecrated fane of Salem. To realize this grand vision, not only have they operated upon the baser passions of their people, not only have they fed their lust for conquest and plunder, but endeavoured to excite their fanaticisms, to awake their religious enthusiasm. In short, they have preached a new crusade. "*The empire of the Koran must be destroyed,*" say the Czars. "The profaned and desecrated lands of the East, once hallowed by the tread of angels and blessed by the presence of Divinity, must be recovered, and the broad highway to this sacred prize is through the fertile provinces of the Turk. Constantinople is the gate to Jerusalem.'

'As a remembrance of this high destiny the Czars have erected in the heart of their empire a structure modelled upon the oft-visited church of the Nativity. They have styled it "Voskreseenskeë," or the "New Jerusalem." Thousands of pilgrims visit its shrine every year, and they are encouraged to perform that "holy act" as a means of im-

pressing strongly upon their minds the thought of Jerusalem itself—that "future capital of the Orient." The Muscovite rulers teach their subjects that the deliverance of the desolate city must not remain unaccomplished. That is to be the supreme end of all their fond hopes, and towards its attainment no species of cunning is left unemployed. One artifice used is to remind the peasantry of the ancient relationship between the Ottoman tribes and the followers of Zenghis Khan, whose iron sway over Muscovy is not forgotten to this day. The enthusiasm of the nation is kept alive by appealing to the victories of Demetrius Donskoi and the two Ivans, who overthrew their Tartar conquerors and drove them to seek a home upon the far-stretching steppes of the Asiatic continent. The affinities of blood and origin between these savage hordes and the equally uncivilized warriors of Mahomed form a theme upon which the people are regularly instructed, so as to inspire them with a hatred of those whom they are taught to regard as their hereditary foes. In truth, the Czars have proclaimed against the Turk an eternal crusade, and the European nations who have leagued together for the Moslem's defence, are branded as impious pretenders—as the children of a creed which they 'openly profane.'

The *Times* also a few years ago gave a translation from the will of Peter, the perusal of which will confirm this estimate of the passion and purpose of Russia:—

'1. The Russian nation must be constantly on a

war footing, to keep the soldiers warlike and in good condition. No rest must be allowed, except for the purpose of relieving the State finances, recruiting the army, or biding the favourable moment for attack. By these means peace is made subservient to war, and war to peace, in the interest of the aggrandizement and increasing prosperity of Russia.

'2. Every possible means must be used to invite from the most cultivated European States, commanders in war, and philosophers in peace, to enable the Russian nation to participate in the advantages of other countries without losing any of its own.

'3. No opportunity must be lost of taking part in the affairs and disputes of Europe, especially in those of Germany, which from its vicinity is one of the most direct interest to us.

'4. Poland must be divided by keeping up constant jealousies and confusions there. The authorities must be gained over with money, and the Assemblies corrupted, so as to influence the election of the kings. We must get up a party of our own there, send Russian troops into the country, and let them sojourn there so long that they may ultimately find some pretext for remaining there for ever. Should the neighbouring States make difficulties, we must appease them for the moment by allowing them a share of the territory until we can safely resume what we have thus given away.

'5. We must take away as much territory as possible from Sweden, and contrive that they shall attack us first, so as to give us a pretext for their

subjugation. With this subject in view we must keep Sweden in opposition to Denmark, and Denmark to Sweden, and sedulously foster their mutual jealousies.

'6. The consorts of the Russian princes must always be chosen from among the German princesses, in order to multiply our family alliances with the Germans, and so unite our interests with theirs; and thus, by consolidating our influence in Germany, to cause it to attach itself spontaneously to our policy.

'7. We must be careful to keep up our commercial alliance with England, for she is the power which has most need of our products for her navy, and at the same time may be of the greatest service to us in the development of our own. We must export wood and other articles, in exchange for her gold, and establish permanent connections between her merchants and seamen and our own.

'8. We must keep steadily extending our frontiers — northward along the Baltic, and southward along the shores of the Black Sea.

'9. We must progress as much as possible in the direction of Constantinople and India. He who can once get possession of these places is the real ruler of the world. With this view we must provoke constant quarrels at one time with Turkey, and at another with Persia. We must establish wharfs and docks in the Euxine, and by degrees make ourselves masters of that sea as well as of the Baltic, which is a doubly important element in the

success of our plan. We must hasten the downfall of Persia, push on into the Persian Gulf; if possible re-establish the ancient commercial intercourse with the Levant through Syria, and force our way into the Indies, which are the storehouses of the world. Once there, we can dispense with English gold.

"10. Moreover we must take pains to establish and maintain an intimate union with Austria, apparently countenancing her schemes for future aggrandizement in Germany, and all the while secretly rousing the jealousy of the minor States against her. By this way we must bring it to pass that one or the other party shall seek aid from Russia: and thus we shall exercise a sort of protectorate over the country, which will pave the way for future supremacy.

"11. We must make the House of Austria interested in the expulsion of the Turks from Europe, and we must neutralize its jealousy at the capture of Constantinople, either by pre-occupying it with a war with the old European States, or by allowing it a share of the spoil, which we can afterwards resume at our leisure.

"12. We must collect round our house, as round a centre, all the detached sections of Greeks which are scattered abroad in Hungary, Turkey, and South Poland. We must make them look to us for support, and then, by establishing beforehand a sort of ecclesiastical supremacy, we shall pave the way for universal sovereignty.

"13. When Sweden is ours, Persia vanquished,

Poland subjugated, Turkey conquered—when our armies are united, and the Euxine and Baltic are in the possession of our ships, then we must make separate and secret overtures, first to the Court of Versailles, and then to that of Vienna, to share with them the dominion of the world. If either of them accept our propositions, which is certain to happen if their ambition and self-interest are properly worked upon, we must make use of one to annihilate the other; this done, we have only to destroy the remaining one, by finding a pretext for a quarrel, the issue of which cannot be doubtful, as Russia will then be already in the absolute possession of the East, and of the best part of Europe.

"14. Should the improbable case happen of both rejecting the propositions of Russia—then our policy will be to set one against the other, and make them tear each other to pieces. Russia must then watch for and seize the favourable moment, and pour her already assembled hosts into Germany, while two immense fleets, laden with Asiatic hordes and convoyed by the armed squadrons of the Euxine and the Baltic, set sail simultaneously from the Sea of Azoff and the harbour of Archangel; sweeping along the Mediterranean and the Atlantic they will overrun France on the other side, while Germany is overpowered on the other. When these countries are fully conquered, the rest of Europe must fall easily and without a struggle under our yoke. Thus Europe can and must be subjugated."

To show also how plainly the mission, or rather

destiny, of Russia appeared to one of those powerful intellects which see far beyond the limits of their age, let us read the following remarks of the First Napoleon:—

Napoleon I., a captive at St. Helena, also said:—'In the course of a few years, Russia will have Constantinople, part of Turkey, and all Greece. This I hold to be as certain as if it had already taken place; all the cajolery and flattery that Alexander practised upon me was to gain my consent to effect that object. I would not give it, foreseeing that the equilibrium of Europe would be destroyed. In the natural course of things Turkey must fall to Russia; the powers it would injure, and who would oppose it, are England, France, Austria, and Prussia. Now, as to Austria, it would be very easy to secure her assistance by giving her Servia, and other provinces bordering on the Austrian dominions, reaching near to Constantinople. The only hypothesis that France and England will ever be allied with anything like sincerity will be to prevent this; but even this alliance would not avail. France, England, and Prussia united cannot prevent it. Russia and Austria can at any time effect it; once mistress of Constantinople, Russia gets all the commerce of the Mediterranean, becomes a great naval power, and God knows what may happen. The object of my invasion of Russia was to prevent this, by the interposition between her and Turkey of a new State, which I meant to call into existence as a barrier to her eastern encroachments.'

Turkey will not long serve as a wall between Russia and the Mediterranean. Any rectification of the map of Europe that accepts Turkey as a breakwater to the waves of Russian ambition will prove worthless. The Moslem has served his purpose, he has done his work, and, wasting daily, he must soon pass away. The great sacrifices made from 1854 to 1856 to preserve Turkey have served only to exhaust and waste it. "Weighed and found wanting, and given to another," is her doom.

'Among the many methods employed by Russia in her pursuit of unlimited dominion, two are remarkable. They are practised chiefly towards her less civilized and less powerful neighbours. One is to keep a body of Russian troops by friendly agreement in the territories of some other State, serving that State and receiving its pay for a given period. The other is to raise a force (and this also, if possible, in an amicable and preconcerted manner) among the inhabitants of a foreign but conterminous region, to draught that force into Russia, to maintain it with Russian money, and to incorporate it, more or less permanently, in the Russian army. Both these expedients have, respectively, important effects. The first teaches the Russian soldier everything that a future invader might find it necessary to learn of the resources, manners, temper, and geographical condition of the people amid whom he is thus temporarily domesticated. He notes the weak points and the strong, and can hereafter clearly show to his own Government what should be avoided—what may

be seized—what precautions are requisite—what opportunities exist—how the whole work of occupation should be managed. He is making a long reconnaissance, and on a great scale. More than this, *he is becoming acclimatized.*

'In the other case, where Russia levies a foreign body, draughts them into her own territory, and pays them, equal effects are produced. They are not, like those Russian troops of whom we have just spoken, and whom the Czar lends to a neighbour now and then — they are not, like these troops, disciplined soldiers, still under the orders of their own officers (and these officers carefully selected), holding constant communication with their country, changed and replaced at will. No; they are foreign troops, *commanded by Russian officers*; they are troops who are taught and drilled by Russia, who are under the control of Russia, and who see only just what she pleases. When Russia withdraws her auxiliary contingents, she withdraws spies; but when she disbands the other class of troops, and sends them back to their own land, she sends back emissaries, agents, and proselytes, who prepare the way in their simple homesteads for the coming of the double-headed eagles under which they have served, and for the coming, moreover, of some old comrade in high command; who, perchance, having displayed superior abilities, has been promoted and induced to naturalize himself in Russia, and to accept the allegiance of a State which loads him with crafty and insidious distinctions. Doubtless

the disbanded and returned troops could teach their countrymen something of the defences of Russia, in the same manner as the Russian contingent can give the converse information. But the terms are not equal. There is no question of ever invading Russia among those feeble communities; but in Russia their invasion or absorption is a business quite within practical realization and duly predetermined. This double system has been long pursued by the huge despotism of the East, all round its lower frontiers, from the shores of the Caspian and of Azoff down to those of the Black Sea, among all the tribes of the Caucasus who could be brought into that dangerous intercourse, and among the dependencies of Persia.'

The Rev. W. Cadman, Rector of Marylebone, in a very interesting lecture on 'the Destinies of the Holy Places,' thus writes:—

'We are told that travellers in the Holy Land are struck by the traces of Russian influence in all directions, and with the exertions continually made to extend and establish it,—for example, that the Greek monasteries are supported by Russian gold, and are under Russian patronage and control,—that the shrines which pilgrims visit, a considerable body of whom belong to the Greek Church, are adorned with costly presents from the present Emperor of Russia,—that not a few, for instance, of the beautiful and costly lamps that adorn the Church of the Holy Sepulchre were presented by him,—that the Church and cave of the Nativity are adorned and decorated

with his costly offerings,—and that the lamps and altar-furniture of the chapel of the tomb of the Virgin, near Gethsemane, have been supplied by him. An idea is prevalent (so it is reported) among the Turks, that a secret treaty was entered into with the late Sultan, to the intent that the Holy Land should be given up to Russian dominion on certain stipulated conditions. The Greek clergy are infusing the expectation of the subjugation of the land to the head of their own Church; and a gate in the old wall of Jerusalem is pointed out as that through which the Russian prince will one day enter in triumph. It has long been kept walled up by the Turks. An assurance is often repeated, that the angel Michael, spoken of by the prophet Daniel, is to be represented by the Russian prince, who is destined to rescue Syria from Mahomedan rule, and to establish the supremacy of Russian government over the whole extent of the Turkish empire.'

Chamberlain, in his learned and elaborate treatise on the restoration of the Jews, after identifying 'Gomer and his bands,' the allies in the last confederacy of Russia, with Germany and France, after also identifying Paras, Cush, and Phut with Persia and Abyssinia, sums up his investigations in these words: — 'Russia therefore, with Germany and France, religiously or politically sympathised with and abetted by the distant people of Persia, Abyssinia, and the northern coast of Africa, will compose this confederacy under the leadership of the chief

prince of Moscow. England and her maritime descendants or allies disapprove and condemn it, and motives probably political induce the inhabitants of the Arabian peninsula to do the same.'

The *Times* of June 14, 1866, thus writes :—

'Intelligence has been received of an event which but a few years ago would have eclipsed in British eyes even the alarming phenomena of European war, and overwhelmed us with absorbing anxiety for ourselves and our power. At present it is probable that very little sensation will follow our announcement that the Russians are in Bokhara. We believe, however, that the information is perfectly correct. On the 20th of last month, according to the report, the Khan, or Emir, or Prince of Bokhara, with an army of 40,000 men and 21 guns, engaged a Russian force under General Nemoffsky, and suffered a decisive defeat. Though only a thousand of the troops were killed, 19 of his 21 cannon were captured, and the rout was complete, while the losses of the Russians were insignificant. In short, the battle was as like that of Plassy as possible, and it is precisely this ominous resemblance which in some quarters may still be expected to suggest forebodings. Plassy gave us India. What will this Russian victory give to Russia? And when Russia has consolidated her conquests and established herself at last on the frontiers of British India, what will be the relations between us, and what the prospects of our Eastern Empire?

'A quarter of a century ago these tidings and

speculations would have thrown us into the wildest alarm. We were frightened out of our better senses, indeed, when Russia had not so much as got half-way to her present position, and we can now really put our fingers on the map and trace the advances of this encroaching Power from her own territories to the very borders of Cabul. Only last year, for instance, she was at Tashkend, and now she is at Bokhara, a good bit further south. Next year, at the same rate of progress, she may be at Balkh, and the year after at Cabul—that is, within 200 miles of a British garrison. The road still before her is not more difficult than the road behind her; and if she has contrived to get to Bokhara, there can be nothing to keep her out of Budakshan, which touches the Punjaub. All this is undeniable, but we are happy to think now that there is nothing in it to create alarm. In a few words, it is at least quite possible that Russia, if she ever does reach our borders, may be a better neighbour to us than the neighbours we have already, and, even if it should prove otherwise, it is certain that we shall act at the greatest advantage by remaining where we are, instead of plunging into Asiatic deserts, according to the former theories for the sake of meeting an enemy half-way.'

The *Times*' correspondent, Sept. 1866, wrote as follows:—

'The following letter of the 15th, from Vienna, published in the *Patrie*, seems sufficiently important to attract serious attention, and to demand the verification of some of the statements it contains.

You were long since (I think two years ago) informed from Paris of the secret naval preparations and constructions of Russia in her Black Sea arsenals, and the other day I told you of the concentration of troops in the central position of Kharkhoff, where an army is being assembled:—

'"In presence of the gigantic conflict which the East will shortly be the theatre, German and Austrian questions are thrown in the background. Nevertheless, events of some interest are occurring in these quarters. Great movements of Russian troops are taking place in Poland. Forty thousand men of the camp established on the frontier are to go to Powonsk, in the marshes of Warsaw, where the Grand Duke Nicholas will review them. After the inspection all these troops will be directed *en masse* towards the East, where they will take up their war quarters. At Warsaw the Russian party, profiting by the presence of the Grand Duke, is getting an address circulated which is covered with signatures obtained either by good will or by force. This address entreats the Emperor Alexander definitively to annex Poland to the Empire. This step naturally plunges the Poles into a state of stupefaction mingled with rage. If, as is more than probable, the Emperor replies favourably to the wish expressed by the signers of the address, the very name of Poland will have ceased to exist, and Russia, properly so called, will thus have her frontier in the centre of Europe. Enormous quantities of coal destined for the use of the fleet in the Black Sea are

sent in this direction, and there is now talk of a cruise in the Bosphorus to be made by the Russian fleet. I am even assured that, in spite of all the articles of the Treaty of Paris, this fleet, built, as it were, under the rose, will come into the Mediterranean. The pretext will be that of going to meet a war squadron which America is going to send to those waters. The person who gives me this intelligence is in a position to be well informed. Besides, in Albania, and along the coast as far as Antivari, the only rumours relate to the speedy arrival of the Russian ships. My Albanian servant, whom I brought with me from the Ceraunian mountains, receives from his relatives and friends, among whom are several influential *papas*, a number of letters all mentioning this report. One of them, written from the frontier of Epirus, even fixes the date of the entrance of the Russian ships into the Gulf of Arta. This news, perhaps premature, has thrown the whole province into a ferment."'

The *Times* correspondent thus wrote on Sept. 28th, 1866:—

'There are unmistakable symptoms abroad that Russia is emerging from the state of apparent apathy, as regards foreign affairs, in which she has been sunk since the Crimean war was closed by the Treaty of Paris. Her Government has been aroused by the events of the last two years, and you may expect shortly to read a diplomatic circular from the St. Petersburg Foreign Office in which a very decided tone will be taken. The Russian

journal referred to by your Vienna correspondent in the *Times* of the 5th inst. seems to have had an inkling of this when it 'boldly declared that, as the settlement of Europe made in 1815 has been completely upset, there is no reason why Russia should be bound by the Treaty of Paris of 1856, that the Black Sea must be free to her again, and that the injurious obligations imposed on her by a coalition of the Western powers are no longer binding.' I venture to assure you that this will be found to be very much the strain of the circular in question, in which the Russian Government remarks on the system of proceeding by violence that has become prevalent in Europe for the settlement of disputed questions, instances the cases of the Danish Duchies, the Danubian Principalities, and the recent war and annexations in Germany; and declares her intention of acting in future as her interests dictate, and without showing greater regard to treaties than has been shown by her neighbours. After ten years, the Treaty of Paris is as galling to Russia as on the first day, and even more so, because she sees that others have rebelled against and broken similar bonds. *That treaty, as a shrewd diplomatist lately remarked to me, humiliated Russia without weakening her, and so far it was a mistake. But since then Russia has revived and regained strength. She sees the political waters of Europe troubled, and she is disposed to fish in them.* Many persons imagine that in a year's time, when the great Paris Exhibition is drawing to its close, we shall be on

the brink of a war between France and Prussia. What if, instead of that, we saw the Eastern question opened, and France and Prussia in alliance? The tendency seems in that direction. We cannot imagine France attacking Prussia for the mere pleasure of beating her, and then retreating within her former limits — always supposing her victorious, which is by no means certain. The object of such a war must be an extension of frontier, and such an attempt would array the whole of Germany against France—the Austrian Germans not excepted. Germany feels her strength, and will relinquish none of her territory. On the other hand, there are various indications that the Eastern question will again before long become prominent, and very probably the cause of war. Russia is concentrating troops at Kharkhoff, a good central position, convenient for a start in various directions. In Servia, we learn from Vienna large armaments have for some time past been making, and a great number of rifled cannon have been obtained. National committees are said to be active in the Christian provinces of Turkey, and only wait a signal to bring about an insurrection. The hand of Russia is discovered in this, and Austria is on her guard. The Austrian consuls at Belgrade and Bucharest have been summoned to Vienna to supply information. According to a letter from Vienna in the *Patrie*, the Emperor of Russia lately said to the Minister of a foreign Power that he 'could not behold with indifference the establishment in Europe of the principle of the predomi-

nance of force over right.' On the same authority we learn that orders were given to finish, in the early months of 1867, the railways which are to connect Kiew with Lemberg, Odessa and the Baltic. The cloud is gathering and extending its area in the Eastern sky.

The *St. James's Chronicle* (September 1870) thus writes:—'A short but sufficiently alarming telegram was copied from the *Manchester Examiner* into the London papers of yesterday evening. It purported to come from Berlin, and consisted of three pregnant sentences:—"The province of Trak, in Asia, has revolted against the Turks. The Russian government intends to take possession again of the Black Sea. A war is probable between Russia and Turkey." 'But the tradition which claims Constantinople as a Russian heritage is one from which no Russian monarch could easily free himself, and time does not in politics, more than in anything else, wait upon the convenience of mankind. It is tolerably evident, for one thing, that a Russian invasion of European Turkey would be, in some respects, a great deal easier now than in another quarter of a century. There are, no doubt, great difficulties in the way of transporting men and supplies to the extremities of so vast an empire, and those difficulties would certainly be mitigated by extended and improved railroads. Time, likewise, will enable Russia to retrieve herself financially. But everything else is in favour of making the move, if it is to be made, as soon as possible.

Telegram, *Manchester Express*, Sept. 19, 'Russia is preparing for war. She will protest against annexation of Lorraine by Germans.'

'M. Beust told M. Thiers that Austria felt deeply for France, but could not at present interfere in her favour. M. Thiers left for St. Petersburg to gain Russian assistance in return for concessions in the East. He will probably return to Vienna to report the reception of his overtures.

'Orders have been given to prepare ammunition waggons in Western and Southern Russia for immediate use. Six field telegraph corps have been formed at St. Petersburg, each capable of laying down thirty-five versts of line. The St. Petersburg papers state, without eliciting official or semi-official contradiction, that from the 27th of September fourteen military trains will be daily despatched over the Moscow-Kursk Railway.'—*Times, Sept.* 28, 1870.

The *Post*, in an article on the rumoured preparations for war now being made in Russia, says that it would seem that Russia does not dread being attacked by Prussia, but that she would be obliged 'to follow in the wake of Prussia' in European affairs, or confront Prussia allied to Austria, Italy, and perhaps Spain. Under this view Russia, it might be supposed, would endeavour to do quickly that which she desired to accomplish, before Prussia had finished her present military undertaking and entered into her political combinations? What, then, is Russia's great aim in Europe? We know

of none, unless it be the appropriation of Turkey. The particular movements of troops appear to favour this idea. The military trains are, we learn, to run from Moscow to Kursk, that is, directly towards Constantinople. The notion may be illusory. But, taking it for granted that the Eastern question will crop up again, and that the interests and aims of Russia and of Austro-Hungary must be antagonistic, the side to which Germany may incline cannot but be a point of great importance. Russia may think that a united Germany unbalanced by France will be menacing to her. Yet even so, any expression of irritation not intended to be followed up by warlike action would clearly be impolitic; and it is evident that if Germany should incline to a close alliance with either Russia or Austro-Hungary, such an alliance would be regarded as the precursor of important events. So that, whether it be now or in the immediate future that we may observe indications of a rapprochement between the great powers of Northern and Central Europe, it is for us to be ready to defend and maintain our position in the East.

There is no doubt that the entire prostration of France extinguishes one of the parties to the treaty which closed the Crimean war, and now suggests to Russia the opportunity of insisting on the revisal or extinction of that treaty, and thereby of dislodging the sick man, the Sultan, and adding Turkey to the realm of the autocrat. The thirty-eighth and the

thirty-ninth chapters of Ezekiel I have explained, during twenty years, as the prophecy of the issue. But I again appeal for proof to that living history of the age, the public press: —

'THE RUMOURED RUSSIAN PREPARATIONS.—A correspondent sends from St. Petersburg the following facts, for the accuracy of which he can vouch:— "1. Russia is actively pushing forward her armaments. 2. Soldiers on unlimited furlough have received orders to be ready, at the shortest notice, to return to the ranks. 3. There is a movement of troops towards the south. 4. The abrogation of the Treaty of Paris, or at least a part of it, is looked forward to as a certain result of the present disastrous struggle between Prussia and France. With regard to the movement of troops towards the south, the ostensible reason is the following:—The Emperor intends starting from Tsarkoe-Selo, near Petersburg, for the Crimea, on the 26th (O.S.) of this month. He purposes holding a grand review on his arrival at Kieff, and for that object all the troops in that part of Russia have for some time been *en route* for that city. It remains to be seen whether, after displaying themselves before the Emperor, the troops will return, or whether the review is only put forward as an excuse to enable the Government to assemble troops in the south without exciting suspicion." '

Again, we read:—'It is in our relations with the East that the formation of a great central European Power is likely to touch us most closely. When

Russia again presses southwards towards the prize she keeps steadily in view, we must seek for new combinations to resist her onward march. Exhausted by the German war, France cannot be relied upon to act with us as in the days of the Crimea.'

An accredited correspondent of the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* says:—'It is no longer doubtful that armaments are being prepared in Russia, and that preparations are especially being made for a rapid concentration of troops.'

A correspondent writes, Oct. 6, 1870:—'I am no politician, and am not so rash as to draw any inference from the communication I now make. I merely guarantee its truth. It is this—that it is now nearly three weeks since the Russian railways to the south of St. Petersburg have ceased to carry any goods whatever belonging to private persons or mercantile firms, in consequence of their lines and rolling stock being entirely occupied in the conveyance of troops and munitions of war.'

Another correspondent writes:—'St. Petersburg, Sept. 26, 1870.—The city is full of rumours of a war with Turkey, which take their rise in a report that a fleet of iron-clads, supposed to be bought in America, is said to be cruising near the Turkish coast, and in the fact that General Ignatieff, the Russian Minister at Constantinople, is in town. These rumours are so persistent that a semi-official announcement is published to-day that the Government does not intend to deviate from the principle

of neutrality laid down at the beginning of the war. As a war with Turkey would have nothing to do with the present war between Germany and France, this announcement is diplomatically ambiguous. M. Westmann, the adjoint Minister of Foreign Affairs, said the other day to a Russian friend of mine, that the Government had no intention of using force to annul the Treaty of Paris.'

'The *Saturday Review* says that although M. Thiers will not procure a Russian alliance for France, it is not unlikely that his mission may suggest or facilitate a revival of Russian enterprises in the East. There is probably some foundation for the rumour of movements of troops from the neighbourhood of Moscow to the Southern provinces; and it is said that General Ignatieff, Russian Ambassador at Constantinople, has, like Menschikoff in 1853, lately used menacing language. It is possible that the Russian Government may wish to create uneasiness and alarm as a preparation for reopening the arrangements of 1856; but there is at present no reason to apprehend a repetition of the violent proceedings of the Emperor Nicholas. The ill-omened experiment of crossing the Pruth would not even be a violation of territory actually belonging to Turkey, although it would be technically an act of war against the Porte. Even with the Sultan it is necessary to find a pretext for a rupture before a declaration of war; and, as far as is known, nothing has lately happened even to the keys of the Holy Sepulchre. A more serious obstacle to aggressive enter-

prises consists in the vicinity of Austria. The King of Bohemia could not afford to be neutral when Turkish territory was invaded on the pretence of national and religious sympathy. It is of course possible that the rumours of Russian armaments may have a foundation in fact; but there is always a balance of probability against the perpetration of an imprudent act. Russia would derive no real advantage from territorial extension which could compensate the sufferings and losses of one or two campaigns. The extinction of English influence on the Continent has removed one of the chief securities of peace. Any ambitious designs which might be cherished by Russia would now be encouraged by reliance on Mr. Gladstone's dread of war, and on his sympathies with the Orthodox Eastern Church. It is possible that some of his colleagues may see the necessity of firmness, if the Russian Government proposes a revision of the Treaty of 1856. If Russia meditates a restless and troublesome policy, it will at least be easy to the English Government to indicate disapproval.'

What our course as a nation may be I cannot attempt to foretell; but that Russia is getting ready for action, and that Turkey is already on the eve of dissolution, I am fully persuaded. It would seem as if the Sick Man in the East and the Infallible Man in the West were destined to be companions in misfortune. The great river Euphrates is almost dried up, and the kings from the sun-rising, God's ancient people, are about to return home. It is doubtless

true that our Eastern Empire will also be threatened by the success of Russia; but it is our duty to prepare for this by doing what we have criminally neglected — trebling our army — and that immediately. The Jews cherish a very ancient reminiscence that the fall of Rome and the waning of the Crescent will be their uprising. The following remarks of a Roman correspondent are therefore so far suggestive:—

'When one recollects what a revolting part in the history of Papal Rome has for centuries been played by the Ghetto and its penned-up Jewish inmates, when one calls to mind how the forcible abduction and catholicising of the little Mortara boy excited the indignation of all Europe, a special interest attaches to the address which the Jewish communion in Rome has just transmitted through General Cadorna to King Victor Emmanuel, and which occupies the first place in to-day's Government *Gazette*.* In it the Jews of Rome state that they feel it to be their duty to be the first in greeting the King of Italy for the recovered liberty of the Eternal City. As Italians they express the confidence that a splendid demonstration of the Plébiscite will show to the whole world the delight of Rome at being united with the rest of the Italian people. As Jews, as a class long subject to an exceptionally grievous condition, they rejoice at becoming the sharers of equal civil rights. They say that during the past many deep wounds — economical, moral, and intellectual—have been inflicted on them. Their Catholic fellow-citizens are well aware that in this matter the

fault was not that of the Jews themselves, and will assuredly help the Jewish community to heal all their wounds, so that they may give to their common Italian country the share of services and of sacrifices which is its undoubted right and duty.'

This may be the dawn of their expected sunrise, the inauguration of their final march homeward. Straws often show how the wind blows.

The Sultan is about to disappear, and the Pope has been discrowned. It is immediately after these events that the Jews rush towards Jerusalem as doves to their windows.

Russia is getting ready. England alone cannot arrest her march. A great epochal hour is about to strike.

XIII.

TRIPARTITE EUROPE.

'The great city was divided into three parts.'—
REV. xvi. 19.

THE ten kingdoms into which Europe, according to the book of Daniel and the Apocalypse, was divided, and under which it has continued until now, is to become, under the revolutionary action of events, tripartite, or divided into three great parts. The ten parts in which it has so long continued have been kingdoms or dynasties. We may therefore expect that in its new disposition or rectification it will appear as three great kingdoms under three great dynasties.

Before this can occur, there will be what is at present in full action a great disintegration of nations, the result of forces now in fearful activity over all the earth. Dissolution must precede reconstruction. There is scarcely a kingdom on earth that does not feel beneath its feet the heaving of a great convulsion, and endeavour to look about

for allies to aid, or increase of territory to strengthen, or amalgamation of peoples to give it weight in these days, when nations are 'weighed in the balance,' and assigned their places. Hence we see the aggregation of lesser kingdoms into larger. Hence, too, the difficulty of preserving neutrals in their insulation, or rather tendency to absorption into other nations. Hence, too, the appearance of a determining element in all future national arrangements, that of race. France has long shown a desire to include the chief Latin races.

One can scarcely fail to see that the element of Race is surely and increasingly coming to the surface, and giving presage of becoming a governing force.

The *Times* says: — 'It must be considered that we are entering upon a new phase of politics and a new era of history. We have before us an era of races. Empires in the composite sense of that word—that is, the ingenious combinations of various peoples on the principles of social balance—may be said to have passed away. In our own case empire has yielded to fusion, and all the various metals of which society is here composed are now in the furnace. On the Continent, empires, as if forced and artificial productions, have given way to the stronger vitality of races, which have grown up like the native stock when the graft has degenerated and died away. But these races have to settle precedence one with another, and, as it happens, the older state of things has left many a heritage of evil

and difficulty. When France has to drive out six or seven hundred thousand Germans, when Germany claims provinces that have hitherto preferred the French bond, and when there must remain between the two conflicting races a neutral State vastly more French than German, it is clear that there can be no enduring settlement on the principle of race unassisted by other considerations.'

'*The three great divisions of the European people never, perhaps, were nearer to the formation of three great empires than they are in this stirring age.* It is not necessary for this purpose that States should cease to exist, or that ancient landmarks should be removed. The strength of modern nations should be built on alliances, and these should be based on the necessity of mutual support, and the bond of common interests. It will matter little whether Russia extends her sway to the Dardanelles and the Archipelago, or is strongly connected by political and religious ties with a Slavo-Grecian empire having its head at Constantinople. Little will it matter, too, whether Germany constitutes a State or a federation of States, and whether the three Northern kingdoms enter into her combination as mere vassals or as independent allies. For the welfare of the three great divisions, and for the common peace, it is well, I believe, that the world should accustom itself to the notion of this *Panslavism*, *Pan-Teutonism*, and *Pan-Latinism*. We have already gone very far with it without perceiving it; and even the cruel sacrifice of Denmark, the

blame of which falls upon all Europe almost as much as upon Germany herself, is, perhaps, only one step towards the accomplishment of the great scheme; a manifestation of the new laws which are henceforth to govern society.'—*Times Correspondent.*

A correspondent in the *Evening Standard* confirms this. He states that in a conversation with a Russian statesman the latter said, 'I am advised that the demands of France extend much further, and if they are not gratified that she is likely to sulk and take nothing, biding her time.' 'It is rather mean to look to so poor a compensation.' 'It is not the meanness of the Emperor, but of his people; they must have something. And really what right have they to anything? They have not shed a drop of blood or spent a shilling in this war; but France is so jealous of another nation's success that the new rule, it seems, must be to claim compensation in all cases. Do not be quite sure that your own countrymen must not pay for the successful submerging of the Atlantic cable by ceding Malta or Gibraltar!' 'Well, but to be serious, will not Russia object to a strong German power on her frontier as well as France?' 'She might have done something to prevent the present state of things; but it was more to preserve her influence and dynastic obligations amongst the small states than from any jealousy of Prussia. IN FUTURE THERE WILL BE THREE GREAT CONTINENTAL STATES, AND EACH WILL BE SO BALANCED THAT ANY ONE WILL

FEAR TO FACE ANOTHER SINGLY. In future wars there will be carefully pre-arranged alliances.'

Truly awful is the present state of the chief nation of Europe—the Emperor a prisoner, his Empress a fugitive, and his son an exile—his armies beaten and demoralised—Paris at the mercy of the victorious Prussians,—a republic proclaimed, and all the Emperor adopted or defended, scattered to the winds, are the events of a few weeks.

Prussia intoxicated with victory, as nations are apt to be in similar circumstances of success, people fear will strive to dominate in Europe and exasperate rather than lay the animosities and ambitions of other nations. It is to be hoped that this is an illusion, airy, and unlikely to continue long, and that this great nation may retire into far more glorious and lasting employments.

France will neither forget nor forgive her terrible humiliation; arms will be her passion for years to come, and revenge, we fear, the demand of her excitable and restless population.

Russia temporarily driven back in 1856, is preparing for an irruption into Turkey, in order to recover Constantinople and the gates of the East; and there is no power in Europe likely, or with one exception, able to resist the progress of the autocrat of all the Russias.

There is also sweeping over the earth a revolutionary and democratic wave which threatens great social convulsions in every kingdon of Europe.

Changes great and rapid are looming in the not distant future. It signifies the removing of things that are made in order that those things which cannot be shaken may remain.

'I will overturn, overturn, overturn,' is now being translated into living history. 'Wherefore we receiving a kingdom which cannot be moved, let us have grace whereby we may serve God acceptably with reverence and godly fear.'

'Seeing, then, that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness?'

'The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night.'

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